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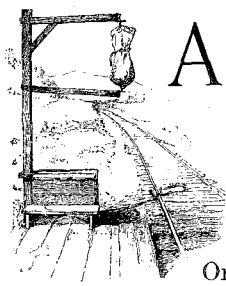
THE RAILWAY MAIL SERVICE.

By Thomas L. James.



AT the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, in the Post-Office exhibit, was a double picture showing the postal service at the beginning of the century and as it is to-day. On one side was a postman—perhaps Franklin—on horseback, jogging over a corduroy road, "through the forest primeval," making a mile or two an hour; and on the other a representation of the fast mail train, the "catcher" taking a pouch from the "crane" as it passes at the rate of fifty miles an hour! Standing in the foreground is the pretty daughter of the village postmaster, with the mail pouch just thrown from the car in her hand, a group of rustics, with ill-concealed admiration in their eyes, watching her as the swiftly passing train goes on its journey. This picture is not, perhaps, a work of art, but it is an "object lesson," giving at a glance the progress that our country has made in a hundred years.

Of all the executive departments of the government, the Post-Office is the one nearest the people, and the one with which they are the most familiar. In addition to its work of collecting, transporting, and delivering legitimate mail matter, viz., letters, newspapers, and magazines, it is the greatest express company of the continent, since it has an office at almost every cross-roads, even carrying merchandise cheaper (considering the distance) than its rivals. Its registration system affords a means of forwarding valuable packages, at a slight additional cost, with almost absolute security. It is the greatest banking institution on this side of the Atlantic. The transactions of its money-order system, not only in our own country, but with almost every nation in the civilized world (Russia and Spain excepted), run up to well-nigh fabulous sums. Its drafts are easily obtained and cheap. Its notes are "gilt edged," and have never been repudiated. With the creation of the Postal Savings Bank system the working people's department, in its organization, will approach perfection.

The first mention of a travelling post-office occurs in a memorial addressed to Congress in November, 1776, by Ebenezer Hazard, Postmaster-General under the Continental Congress, in which he states that, owing to the frequent removals of the Continental Army, he was subjected to extraordinary expense, difficulties, and fatigues, "having paid an exorbitant price for every necessary of life, and having been obliged, for want of a horse—which could not be procured—to follow the army on foot."

Directly after the inauguration of General Washington, in April, 1789, the organization of the Post-Office Department followed, and Samuel Osgood, of Massachusetts, was appointed Postmaster-General. That the people might derive the greatest possible advantage from an institution peculiarly their own, this

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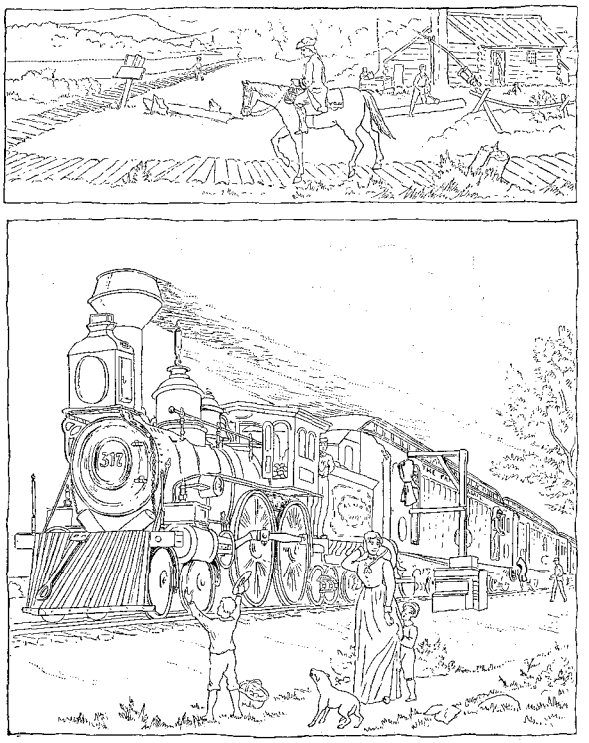
gigantic monopoly—for it is nothing else—was created, and all competition forbidden. The Postmaster-General had



Postal Progress, 1776–1876.
(Facsimile of a print in the Post-Office Department.)

then but one clerk, and there were but 75 post-offices and 1,875 miles of post-roads in the United States; the cost of mail transportation being $22,081, the total revenue, $37,935, the total expenditures, $32,140; leaving a surplus of $5,795. From this time until 1836 the contracts made for the transportation of the mails do not mention any kind of service on post-roads except stages, sulkies, four-horse post-coaches, horseback, packets, and steamboats.

The growth of the Railway Mail Service has been coincident with that of the railway itself, and the importance of both cannot be underestimated in considering the future development of the country. Almost as soon as a railroad is fully organized it becomes a mail contractor with the Department.

The Act of Congress constituting every railroad in the United States a post-route was approved July 7, 1838. Postmaster-General Barry, in his annual report for 1836, speaks of the multiplication of railroads in many parts of the country, and suggests it as a subject worthy of inquiry, whether measures may not be taken to secure the transportation of the mail on them, and adds: "Already have the railroads between Frenchtown, in Maryland, and Newcastle, in Delaware, and between Camden and South Amboy, in New Jersey, afforded great and important facilities to the transmission of the great eastern mail." At this time a railroad between Washington and New York was in process of construction, and Postmaster-General Barry dwelt in his report on the importance of the facilities that would be afforded for speedy service between the two cities, predicting that the run between them would probably be made in sixteen hours. The service is now performed in about five hours.

At first the facilities for mail services were very limited. Postmaster-General Kendall, in 1835, suggested that the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company might be asked to close in some portion of their baggage cars, a strong lock being placed on the apartment, to which only the postmasters at Washington and Baltimore should have keys. In the same report he adds: "If wheels can be constructed which can be used alike upon the railroads and the streets of the cities respectively, the Department will furnish an entire car containing the mail to be delivered at one depot, and received at the other, asking nothing of the company but to haul it." It was even proposed at this time that the Government should have its own locomotives, everything else on the road giving the right of way to the mail train. This proposition was not adopted. The fear was expressed, however, that if the

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Department did not have absolute control over the road, the people would have to depend on stage or other horse transportation for mail service. All these early troubles in time passed away, and through concessions on both sides, the railways soon became the most important agent of the Post-Office Department.

This, of course, was not accomplished without many trials and tribulations. It seems strange, in the light of the present, to read in an official report a remonstrance from route agents that nearly every night dead bodies were placed in the mail crates between Philadelphia and New York, and the mails packed around the coffins. This breach of good order disappeared after that time, and with it came to an end the freight methods and the old stage-coach ideas of dealing with the mails.

who had taken it from the mother country.

The credit of suggesting the first step toward the present system has generally been given to Colonel G. B. Armstrong, who in 1864 was Assistant Postmaster at Chicago. This is incorrect; Mr. W. A. Davis, a clerk of the St. Joseph, Mo., Post-Office, where the overland mail was made up, conceived the idea in 1862 that if the letters and papers could be assorted on the cars between Quincy and St. Joseph, the overland mail could start promptly on time. He was given permission to carry out this idea, and there are vouchers on file in the Department at Washington showing that he was paid for that specific work. In 1864 Colonel Armstrong was authorized and encouraged by the Hon. Montgomery Blair, then Postmaster-General, to undertake the difficult task of arranging and introduc-

The Pony Express—The Relay.

A separate compartment in a baggage car, fitted up with few conveniences necessary for the distribution of local way mail, was the beginning of the system which has developed into the luxurious postal cars of the present time. As a matter of history, however, it is only fair to say that the system which we then adopted had been in use for some time with our northern neighbors of Canada,

ing the service. On August 31, 1864, he wrote: "To-day I commenced the new distribution." Subsequently, Colonel Armstrong became the first General Railway Mail Superintendent, and held this office until ill-health compelled him to resign, in 1871. To Colonel George S. Bangs, of Illinois, and his successors, Theodore N. Vail, Wm. B. Thompson, and John Jameson is due the excellence of

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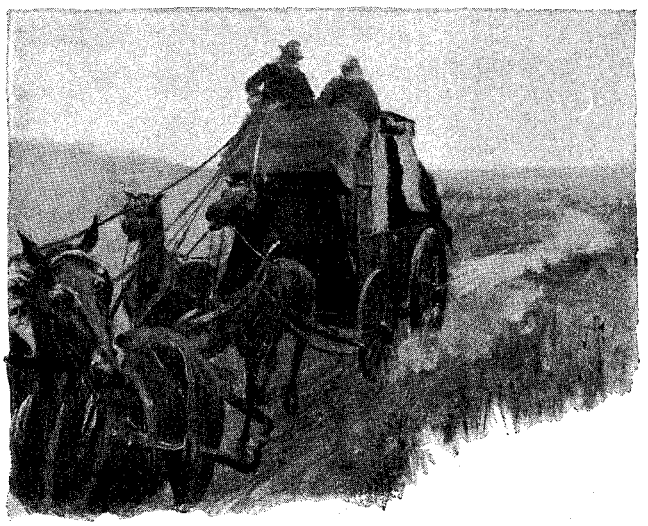
the present system. Colonel Bangs was a thoroughly equipped Post-Office man, energetic, courageous, and progressive. Brimful of ideas, he was ever on the lookout for improvement. Never satisfied with old ways, he was constantly striving to simplify and better the service. He forgot himself in his work, and died a martyr to his duty, leaving the travelling Post-Office of to-day a monument to his memory. While to Colonel Armstrong is due the credit for the skeleton of the system, it was the genius of Colonel Bangs that clothed the bones with flesh, developed the sinew, put the blood in circulation, and breathed into its body the breath of life. Colonel Bangs found, in 1871, that everything was disjointed, disconnected, and sluggish. There was no attempt at "certainty, security, or celerity." It was a "go-as-you-please" condition of affairs. He grappled at once with it and brought order out of chaos. He introduced a system of emulation among the employees, rewarding those who displayed proficiency by promotion over the sluggish, and thus in fact was probably the father of what is now known as Civil Service Reform. In 1874 he discussed the propriety of establishing a fast and exclusive mail train between New York and Chicago, "this train" (quoting from his report to the Postmaster-General) "to be under the control of the Department, so far as it is necessary for the purposes designed, and to run the distance in about twenty-four hours. It is conceded by railway officials that this can be done. The importance of a line like this cannot be over-estimated. It would reduce the actual time of mail between the east and west from twelve to twenty-four hours. As it would necessarily be established upon one or more of the trunk lines, having an extended system of connections, its benefit would be in no case confined, but extended through all parts of the country alike."



The Overland Mail Coach—A Star Route.

This report met with the approval of Postmaster-General Jewell, who ordered Bangs to negotiate with the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad and the Lake Shore Railroad for a fast mail train, leaving New York at four o'clock in the morning, and arriving at Chicago in about twenty-four hours. It was the old story of making bricks without straw. The Post-Office Department had no appropriation to pay for such facilities, hence it had to depend at first on the public spirit of the railroad authorities. Commodore Vanderbilt, the president of the companies whose lines were to be used, had had dealings with the Department, and was perhaps not altogether sanguine as to the practical issue of the experiment, or in respect to the countenance it would receive from Congress; but Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, the vice-president, lent a willing ear to Mr. Bangs's proposition, and did his utmost to aid him in putting it into effect. There being no special appropriation available for the purpose in hand, "the devil was whipped around the stump" by Colonel Bangs stipulating that if Mr. Vanderbilt would have twenty cars built and the service performed, all matter originating at or coming into the New York post-office, which could reach its destination

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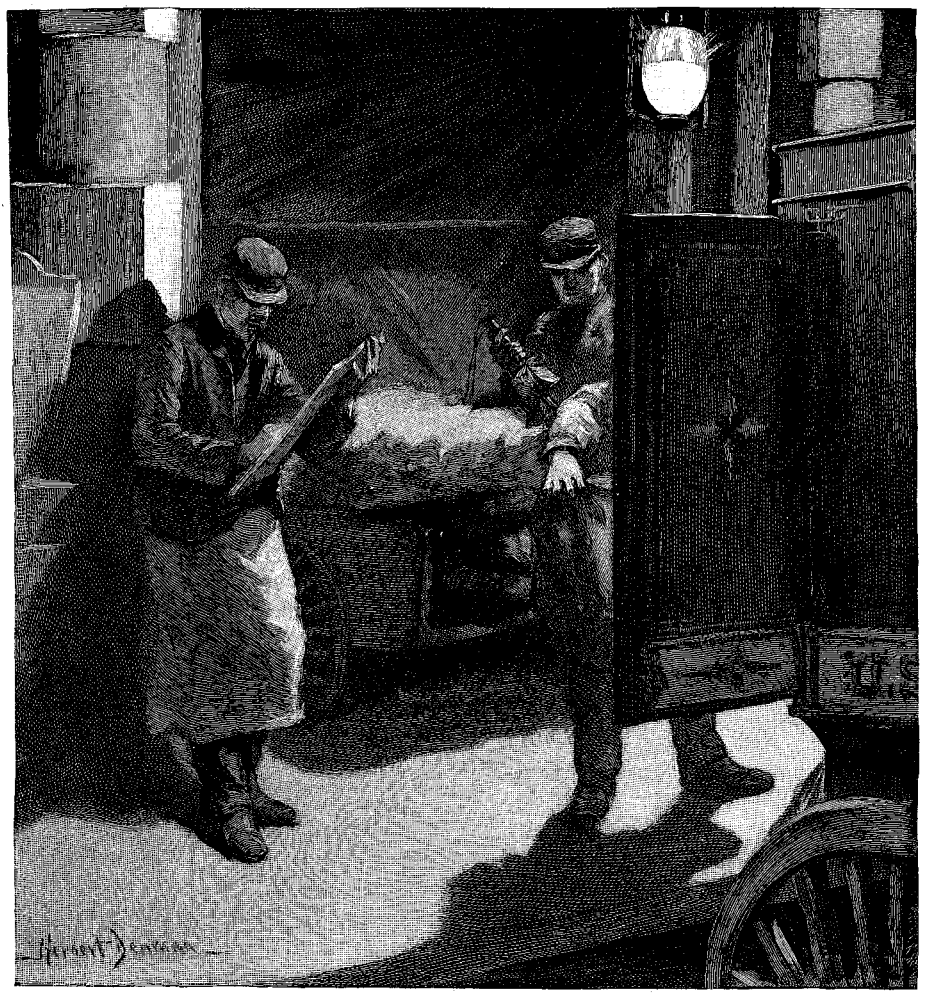

Loading for the Fast Mail, at the General Post-Office, New York.

at the same time by this line, should be sent by this train, and that the railway companies could have the right to demand a weighing of the mail matter at will, all railroads being paid according to weight. When the details of the plan were communicated to Commodore Vanderbilt, he is reported to have said to his son, "If you want to do this, go ahead, but I know the Post-Office Department, and you will, too, within a year." Mr. Vanderbilt did "go ahead." He constructed and equipped the finest mail train ever seen on the planet, ran it for ten months, never missed a connection at Chicago, and was always on time at New York. He did not have to wait a year, however, for a realization of the sagacious old Commodore's prophecy. Within three weeks, despite the indignant protest of Colonel Bangs, the mails of three States were ordered to be taken from this, and given to another route. A grosser and more wanton breach of plighted faith it would be hard to find, and its results were far-reaching and disastrous.

This train was a marvel of completeness and efficiency. It was manned by picked men, and the only complaint ever made against it was that it ran so fast that the clerks had not time to sort the mails for the post-offices between New York and Poughkeepsie. To ob-

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viate this, Colonel Bangs requested the postmaster at New York to have two hundred mail-bags dyed red, which should contain the mail for those offices nearest together, so that the crew in the train could distribute them first. There was no complaint after that. But when the dyer's bill was sent by the postmaster to the Department, it was disallowed by a clerk of the Second Assistant Postmaster-General, who, in a letter announcing the fact, said that there was no necessity for the outlay, if the postal clerks did their duty. Bangs, who had just arrived at the Post-Office from a day and night's ride on his favorite train, was lying on a sofa half asleep in the Postmaster's private office, as that official was opening his mail. When he came to that letter he handed it to Bangs. He was wide awake in an instant. "Mr. Postmaster," said he, "do you know the man who signed this letter? He is a wheezy priest, a fool and a Baptist, at that. Give me the letter." The bill was allowed as soon as Bangs reached the Department. He was wrong, however, in crediting the subordinate to the Baptist faith. He was an ornament of another persuasion.

So carefully had the project been considered and adapted that the service on the Central, from the start, moved with the precision of clock-work, and was an immediate success. It is proper to say that word of what was going on between the Department and the Vanderbilt system reached the Hon. Thomas A. Scott, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and he at once made up his mind that the corporation under his management could not afford to be behind its great rival. One Saturday morning he telegraphed to J. D. Layng (now General Manager of the West Shore and President of the C. C. C. & I.) then General Manager of the Pennsylvania lines west of Pittsburg, to know if by the following Monday week, the date on which the train was to start, four postal cars could be built and the first one in Chicago ready to start on its eastern trip. The answer came back, Yes. The order was given to the Allegheny shops on Saturday afternoon, and on the following Saturday the first of the cars, complete and equipped for mail service, started for Chicago, and began its east-bound trip on Monday morning. The second and third cars were finished on Monday night, and the fourth—thus fully equipping the line—on Tuesday.

Thus had been established two splendid fast trains, and the outlook was bright for the future, when Congress, in spite of the efforts of the Post-Office Department, passed an Act reducing the already inadequate compensation to the trunk lines, at least for the carrying of the mails. This action brought official notice from Messrs. Vanderbilt and Scott of the discontinuance of the fast mail trains between New York City and Chicago, and that service ended.

Colonel Bangs was greatly mortified at this result, but he stood his ground and remained at his post until the close of the year. Then, worn out with never-ending toil, and disheartened by the action of Congress, he tendered his resignation and insisted on its acceptance. Parted from the Post-Office, President Grant, knowing his worth and wishing to recognize his services, appointed him Assistant Treasurer of the United States at Chicago. He lived to perform the duties of this office only a few months, as death overtook him suddenly, while on a visit to Washington on official business, December, 1876. His work, however, was not permitted to drop. He had left in the service three assistants, Theodore N. Vail, Wm. B. Thompson—afterward Second Assistant Postmaster-General—and John Jameson, who were fully imbued with the ideas of their late chief and were fully loyal to them. They, in the order named, became his successors, and never permitted opportunities to escape wherein there was a possible benefit to the service to be secured. Although the fast mail service was suspended for lack of support from Congress, its usefulness and practicability had been so thoroughly demonstrated that an appropriation of $150,000 was made in March, 1877, for its resumption on the trunk lines. This victory was not reached without untiring efforts on the part of Mr. Vail, and by generous support in both houses of Congress; in the Senate by the Hon. Hannibal Hamlin and James G. Blaine, of Maine, and in

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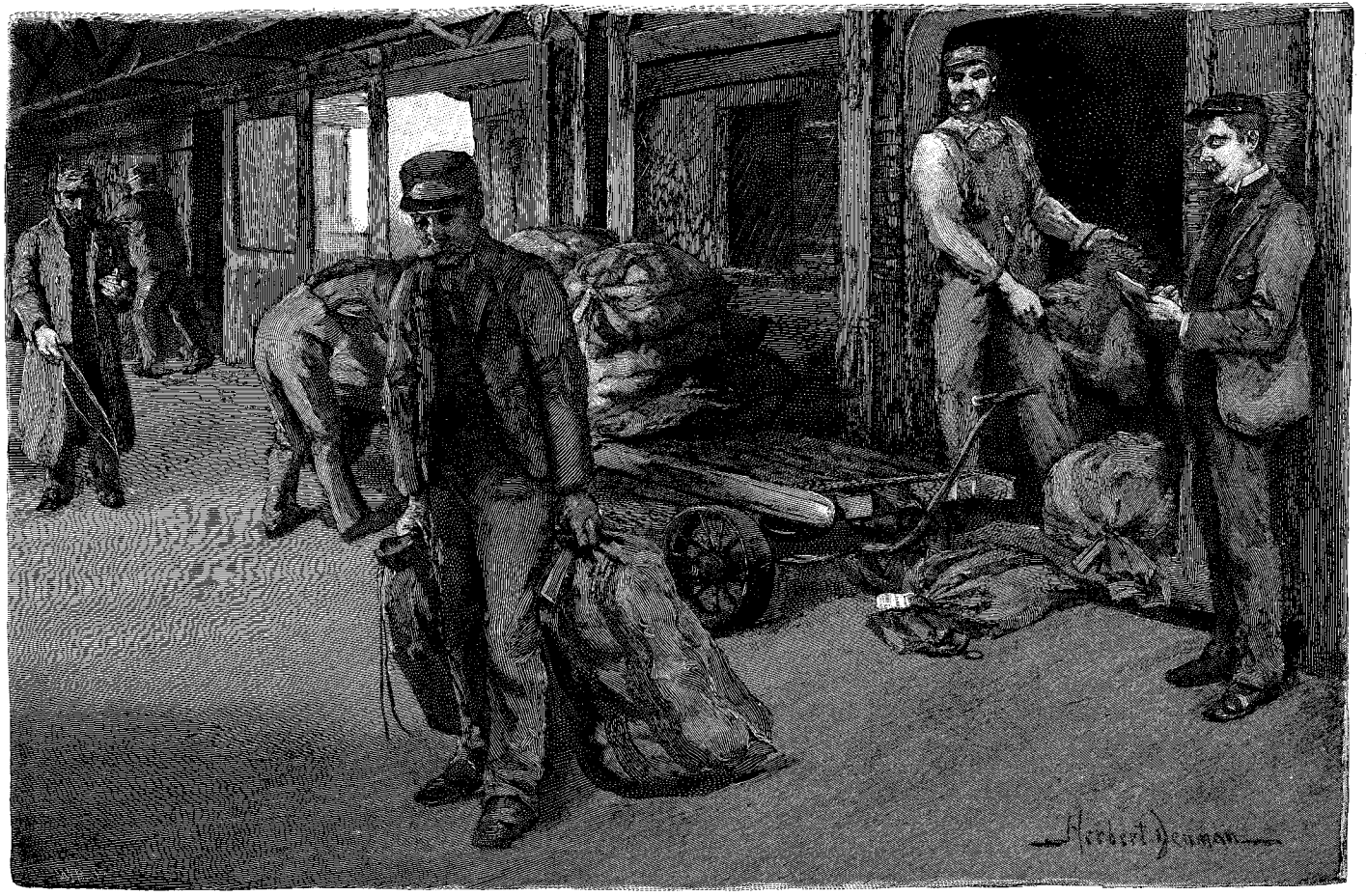

Transfer of Mail at the Grand Central Station, New York.

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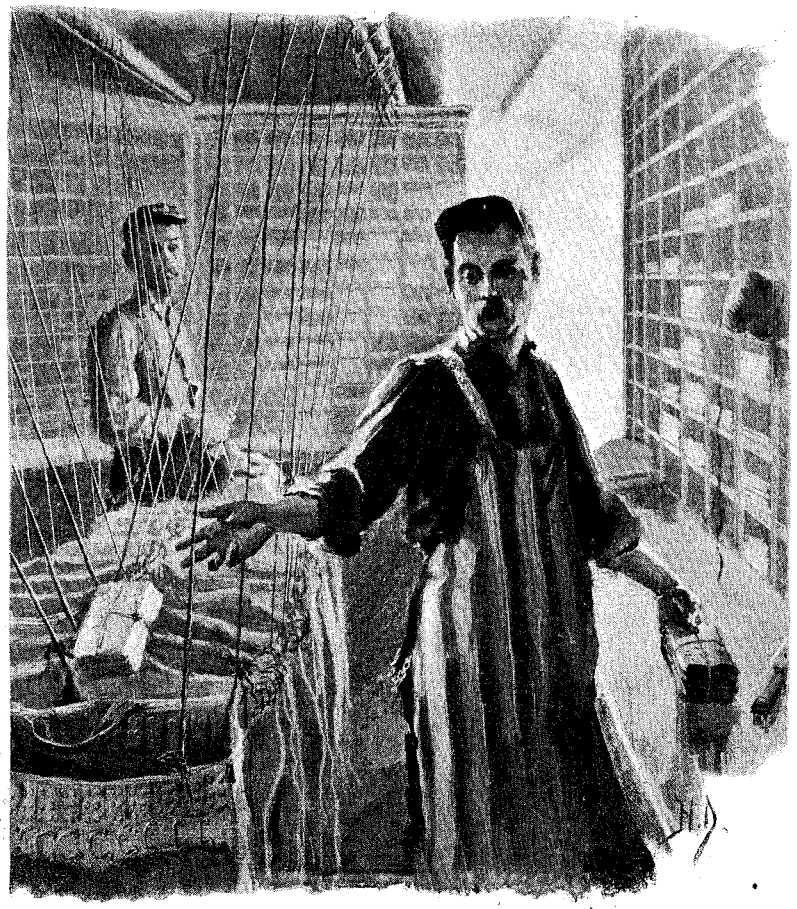
the House of Representatives by such broad and liberal statesmen as Mr. Waddell, of North Carolina, Mr. Randall, of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Cox, of New York.



Pouching the Mail in the Postal Car.

Since then, Messrs. Thompson and Jameson have watched the progress of the work with jealous eyes, and have succeeded in extending it practically to the whole country. The present service is due not alone to the liberality of Congress, because the appropriations have been parsimonious, but to the generosity of the railways, which have performed a valuable work for a price which in many cases does not pay the expense of the necessary additional labor involved.

The Railway Mail Service at the close of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1888, gave employment to 5,094 clerks. Matter was distributed on 126,310 miles of railway, and on 17,402 miles additional closed pouches were carried. There were also operated 41 inland steamboat lines on which postal clerks were employed. The postal clerks travelled (in crews) 122,031,104 miles by railway, and 1,767,649 miles by steamboats. They distributed 6,528,772,060 pieces of ordinary mail matter, and handled 16,001,059 registered packages and cases, and 1,103,083 through registered pouches and inner registered sacks. The service is in charge of one General Superintendent, who has his head-quarters at Washington, and it is divided into eleven divisions with a superintendent in charge of each.

The majority of people who travel on railways (and how many Americans are there who do not?) have paid passing at-

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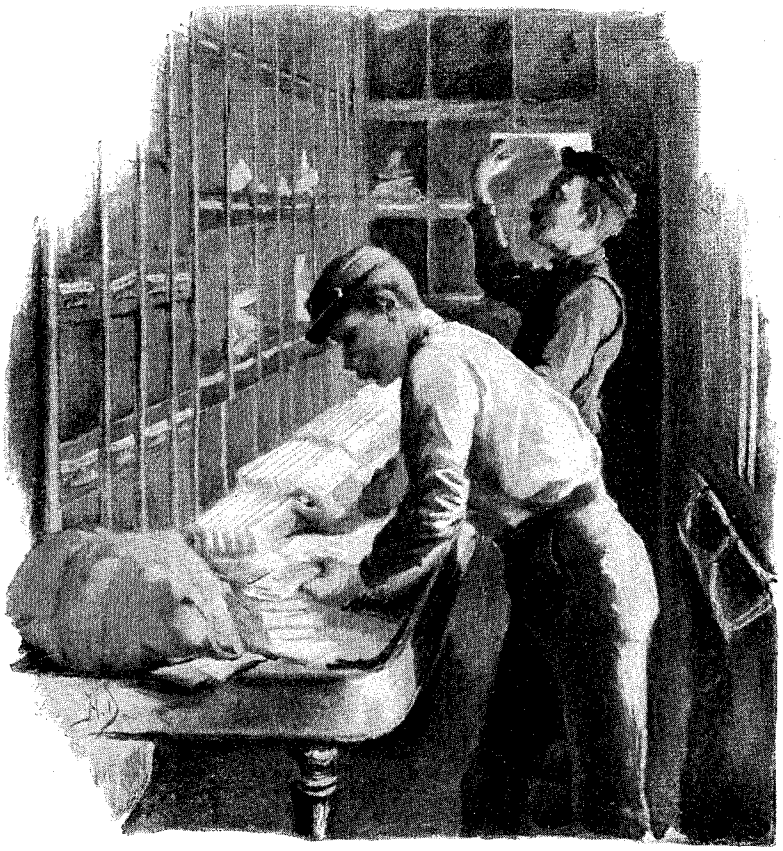
tention to the railway mail cars as they have stood at the station preparatory to the starting of the train, and have glanced through the open doors with more or less curiosity at the scene of energy and bustle witnessed within. At such a moment, no matter how great the curiosity, it is not feasible to investigate closely, for the workers must not be hampered by the prying public, however praiseworthy the motive. To supply this pardonable desire to know how it is done, I invite my readers to accompany me in spirit on a visit to the Grand Central Station, to witness the preparations for the departure of train number 11, known in railway parlance as "the New York and Chicago Fast Mail," which leaves New York every night at nine o'clock.



Distributing the Mail by States and Routes.

It must not be supposed that everything has been left until the last moment and that the mail matter has been tumbled into the cars on the eve of departure, to be handled as best it may in the short run to Albany; for under such conditions the task would be an impossibility even to an army of trained hands. Work has been in progress since four o'clock in the afternoon, and it has been steady, hard labor every minute of the time. The five cars have been backed down to the tracks opposite Forty-fifth Street and have been so placed that they are convenient of access to the big lumbering mail wagons which are familiar sights in the streets of the metropolis. The crew of nineteen men, skilled in the handling of mail matter and thorough experts in the geography of the country, reported to the chief clerk and took up their stations in the various cars at the hour named. At the same time the wagons began arriving from the general

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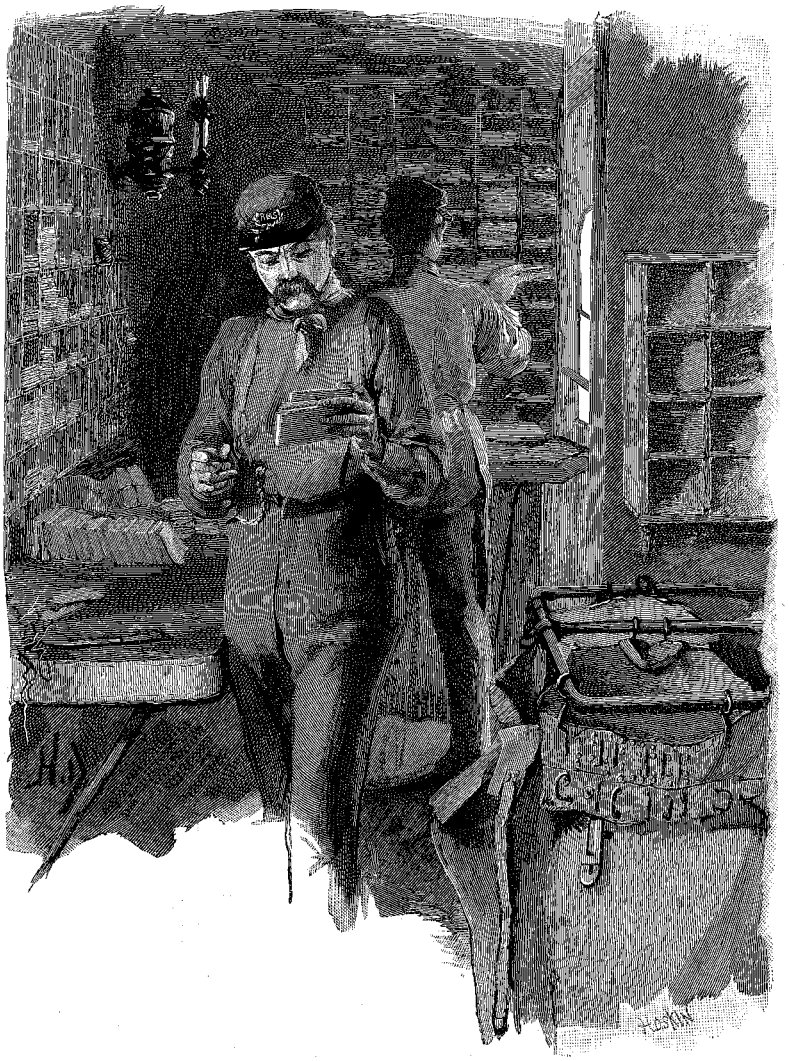
post-office with their tons of matter which had "originated" in New York, and were soon transferring their loads to the cars, where agile hands were in waiting to receive them. Since the removal of the deadly stoves from the railway trains the occupants of the postal cars have suffered to no small extent owing to the lack of heat. These cars are provided with steam heating apparatus which is worked from the engine, but they are occupied for five hours before the engine comes near them, and in cold weather the hands of the men employed in distributing letters become numb with cold. This is a matter which should receive prompt attention.



A Very Difficult Address—known as "a sticker."

Before we deal with the mail matter, let us look at the cars and the men who occupy them. The train, as it leaves New York, is made up of five cars which are placed immediately behind the engine, and are followed by express and baggage cars and one passenger coach. The car next to the engine is devoted entirely to letter mail, and the four following it to papers and packages. The letter car is fifty feet in length, while

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those for the newspaper mail are ten feet longer. All are uniform in width, nine feet eight inches, and are six feet nine inches high in the clear. When newly built, before long and hard service had told on their appearance, their outsides were white in color with cream tinted borderings and gilt ornamentations, and were highly varnished. Midway on the outside, and below the windows of each car, is a large oval gilt finished frame within which is painted the name of the car with the words, "United States Post Office" above and below. The cars used by the New York Central are named for the Governors of the State and the members of President Garfield's cabinet. Along the upper edge and centre are painted in large gilt letters the words, "The Fast Mail Train," while on a line with these letters at the other end, in a square, are the words in like lettering, "New York Central" and "Lake Shore." The frieze and minute trimmings around the windows are of gilt finish. The body of the car also contains other ornamentation, including the coat-of-arms of the United States. The running gear is of the most approved pattern. The platforms are enclosed by swinging doors which when opened afford a protected passage between the cars. This arrangement no doubt suggested the modern improvement now known as the vestibule train. The letter car is provided with a "mail catcher," which is placed at a small door through which mail pouches are snatched from conveniently placed posts at way-side stations where stops are not made. Each car is divided into three sections, all fitted up alike with conveniences for the service to be performed. The letter car, however, is somewhat differently arranged from the others, to meet the requirements of that particular branch of the work.

In the first section of the letter car are received the pouches from the general post-office, which when opened are found to contain letters done up in packages of about a hundred, marked for Michigan, Indiana, New York, Ohio, western Pennsylvania, Montana, Dakota, and California. When this mass of matter has been emptied out of the pouches and, in the vernacular of the service, "dumped up" preparatory to distribution, the section is clear for the registered mail which is worked in it. Before this is accomplished, however, much work is done; in fact a sort of rough distribution is made. All packages which are directed to one office are

Pouching Newspapers for California—in Car No. 5.

distributed into pouches, which are afterward stored away until the towns are reached. The other packages are carried into the letter department for distribution, where a rack, similar to those seen in almost every post-office, although space is thoroughly economized, is used for the purpose. To give a slight idea of the work done in this section it may be mentioned that the distribution for New York State alone requires 325 boxes. Still there is plenty of space, otherwise the third section of the car would not be used, as it is, for the distribution of Montana and Dakota newspapers. How closely everything is packed and all available space utilized may be imagined when it is stated that for this newspaper mail ninety-five pouches are hung in the section, and that there is still sufficient room for the

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storage of pouches locked up and ready for delivery, and also for the sealed registered mail. A separation of the California mail is also made in this car, so that when it reaches Chicago the pouches into which the matter is placed are transferred without delay, thus saving twenty-four hours on the time to the Pacific coast, not by any means an unimportant accomplishment.

There have been received in this car before it moves out of the Grand Central Station between 1,000 and 1,500 packages of letters and in addition forty or fifty sacks of Dakota and Montana papers. To handle this mass of correspondence there are six men in addition to the chief clerk, or superintendent. This official is not assigned to any particular duty, but he supervises the general work and lends aid where it is most required. The second clerk handles letters for Ohio, Dakota, and Montana; the third clerk takes charge of those for New York State; the fourth, Illinois; the fifth opens all pouches labelled, "New York and Chicago Railway Post-Office," distributes their contents, and afterward works on Dakota and Montana papers; the sixth, Michigan State letters, and the seventh, California letter mail. The salaries of these men entrusted with so much responsibility and of whom so much is expected range from $900 per annum for the lowest grade to $1,300 per annum for the superintendent.

At the Last Moment.

The second, or "Illinois Car," is devoted, as are the others which follow it, to the newspaper and periodical mail. In it are handled papers for Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, New York, Oregon, and Wyoming. Two clerks and two assistants man this car. The first assistant, who "faces up" papers ready to be distributed, draws mails from stalls to case, and removes boxes as fast as they are filled, has gained the soubriquet of the "Illinois derrick," owing to the heavy nature of his duties. The second, who lends what aid he can in the heavy work on the run between New York and Albany, has become known on the train as "the short stop." The third section of the car is used for storing the bags of assorted matter.

The third car is used for storing through mail for San Francisco, Omaha, and points west of Chicago. In it are also carried stamped envelopes from the manufacturer at Hartford, Conn., to postmasters in the West. This car is frequently fully loaded with matter from the New York office when the journey is begun, and it is then found necessary to add a similar car to the train on its

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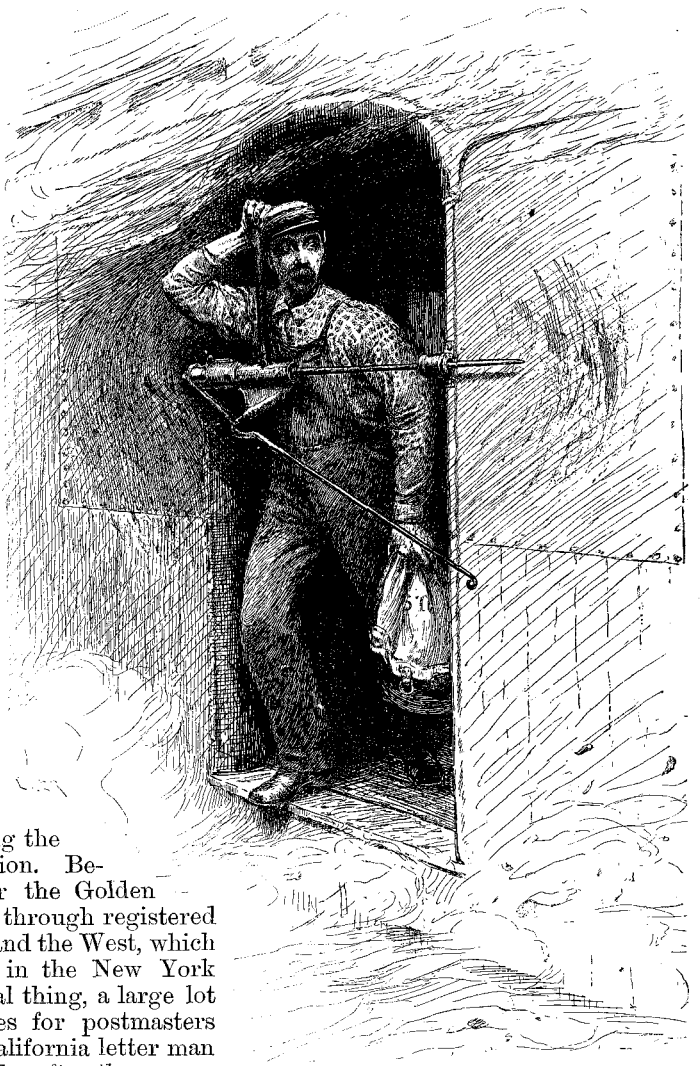
arrival at Albany for the accommodation of matter taken on by the way and bound for the same destination.

The Michigan paper car is the fourth. In it are handled papers for Michigan, Iowa, and the mixed Western States. In the first section are piled the Iowa pouches and those for points out of Utica, which have been distributed in the centre section, and in the third section the distribution for Michigan, Nebraska, and Minnesota, as well as for points reached from Buffalo, is made. Two men perform the work of the car, one of whom has already handled the registered mail and Indiana letters in the first car.

The fifth, or California paper car, is the last mail coach on the train as it is made up when leaving the Grand Central Station. Besides the papers for the Golden State the car carries through registered pouches to Chicago and the West, which have been made up in the New York office, and, as a usual thing, a large lot of stamped envelopes for postmasters in the West. The California letter man from the first car looks after the papers for the same State, and has an eye to the safety of the car. On reaching Albany another car is added to the train, making six in all from that point. This last addition comes from Boston, brings the morning mail from Bangor, Me., and is manned by four men.

The run to Chicago for post-office purposes is divided into three divisions: from New York to Syracuse, from Syracuse to Cleveland, and from Cleveland to Chicago. Each division has its own crew, so that the men leaving New York are relieved at Syracuse by others, and these in turn at Cleveland. The New



Catching the Pouch from the Crane.

York crew go to work, as has been said, at 4 P.M. and if the train is on time at Syracuse, as it usually is, they arrive there at 5.35 A.M., after thirteen and a half hours of as hard work as men are called upon to do. The same evening at 8.40 they relieve the east-bound crew, and are in New York again at six o'clock on the following morning. Half an hour later they are to be found on the top floor of

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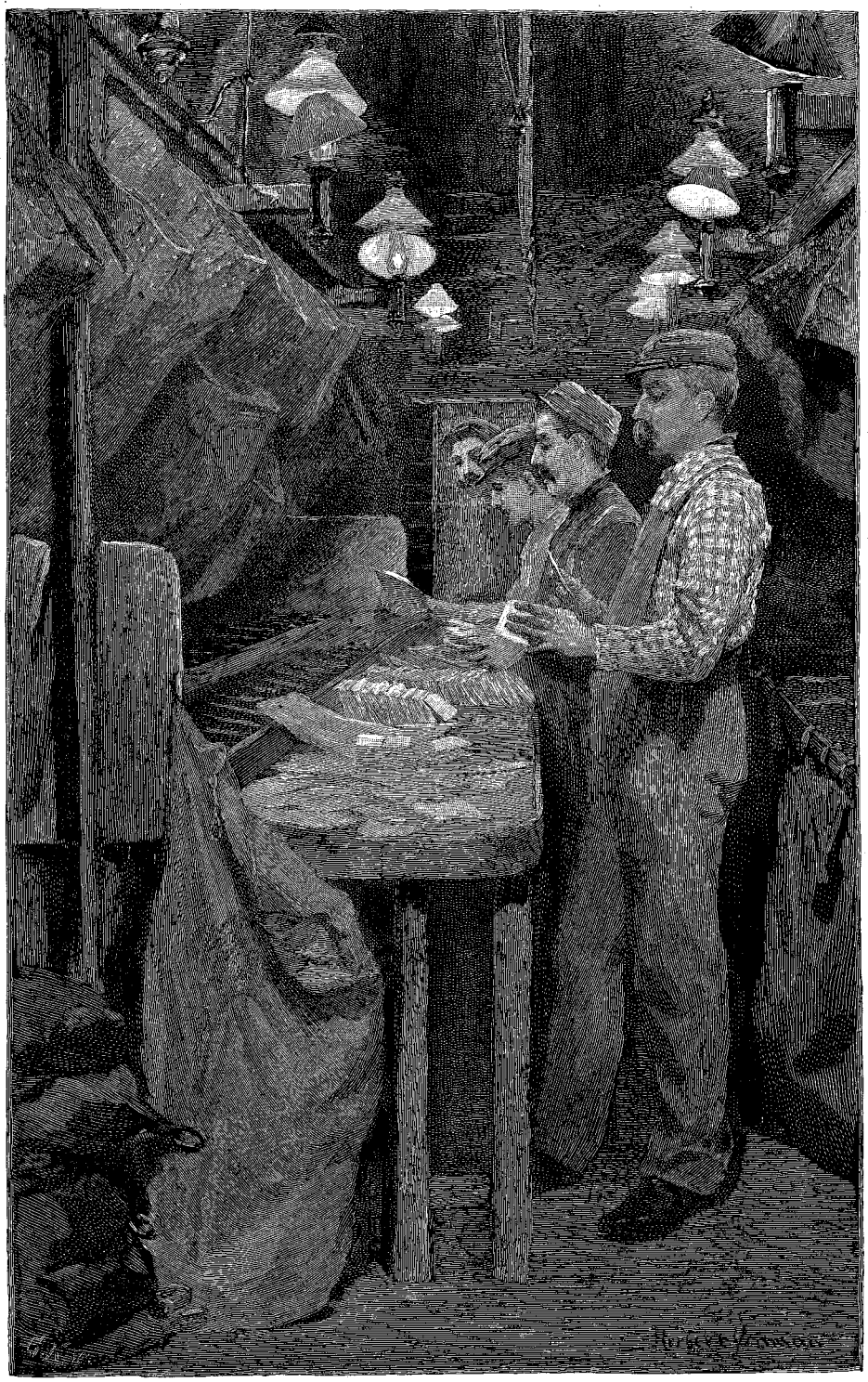

Sorting Letters in Car No. 1—The Fast Mail.

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the general post-office building, comfortably ensconced in bunks in a large and airy room, provided as a dormitory for their use by the postmaster of New York at the time of the inauguration of the fast mail service. Each crew makes three round trips and is then laid off for six days, but its members are all this time subject to extra duty which they are called upon to perform with unpleasant frequency, particularly in holiday times.

After leaving New York, the first stop the train makes is at Poughkeepsie, but no mail is taken on there. At Albany the second halt is made, and there twenty minutes are spent in taking on the mail from New England and northeastern New York. At Palatine Bridge there is a brief stop, and after that comes Utica, where the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, the Ontario & Western, and the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg roads exchange mail matter. At Syracuse more mails come, this time from the Oswego, Binghamton & Syracuse and the Auburn & Rochester branch of the New York Central. Here also comes welcome relief for the crew which left New York. Those who follow have much to keep them busy, but the heaviest part of the work has been already performed.

From Syracuse to Cleveland there are several distributing points where mail matter is also received on the train, and the routine is continued much as already described until the crew is relieved at Cleveland. There the men of the western division take charge and continue the work until Elkhart, Ind., is reached. There a special force from Chicago meets the train, takes possession of a portion of the letter car, and makes the distribution for the main office and stations of the city of Chicago, thus saving much time. When the train arrives in Chicago it makes connection with a fast mail train on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, as also with a like train on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul. The former train arrives at Council Bluffs about 7 P.M., and there overtakes the train which left Chicago on the previous evening. The Pacific coast mail is thus expedited just twenty-four hours. A similar train on the St. Paul road also saves twenty-four hours time on the trip to the northwestern portion of the Pacific coast.

The appropriation for special facilities for the year ending June 30, 1889, is $295,987.53. The uses to which the appropriation referred to is put are explained in the following table:

TERMINI.	RAILROAD COMPANY.	MILES.	PAY.
New York to Springfield	New York, New Haven & Hartford	136	$17,647 06
4.35 A.M. train	New York Central & Hudson River	144	25,000 00
Philadelphia to Bay View	Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore	91.80	20,000 00
Bay View to Quantico	Baltimore & Potomac	79.80	21,900 00
Quantico to Richmond	Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac	81.50	17,419 26
Richmond to Petersburg	Richmond & Petersburg	23.39	4,268 67
Petersburg to Weldon	Petersburg	64	11,680 00
Weldon to Wilmington	Wilmington & Weldon	162.07	29,541 27
Wilmington to Florence	Wilmington, Columbia & Augusta	110	20,075 00
Florence to Charleston Junction	Northeastern	95	17,337 50
Charleston Junction to Savannah	Charleston & Savannah	108	19,710 00
Savannah to Jacksonville	Savannah, Florida & Western	171.50	31,309 70
Baltimore to Hagerstown	Western Maryland	86.60	15,804 50
Jacksonville to Tampa	Jacksonville, Tampa & Key West & South Florida	242.57	43,962 42
Total			$295,655 38

A careful perusal of this table develops the fact that the greater portion of this money is expended south of Philadelphia, the railroad companies in that section not having sufficient weight of mails to warrant fast trains without some additional compensation. It will also be noted that with the exception of the sum of $25,000 for a special train to Poughkeepsie, which leaves New York City at 4.35 in the morning, the New York Central receives no compensation except that earned by them as common carriers of so many pounds of freight-mail matter carried, being paid for in accordance with its weight. It will also be observed that the Pennsylvania Railroad on its trunk line is not even so fortunate as its great rival.

There may be more dangerous pursuits in life than that of the railway post-

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office clerk, but there are not many so, and there are few in which the risk to life and limb is so constant. The every-day citizen who is called upon occasionally to make a railroad journey of a few hundred miles feels it to be incumbent upon himself on such occasions to make special provision for those dependent on him in case injury or death should come while riding in the thoroughly appointed and luxurious coach placed in a portion of the train least likely to suffer from accident. But too little thought is devoted to the safety of those poorly paid but efficient servants of the state, in the forward cars, without whose services the business of the country as conducted to-day would come to a standstill. To show that the importance of this service is not here exaggerated, it is only necessary to recall the condition of affairs in New York City, and other cities as well, in March, 1888, when the great blizzard fell upon the land. There were then no mails for several days, and the prostration which came upon the community is too well remembered to need comment. The danger to those within the postal cars, however, is recognized by the railway people, and efforts have been made in the way of providing safety appliances, but it is of course impossible to lessen the danger to any great extent. All that American ingenuity suggests in the way of construction, both inside and outside of the cars, is provided. The body of the car is most substantially built, the platforms and couplings are of the most approved patterns, the trucks are similar to those used under the best passenger coaches, and the air-brakes and other safety apparatus are all brought into requisition. Within the cars are saws, axes, hammers, and crowbars conveniently placed in case of wreck, and safety-bars extend the length of the cars over-head to which the clerks cling when the cars leave the track and roll down embankments, as they often do. In the year ending June, 1888, there were 248 accidents to trains upon which postal clerks were employed. In these wrecks four clerks were killed, sixty-three were seriously, several of the number permanently, and forty-five slightly injured. The official report of the accidents shows that the majority of them resulted from collisions, while others were due to the spreading of the rails, the failure of air-brakes to work at critical moments, and obstructions on the track.

In every case where cars were wrecked the postal car was among the number.

In many instances the cars were telescoped, and on such occasions the clerks were found buried in the wreckage or pinned under the engine or its tender. And many times true heroism was shown by the injured men. Over and over again the General Superintendent reports that notwithstanding severe injuries received by the clerks, the scattered mail matter was collected by them and transferred either to another train or to the nearest post-office. Several times trains in the West were held up by robbers, who, after sacking the express car, visited the postal car, introducing themselves with pistol shots. One clerk was seriously wounded in the shoulder. An instance of self-possession is reported in Arkansas, where the robbers, before visiting the postal car, had secured $10,000 from the express safe. When they came to clerk R. P. Johnson he suggested that they had secured booty enough, and that under the circumstances they might let the mail matter alone. The masked men agreed with him and did not molest the mails.

In view of the dangers to which employees of the Railway Mail Service are exposed it may be permitted to quote from the last annual report of General Superintendent Bancroft on the subject of insurance. No action, he points out, has ever been taken by Congress toward providing for the care of clerks permanently injured in the service, or those dependent upon them in case of death, notwithstanding frequent recommendations by the Department. He attributes this to insurmountable objections on the part of the people's representatives to the creation of anything of the nature of a civil pension roll. He therefore suggests that there shall be deducted from the pay of each and every railway postal clerk ten cents per month, to be paid into "The Railway Postal Clerks' Insurance Fund," the custodian of which is to be the United States Treasury.

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In case of death from injuries while on duty, $1,000 is to be paid to the clerk's heirs. While this proposition is in the right direction, it hardly goes far enough. Provision should be made for the disabled, and to do so, the clerks doubtless would not object to an assessment of double the amount suggested. That they should be compelled to resort to such a mode of relief, however, is a reflection upon the government of the United States.

The first great need of the Railway Mail Service is an adequate appropriation by Congress to extend its usefulness and to keep it up to the demands and the needs of the public. Where speed is required to make connections, the Department should have the cash on hand to buy what is necessary. The railways are business institutions, managed as such, and when the Department desires extra facilities it should be prepared to pay in coin and not in talk. In this connection it is a pleasant duty for the writer of this very imperfect sketch to say that during his term of service in the post-office at New York, and at the Department, he always found Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mr. J. H. Rutter, of the New York Central, Mr. John Newell, of the Lake Shore, Mr. George B. Roberts, Mr. A. J. Cassatt, and Mr. Frank Thomson, of the Pennsylvania system, Mr. Bridgers and Mr. H. B. Plant, of the Atlantic Coast Line, ready to grant any reasonable request for the improvement and extension of the service. Time after time Mr. Roberts has run a special train with the Australian trans-continental mail from Pittsburg to New York, that it might catch an outgoing steamer; and he and Mr. Vanderbilt practically re-established the fast mail, by taking letters on their limited trains. Mr. Roberts gave, in addition, an extra mail train from Philadelphia west at four o'clock in the morning, and Mr. Vanderbilt placed a postal car on the 4 P.M. train from New York, receiving in return—what they had a right to demand—an extra weighing of the mails, and what was not a matter of surprise to them, unmeasured abuse on the floor of Congress for giving these additional facilities to the people of the country.

The last and greatest need of the postal service is the total and complete elimination of partisan considerations as affecting appointments and removals in the working force. The spoils method invariably brings into the service a lot of do-nothings or a race of experimenters, whose performances never fail to breed disaster and to crush out substantial progress.

There is no position in the government more exacting than that of a postal clerk, and none that has so many requirements. He must not only be sound "in wind and limb," but possessed of more than ordinary intelligence, and a retentive memory. His work is constant, and his only recreation, study. He must not only be proficient in his own immediate work, but he must have a general knowledge of the entire country, so that the correspondence he handles shall reach its destination at the earliest possible moment. He must know no night and no day. He must be impervious to heat or cold. Rushing along at a rate of forty or fifty miles an hour, in charge of that which is sacred—the correspondence of the people—catching his meals as he may; at home only semi-occasionally, the wonder is that men competent to discharge the duties of so high a calling can be found for so small a compensation, and for so uncertain a tenure of official life. They have not only to take the extra hazardous risks of their toilsome duties, but they are at the mercy of the practical politicians, who believe that "to the victor belong the spoils." There are no public offices which are so emphatically "public trusts" as those whose duties comprise that of handling the correspondence of the people, because upon the proper and skilful performance of that duty depend—to a far greater degree than in the care of any other function accomplished through government agency—the business and social welfare of the entire community. The effects of ignorance, carelessness, and dishonesty in any other branch of the public service, although to be deplored, are not to be compared to those which follow the existence of such evils in the Post-Office. Can there be a more flagrant abuse of a "public trust" than the

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perversion of a branch of the public service into an agency for furthering the ambitious ends of local and other partisans by allowing them to distribute its "patronage" as rewards for party services among those who by reason of inexperience—if for no graver cause—are incompetent to replace the skilled workman who must be routed out in order to give them room? This evil should be corrected at once. The Railway Mail Service must no longer be left at the mercy of the local partisans. The reform is not only a present necessity, but it was one in the past and will be in the future, until the force of public sentiment shall compel acquiescence in the reasonable demand, that what was so eminently meant for mankind shall not be given up to party; that the non-political business of letter-carrying, which the government has monopolized,

shall be conducted by it solely with a view to prompt and expeditious carrying of mail matter, and not with the object of bolstering up local "statesmen" or carrying elections.

At the coming in of Mr. Cleveland's administration, William B. Thompson was Second Assistant Postmaster-General—in charge of the contract office—and John Jameson was General Railway Mail Superintendent. Both of these gentlemen had worked their way from the ranks by sheer merit. In private business the value of their services would have been so highly appreciated that, no matter who became senior partner of the firm, under no circumstances would they have been permitted to retire. The case of these gentlemen is mentioned now simply to illustrate an idea and not to found a complaint. On the incoming of the new administration, General Thompson, in accordance with precedent, promptly tendered his resignation, and it was as promptly accepted; while General Superintendent Jameson struggled along doing his work, until to relieve his chief from embarrassment, he too tendered his resignation. The country was thus deprived of the services of two men who were experts in their profession, simply to give place to others, of high character no doubt, but with no knowledge and special aptitude for the great trust that was committed to them. And, now, at the incoming of another administration, the experience that these gentlemen have gained will count for nothing, and they will probably be rotated out. In no other civilized country would such an atrocity be possible. An attempt to remove, for similar reasons, such postal authorities as Messrs. Rich, of Liverpool, Johnston, of Manchester, or Hubson, of Glasgow, all of whom under a sound, logical, just, and economical business system have reached their present positions by merit and efficiency from more or less inferior places, would hurl an administration in Great Britain from power, and justly too. The possession of the immense patronage of the government did not save the Republican party from defeat in 1884, or keep the Democratic party in power in 1888. Ideas are stronger than "soap," and principles more potent than spoils. It is due to President Cleveland to state that toward the

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close of his administration he recognized the importance of permanency in the Railway Mail Service, and that he made a long step in advance by approving a series of rules submitted by the Civil Service Commission having for its object the removal of the service from the influences of politicians. It needs more than this, however; it needs the sanctity of the statute law, declaring that the clerks should not only keep their offices during good behavior, but that after twenty years of faithful and efficient service, or before that time, if injured in the discharge of their duty, they should retire on half pay. In case of death from accident while on duty, proper provision should be made for the family of the official. Whenever justice is done by Congress in these particulars the United States will have the best and most efficient Railway Mail Service in the world.

VESTIS ANGELICA.

By Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

[It was a custom of the early English Church for pious laymen to be carried in the hour of death to some monastery, that they might be clothed in the habit of the religious order and might die amid the prayers of the brotherhood. The garment thus assumed was known as the *Vestis Angelica*.—See Moroni: "Dizionario di Erudizione Storico-Ecclesiastica," ii. 78; xcvi, 212.]

O GATHER, gather! Stand
Round her on either hand!
Ye shining angel-band
More pure than priest;
A garment white and whole
Weave for this passing soul
Whose earthly joy and dole
Have almost ceased.

Weave it of mothers' prayers,
Of sacred thoughts and cares,
Of peace beneath gray hairs,
Of hallowed pain;
Weave it of vanished tears,
Of childlike hopes and fears,
Of joys, by saintly years
Washed free from stain.

Weave it of happy hours,
Of smiles and summer flowers,
Of passing sunlit showers,
Of acts of love,
Of pathways that did go
Amid life's work and woe;
—Her eyes still fixed below,
Her thoughts above.

Then, as those eyes grow dim,
Chant ye her best-loved hymn
While from yon church tower's brim
A soft chime swells.
Her freed soul floats in bliss
To unseen worlds from this,
Nor knows in which it is
She hears the bells.

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THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

V.

N all the miserable business that now followed, I have four questions that I asked myself often at the time and ask myself still. Was the man moved by a particular sentiment against Mr. Henry? or by what he thought to be his interest? or by a mere delight in cruelty such as cats display and theologians tell us of the devil? or by what he would have called love? My common opinion halts among the three first; but perhaps there lay at the spring of his behavior an element of all. As thus: Animosity to Mr. Henry would explain his hateful usage of him when they were alone; the interests he came to serve would explain his very different attitude before my lord; that and some spice of a design of gallantry, his care to stand well with Mrs. Henry; and the pleasure of malice for itself, the pains he was continually at to mingle and oppose these lines of conduct.

Partly because I was a very open friend to my patron, partly because in my letters to Paris I had often given myself some freedom of remonstrance, I was included in his diabolical amusement. When I was alone with him, he pursued me with sneers; before the family, he used me with the extreme of friendly condescension. This was not only painful in itself; not only did it put me continually in the wrong; but there was in it an element of insult indescribable. That he should thus leave me out in his dissimulation, as though even my testimony were too despicable to be considered, galled me to the blood. But what it was to me is not worth notice. I make but memorandum of it here; and chiefly for this reason, that it had one good result, and gave me the quicker sense of Mr. Henry's martyrdom.

It was on him the burthen fell. How was he to respond to the public advances of one who never lost a chance of gibing him in private? How was he to smile back on the deceiver and the insulter? He was condemned to seem ungracious. He was condemned to silence. Had he been less proud, had he spoken, who would have credited the truth? The acted calumny had done its work; my lord and Mrs. Henry were the daily witnesses of what went on; they could have sworn in court that the Master was a model of long-suffering good-nature, and Mr. Henry a pattern of jealousy and thanklessness. And ugly enough as these must have appeared in any one, they seemed tenfold uglier in Mr. Henry; for who could forget that the Master lay in peril of his life, and that he had already lost his mistress, his title, and his fortune?

"Henry, will you ride with me?" asks the Master one day.

And Mr. Henry, who had been goaded by the man all morning, raps out: "I will not."

"I sometimes wish you would be kinder, Henry," says the other, wistfully.

I give this for a specimen; but such scenes befell continually. Small wonder if Mr. Henry was blamed; small wonder if I fretted myself into something near upon a bilious fever; nay, and at the mere recollection feel a bitterness in my blood.

Sure, never in this world was a more diabolical contrivance: so perfidious, so simple, so impossible to combat. And yet I think again, and I think always, Mrs. Henry might have read between the lines; she might have had more knowledge of her husband's nature; after all these years of marriage, she might have commanded or captured his confidence. And my old lord too, that very watchful gentleman, where was all his observation? But for one thing, the deceit was practised by a

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master hand, and might have gulled an angel. For another (in the case of Mrs. Henry), I have observed there are no persons so far away as those who are both married and estranged, so that they seem out of earshot or to have no common tongue. For a third (in the case of both of these spectators), they were blinded by old, ingrained predilection. And for a fourth, the risk the Master was supposed to stand in (supposed, I say—you will soon hear why) made it seem the more ungenerous to criticise; and keeping them in a perpetual tender solicitude about his life, blinded them the more effectually to his faults.

It was during this time that I perceived most clearly the effect of manner, and was led to lament most deeply the plainness of my own. Mr. Henry had the essence of a gentleman; when he was moved, when there was any call of circumstance, he could play his part with dignity and spirit; but in the day's commerce (it is idle to deny it) he fell short of the ornamental. The Master (on the other hand) had never a movement but it commended him. So it befell, that when the one appeared gracious and the other ungracious, every trick of their bodies seemed to call out confirmation. Nor that alone: but the more deeply Mr. Henry floundered in his brother's toils, the more clownish he grew; and the more the Master enjoyed his spiteful entertainment, the more engagingly, the more smilingly he went! So that the plot, by its own scope and progress, furthered and confirmed itself.

It was one of the man's arts to use the peril in which (as I say) he was supposed to stand. He spoke of it to those who loved him with a gentle pleasantry, which made it the more touching. To Mr. Henry, he used it as a cruel weapon of offence. I remember his laying his finger on the clean lozenge of the painted window, one day when we three were alone together in the hall. "Here went your lucky guinea, Jacob," said he. And when Mr. Henry only looked upon him darkly, "O," he added, "you need not look such impotent malice, my good fly. You can be rid of your spider when you please. How long, O Lord? When are you to be wrought to the point of a denunciation, scrupulous brother? It is one of my interests in this dreary hole. I ever loved experiment." Still Mr. Henry only stared upon him with a glooming brow, and a changed color; and at last the Master broke out in a laugh and clapped him on the shoulder, calling him a sulky dog. At this my patron leaped back with a gesture I thought very dangerous; and I must suppose the Master thought so too; for he looked the least in the world discountenanced, and I do not remember him again to have laid hands on Mr. Henry.

But though he had his peril always on his lips in the one way or the other, I thought his conduct strangely incautious, and began to fancy the government (who had set a price upon his head) was gone sound asleep. I will not deny I was tempted with the wish to denounce him; but two thoughts withheld me: one, that if he were thus to end his life upon an honorable scaffold, the man would be canonized for good in the minds of his father and my patron's wife; the other, that if I was anyway mingled in the matter, Mr. Henry himself would scarce escape some glancings of suspicion. And in the meanwhile our enemy went in and out more than I could have thought possible, the fact that he was home again was buzzed about all the countryside; and yet he was never stirred. Of all these so-many and so-different persons who were acquainted with his presence, none had the least greed (as I used to say, in my annoyance) or the least loyalty; and the man rode here and there—fully more welcome, considering the lees of old unpopularity, than Mr. Henry—and considering the freetraders, far safer than myself.

Not but what he had a trouble of his own; and this, as it brought about the gravest consequences, I must now relate. The reader will scarce have forgotten Jessie Brown; her way of life was much among the smuggling party; Captain Crail himself was of her intimates; and she had early word of Mr. Bally's presence at the house. In my opinion she had long ceased to care two straws for the Master's person; but it was become her habit to connect herself

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continually with the Master's name; that was the ground of all her play-acting; and so, now when he was back, she thought she owed it to herself to grow a haunter of the neighborhood of Durrisdeer. The Master could scarce go abroad but she was there in wait for him; a scandalous figure of a woman, not often sober; hailing him wildly as "her bonny laddie," quoting pedlar's poetry, and as I receive the story, even seeking to weep upon his neck. I own I rubbed my hands over this persecution; but the Master, who laid so much upon others, was himself the least patient of men. There were strange scenes enacted in the policies. Some say he took his cane to her, and Jessie fell back upon her former weapon, stones. It is certain at least that he made a motion to Captain Crail to have the woman trepanned, and that the Captain refused the proposition with uncommon vehemence. And the end of the matter was victory for Jessie. Money was got together; an interview took place in which my proud gentleman must consent to be kissed and wept upon; and the woman was set up in a public of her own, somewhere on Solway side (but I forget where) and by the only news I ever had of it, extremely ill-frequented.

This is to look forward. After Jessie had been but a little while upon his heels, the Master comes to me one day in the steward's office, and with more civility than usual, "Mackellar," says he, "there is a damned crazy wench comes about here. I cannot well move in the matter myself, which brings me to you. Be so good as see to it: the men must have a strict injunction to drive the wench away."

"Sir," said I, trembling a little, "you can do your own dirty errands for yourself."

He said not a word to that, and left the room.

Presently came Mr. Henry. "Here is news!" cried he. "It seems all is not enough, and you must add to my wretchedness. It seems you have insulted Mr. Bally."

"Under your kind favor, Mr. Henry," said I, "it was he that insulted me, and as I think grossly. But I may have been careless of your position when I spoke; and if you think so when you know all, my dear patron, you have but to say the word. For you I would obey in any point whatever, even to sin, God pardon me!" And thereupon I told him what had passed.

Mr. Henry smiled to himself; a grimmer smile I never witnessed. "You did exactly well," said he. "He shall drink his Jessie Brown to the dregs." And then, spying the Master outside, he opened the window, and crying to him by the name of Mr. Bally, asked him to step up and have a word.

"James," said he, when our persecutor had come in and closed the door behind him, looking at me with a smile as if he thought I was to be humbled, "you brought me a complaint against Mr. Mackellar into which I have inquired. I need not tell you I would always take his word against yours; for we are alone, and I am going to use something of your own freedom. Mr. Mackellar is a gentleman I value; and you must contrive, so long as you are under this roof, to bring yourself into no more collisions with one whom I will support at any possible cost to me or mine. As for the errand upon which you came to him, you must deliver yourself from the consequences of your own cruelty, and none of my servants shall be at all employed in such a case."

"My father's servants, I believe," says the Master.

"Go to him with this tale," said Mr. Henry.

The Master grew very white. He pointed at me with his finger. "I want that man discharged," he said.

"He shall not be," said Mr. Henry.

"You shall pay pretty dear for this," says the Master.

"I have paid so dear already for a wicked brother," said Mr. Henry, "that I am bankrupt even of fears. You have no place left where you can strike me."

"I will show you about that," says the Master, and went softly away.

"What will he do next, Mackellar?" cries Mr. Henry.

"Let me go away," said I. "My dear patron, let me go away; I am but the beginning of fresh sorrows."

"Would you leave me quite alone?" said he.

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We were not long in suspense as to the nature of the new assault. Up to that hour, the Master had played a very close game with Mrs. Henry; avoiding pointedly to be alone with her, which I took at the time for an effect of decency, but now think to be a most insidious art; meeting her, you may say, at meal-time only; and behaving, when he did so, like an affectionate brother. Up to that hour, you may say he had scarce directly interfered between Mr. Henry and his wife; except in so far as he had manœuvred the one quite forth from the good graces of the other. Now, all that was to be changed; but whether really in revenge, or because he was wearying of Durrisdeer and looked about for some diversion, who but the devil shall decide?

From that hour at least, began the siege of Mrs. Henry; a thing so deftly carried on that I scarce know if she was aware of it herself, and that her husband must look on in silence. The first parallel was opened (as was made to appear) by accident. The talk fell, as it did often, on the exiles in France; so it glided to the matter of their songs.

"There is one," says the Master, "if you are curious in these matters, that has always seemed to me very moving. The poetry is harsh; and yet, perhaps because of my situation, it has always found the way to my heart. It is supposed to be sung, I should tell you, by an exile's sweetheart; and represents, perhaps, not so much the truth of what she is thinking, as the truth of what he hopes of her, poor soul! in these far lands." And here the Master sighed. "I protest it is a pathetic sight when a score of rough Irish, all common sentinels, get to this song; and you may see, by their falling tears, how it strikes home to them. It goes thus, father," says he, very adroitly taking my lord for his listener, "and if I cannot get to the end of it, you must think it is a common case with us exiles." And thereupon he struck up the same air as I had heard the Colonel whistle; but now to words, rustic indeed, yet most pathetically setting forth a poor girl's aspirations for an exiled lover: of which one verse indeed (or something like it) still sticks by me:

O, I will dye my petticoat red,
With my dear boy I'll beg my bread,
Though all my friends should wish me dead,
For Willie among the rushes, O!

He sang it well even as a song; but he did better yet as a performer. I have heard famous actors, when there was not a dry eye in the Edinburgh theatre; a great wonder to behold; but no more wonderful than how the Master played upon that little ballad and on those who heard him like an instrument, and seemed now upon the point of failing, and now to conquer his distress, so that it seemed to pour out of his own heart and his own past, and to be aimed direct at Mrs. Henry. And his art went further yet; for all was so delicately touched, it seemed impossible to suspect him of the least design; and so far from making a parade of emotion, you would have sworn he was striving to be calm. When it came to an end, we all sat silent for a time; he had chosen the dusk of the afternoon, so that none could see his neighbor's face; but it seemed as if we held our breathing, only my old lord cleared his throat. The first to move was the singer, who got to his feet suddenly and softly, and went and walked softly to and fro in the low end of the hall, Mr. Henry's customary place. We were to suppose that he there struggled down the last of his emotion: for he presently returned and launched into a disquisition on the nature of the Irish (always so much miscalled, and whom he defended) in his natural voice; so that, before the lights were brought, we were in the usual course of talk. But even then, methought Mrs. Henry's face was a shade pale; and for another thing, she withdrew almost at once.

The next sign was a friendship this insidious devil struck up with innocent Miss Katharine; so that they were always together, hand in hand, or she climbing on his knee, like a pair of children. Like all his diabolical acts, this cut in several ways. It was the last stroke to Mr. Henry, to see his own babe debauched against him; it made him harsh with the poor innocent, which brought him still a peg lower in his wife's esteem; and (to conclude) it was a bond of union between the lady and

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the Master. Under this influence, their old reserve melted by daily stages. Presently there came walks in the long shrubbery, talks in the Belvedere, and I know not what tender familiarity. I am sure Mrs. Henry was like many a good woman; she had a whole conscience, but perhaps by the means of a little winking. For even to so dull an observer as myself, it was plain her kindness was of a more moving nature than the sisterly. The tones of her voice appeared more numerous; she had a light and softness in her eye; she was more gentle with all of us, even with Mr. Henry, even with myself; methought she breathed of some quiet melancholy happiness.

To look on at this, what a torment it was for Mr. Henry! And yet it brought our ultimate deliverance, as I am soon to tell.

THE purport of the Master's stay was no more noble (gild it as they might) than to wring money out. He had some design of a fortune in the French Indies, as the Chevalier wrote me; and it was the sum required for this that he came seeking. For the rest of the family it spelled ruin; but my lord, in his incredible partiality, pushed ever for the granting. The family was now so narrowed down (indeed there were no more of them than just the father and the two sons), that it was possible to break the entail, and alienate a piece of land. And to this, at first by hints, and then by open pressure, Mr. Henry was brought to consent. He never would have done so, I am very well assured, but for the weight of the distress under which he labored. But for his passionate eagerness to see his brother gone, he would not thus have broken with his own sentiment and the traditions of his house. And even so, he sold them his consent at a dear rate, speaking for once openly and holding the business up in its own shameful colors.

"You will observe," he said, "this is an injustice to my son, if ever I have one."

"But that you are not likely to have," said my lord.

"God knows," says Mr. Henry. "And considering the cruel falseness of the position in which I stand to my brother, and that you, my lord, are my father and have the right to command me, I set my hand to this paper. But one thing I will say first: I have been ungenerously pushed, and when next, my lord, you are tempted to compare your sons, I call on you to remember what I have done and what he has done. Acts are the fair test."

My lord was the most uneasy man I ever saw; even in his old face, the blood came up. "I think this is not a very wisely chosen moment, Henry, for complaints," said he. "This takes away from the merit of your generosity."

"Do not deceive yourself, my lord," said Mr. Henry. "This injustice is not done from generosity to him, but in obedience to yourself."

"Before strangers . . ." begins my lord, still more unhappily affected.

"There is no one but Mackellar here," said Mr. Henry; "he is my friend. And, my lord, as you make him no stranger to your frequent blame, it were hard if I must keep him one to a thing so rare as my defence."

Almost I believe my lord would have rescinded his decision; but the Master was on the watch.

"Ah, Henry, Henry," says he, "you are the best of us still. Rugged and true! Ah, man, I wish I was as good."

And at that instance of his favorite's generosity, my lord desisted from his hesitation, and the deed was signed.

As soon as it could be brought about, the land of Oghterhall was sold for much below its value, and the money paid over to our leech and sent by some private carriage into France. Or so he said; though I have suspected since it did not go so far. And now here was all the man's business brought to a successful head and his pockets once more bulging with our gold; and yet the point for which we had consented to this sacrifice was still denied us, and the visitor still lingered on at Durrisdeer. Whether in malice, or because the time was not yet come for his adventure to the Indies, or because he had hopes of his design on Mrs. Henry, or from the orders of the government, who shall say? but linger he did and that for weeks.

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You will observe I say: from the orders of government; for about this time, the man's disreputable secret trickled out.

The first hint I had was from a tenant, who commented on the Master's stay and yet more on his security; for this tenant was a Jacobitish sympathizer, and had lost a son at Culloden, which gave him the more critical eye. "There is one thing," said he, "that I cannot but think strange; and that is how he got to Cockermouth."

"To Cockermouth?" said I, with a sudden memory of my first wonder on beholding the man disembark so point-device after so long a voyage.

"Why, yes," says the tenant, "it was there he was picked up by Captain Crail. You thought he had come from France by sea? And so we all did."

I turned this news a little in my head, and then carried it to Mr. Henry. "Here is an odd circumstance," said I, and told him.

"What matters how he came, Mackellar, so long as he is here," groans Mr. Henry.

"No, sir," said I, "but think again! Does not this smack a little of some government connivance? You know how much we have wondered already at the man's security."

"Stop," said Mr. Henry. "Let me think of this." And as he thought, there came that grim smile upon his face that was a little like the Master's. "Give me paper," said he. And he sat without another word and wrote to a gentleman of his acquaintance—I will name no unnecessary names, but he was one in a high place. This letter I despatched by the only hand I could depend upon in such a case, Macconochie's; and the old man rode hard, for he was back with the reply before even my eagerness had ventured to expect him. Again, as he read it, Mr. Henry had the same grim smile.

"This is the best you have done for me yet, Mackellar," says he. "With this in my hand, I will give him a shog. Watch for us at dinner."

At dinner accordingly, Mr. Henry proposed some very public appearance for the Master; and my lord, as he had hoped, objected to the danger of the course.

"Oh," says Mr. Henry, very easily, "you need no longer keep this up with me. I am as much in the secret as yourself."

"In the secret?" says my lord. "What do you mean, Henry? I give you my word I am in no secret from which you are excluded."

The Master had changed countenance, and I saw he was struck in a joint of his harness.

"How?" says Mr. Henry, turning to him with a huge appearance of surprise. "I see you serve your masters very faithfully; but I had thought you would have been humane enough to set your father's mind at rest."

"What are you talking of? I refuse to have my business publicly discussed. I order this to cease," cries the Master, very foolishly and passionately, and indeed more like a child than a man.

"So much discretion was not looked for at your hands, I can assure you," continued Mr. Henry. "For see what my correspondent writes," unfolding the paper—"'It is, of course, in the interests both of the government and the gentleman whom we may perhaps best continue to call Mr. Bally, to keep this understanding secret; but it was never meant his own family should continue to endure the suspense you paint so feelingly; and I am pleased mine should be the hand to set these fears at rest. Mr. Bally is as safe in Great Britain as yourself.'"

"Is this possible?" cries my lord, looking at his son, with a great deal of wonder and still more of suspicion in his face.

"My dear father," says the Master, already much recovered, "I am overjoyed that this may be disclosed. My own instructions direct from London bore a very contrary sense, and I was charged to keep the indulgence secret from everyone, yourself not excepted, and indeed yourself expressly named—as I can show in black and white, unless I have destroyed the letter. They must have changed their minds very swiftly, for the whole matter is still quite fresh; or rather Henry's correspondent must have misconceived that part, as he seems to have misconceived the rest. To tell you the truth, sir," he continued, getting

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visibly more easy, "I had supposed this unexplained favor to a rebel was the effect of some application from yourself; and the injunction to secrecy among my family the result of a desire on your part to conceal your kindness. Hence I was the more careful to obey orders. It remains now to guess by what other channel indulgence can have flowed on so notorious an offender as myself; for I do not think your son need defend himself from what seems hinted in Henry's letter. I have never yet heard of a Durrisdeer who was a turn-coat or a spy," says he, proudly.

And so it seemed he had swum out of this danger unharmed; but this was to reckon without a blunder he had made, and without the pertinacity of Mr. Henry, who was now to show he had something of his brother's spirit.

"You say the matter is still fresh," says Mr. Henry.

"It is recent," says the Master, with a fair show of stoutness and yet not without a quaver.

"Is it so recent as that?" asks Mr. Henry, like a man a little puzzled, and spreading his letter before him again.

In all the letter there was no word as to the date; but how was the Master to know that?

"It seemed to come late enough for me," says he, with a laugh. And at the sound of that laugh, which rang false like a cracked bell, my lord looked at him again across the table, and I saw his old lips draw together close.

"No," said Mr. Henry, still glancing on his letter, "but I remember your expression. You said it was very fresh."

And here we had a proof of our victory, and the strongest instance yet of my lord's incredible indulgence; for what must he do but interfere to save his favorite from exposure!

"I think, Henry," says he, with a kind of pitiful eagerness, "I think we need dispute no more. We are all rejoiced at last to find your brother safe; we are all at one on that; and as grateful subjects, we can do no less than drink to the king's health and bounty."

Thus was the Master extricated; but at least he had been put to his defence, he had come lamely out, and the attraction of his personal danger was now publicly plucked away from him. My lord, in his heart of hearts, now knew his favorite to be a government spy; and Mrs. Henry (however she explained the tale) was notably cold in her behavior to the discredited hero of romance. Thus in the best fabric of duplicity, there is some weak point, if we can strike it, which will loosen the whole; and if, by this fortunate stroke, we had not shaken the idol, who can say how it might have gone with us at the catastrophe?

And yet at the time we seemed to have accomplished nothing. Before a day or two, he had wiped off the ill results of his discomfiture, and, to all appearance, stood as high as ever. As for my Lord Durrisdeer, he was sunk in parental partiality; it was not so much love, which should be an active quality, as an apathy and torpor of his other powers; and forgiveness (so to misapply a noble word) flowed from him in sheer weakness, like the tears of senility. Mrs. Henry's was a different case; and heaven alone knows what he found to say to her or how he persuaded her from her contempt. It is one of the worst things of sentiment, that the voice grows to be more important than the words, and the speaker than that which is spoken. But some excuse the Master must have found, or perhaps he had even struck upon some art to wrest this exposure to his own advantage; for after a time of coldness, it seemed as if things went worse than ever between him and Mrs. Henry. They were then constantly together. I would not be thought to cast one shadow of blame, beyond what is due to a half-wilful blindness, on that unfortunate lady; but I do think, in these last days she was playing very near the fire; and whether I be wrong or not in that, one thing is sure and quite sufficient: Mr. Henry thought so. The poor gentleman sat for days in my room, so great a picture of distress that I could never venture to address him; yet it is to be thought he found some comfort even in my presence and the knowledge of my sympathy. There were times, too, when we talked, and a strange manner of talk it was; there was never a person named, nor an individual circumstance referred to; yet we had the same matter in our minds, and we were each

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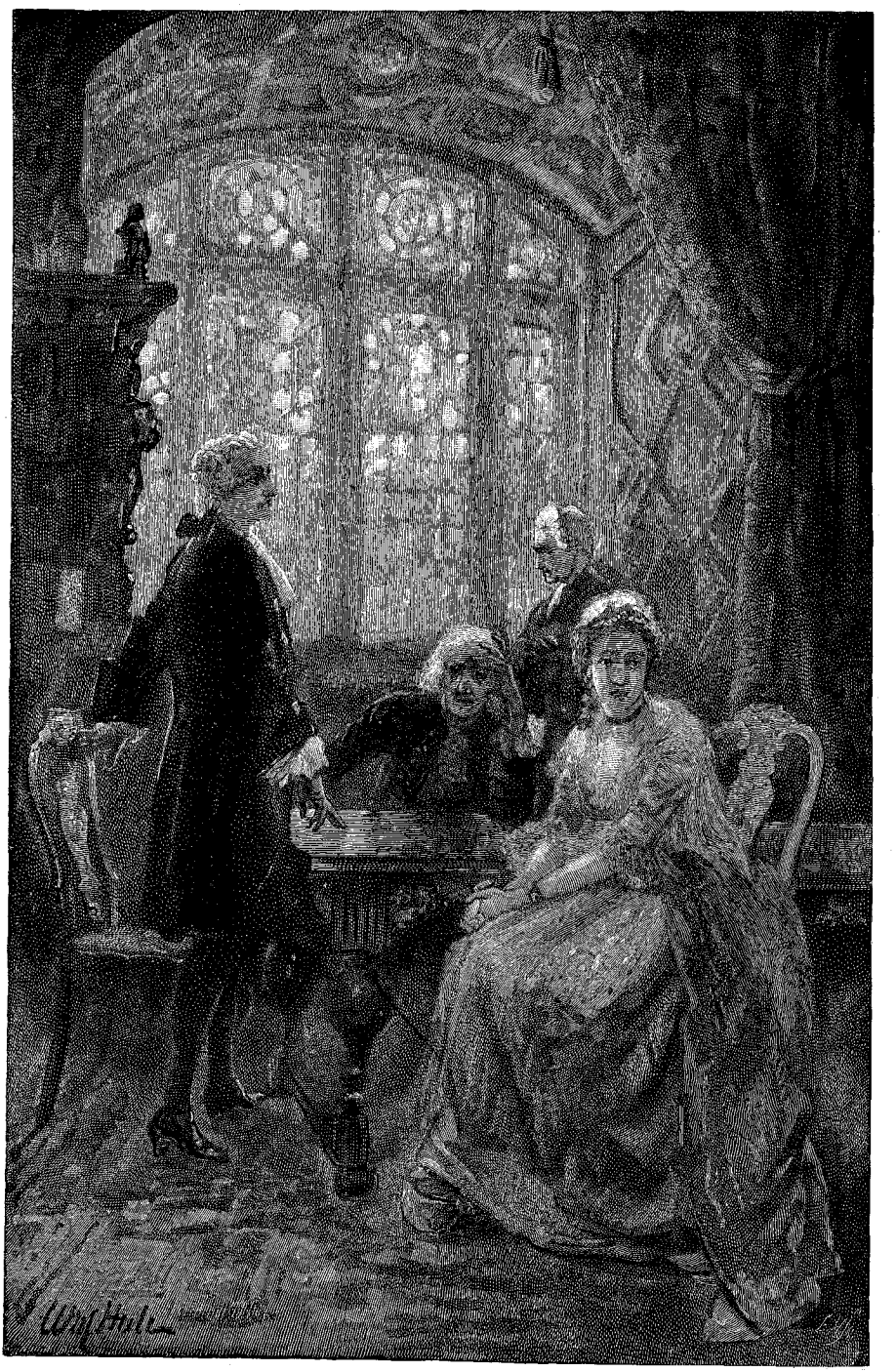

"The first to move was the singer, who got to his feet suddenly and softly."—*Page* 281.

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aware of it. It is a strange art that can thus be practised: to talk for hours of a thing, and never name nor yet so much as hint at it. And I remember I wondered if it was by some such natural skill that the Master made love to Mrs. Henry all day long (as he manifestly did), yet never startled her into reserve.

To show how far affairs had gone with Mr. Henry, I will give some words of his, uttered (as I have cause not to forget) upon the 26th of February, 1757. It was unseasonable weather, a cast back into Winter; windless, bitter cold, the world all white with rime, the sky low and gray; the sea black and silent like a quarry hole. Mr. Henry sat close by the fire and debated (as was now common with him) whether "a man" should "do things," whether "interference was wise," and the like general propositions, which each of us particularly applied. I was by the window looking out, when there passed below me the Master, Mrs. Henry, and Miss Katharine, that now constant trio. The child was running to and fro delighted with the frost; the Master spoke close in the lady's ear with what seemed (even from so far) a devilish grace of insinuation; and she on her part looked on the ground like a person lost in listening. I broke out of my reserve.

"If I were you, Mr. Henry," said I, "I would deal openly with my lord."

"Mackellar, Mackellar," said he, "you do not see the weakness of my ground. I can carry no such base thoughts to any one: to my father least of all; that would be to fall into the bottom of his scorn. The weakness of my ground," he continued, "lies in myself, that I am not one who engages love. I have their gratitude, they all tell me that: I have a rich estate of it! But I am not present in their minds; they are moved neither to think with me nor to think for me. There is my loss!" He got to his feet, and trod down the fire. "But some method must be found, Mackellar," said he, looking at me suddenly over his shoulder; "some way must be found. I am a man of a great deal of patience—far too much—far too much. I begin to despise myself. And yet sure never was a man involved in such a toil." He fell back to his brooding.

"Cheer up," said I. "It will burst of itself."

"I am far past anger now," says he, which had so little coherency with my own observation, that I let both fall.

(To be continued.)

Roman Teacher and Pupils. (From a relief at Neumagen.)

A GERMAN ROME.

By W. B. Scott.

IN an amphitheatre of the charming Moselle valley, nearly midway between Coblentz and Metz, stands the quiet town of Treves (or Trier, as the inhabitants call it); a place comparatively little visited by travellers and especially neglected by Americans. John Bull has found his way there, however, as is indicated by the English names on the hotels and omnibuses, and by the frantic but not altogether successful efforts to speak that tongue, to which the sight of Baedeker's red covers stimulates the crowd of amateur guides. Treves is

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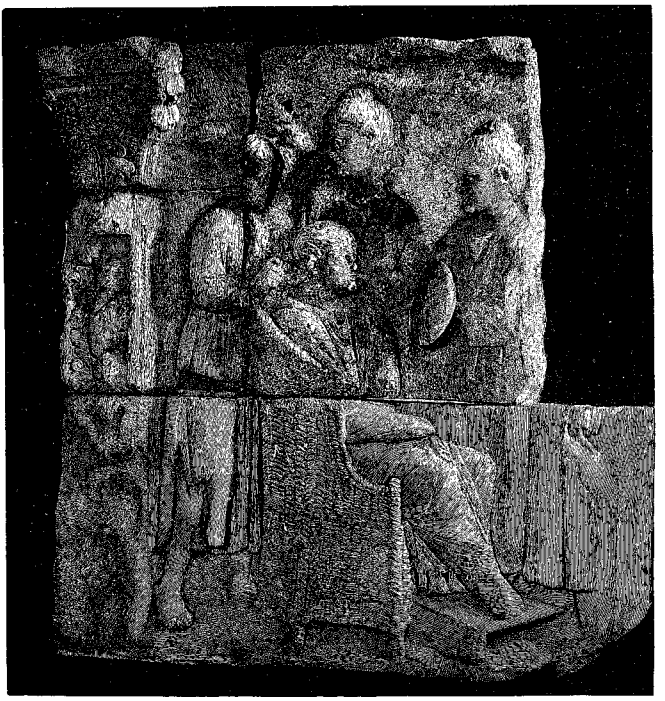
not on the way to any place in particular, and till recently was rather difficult of access, hence the reason why so few American tourists have seen or even heard of it, for though a great literature exists in German upon the history and antiquities of the place, very little has been written about it in English; indeed, if we except an admirable essay by Mr. Freeman, next to nothing at all.

Yet this sleepy little town is well worthy of a visit; as the capital of the Roman Empire of the West, it once filled a great space in the world's eye, and for more than a century Italy, Africa, Spain, Gaul, and Britain looked up to it as the residence of the emperor and the seat of supreme power. The later Latin historians are profuse in their superlatives of the city; it is the "most wealthy," "most famous," "most splendid," and the like. Of these great days in her history Treves is by no means devoid of correspondingly great monuments; no city north of the Alps contains such a group of Roman buildings, none of them, perhaps, equalling the amphitheatre or the *Maison Carrée* at Nîmes, yet as a whole they are unrivalled out of Italy. If we extend our view to the region around the ancient capital, the comparison becomes even more striking, for here Roman remains, monuments, altars, and country seats confront us on every side. The hurried vacation traveller who cannot cross the Alps may gain in the Moselle country an idea of what Roman culture, imposed upon a barbarian people, really was like, and may catch a glimpse of the Roman in his habit as he lived, freed from the husk of a language which must be painfully penetrated by the aid of grammar and dictionary, and which casts an air of unreality over what we read of him, at least to those of us who resemble Shakespeare so far as to have "small Latin and less Greek."

Mediæval Treves was not content with the distinction which history gave her nor could the men of that time believe that a race so near to their own degenerate day were capable of erecting the mighty works which they saw about them. Partly impelled by national vanity, partly by amazement, the monkish chroniclers elaborated a mythical history, according to which Treves was far more ancient than the mushroom city by the Tiber, which she finally supplanted as the capital of the western world. The pleasing fiction, as given in the "Gesta Trevirorum," is somewhat as follows: In the thirteenth century before the foundation of Rome, and therefore the twenty-first before the birth of Christ, Ninus, king of Assyria, desiring to extend his dominion, began his career of conquest, and for fifty years carried on bloody wars throughout Asia; from north to south, from



A Barber-shop, showing an Ancient Wicker Chair. (From a relief at Neumagen.)

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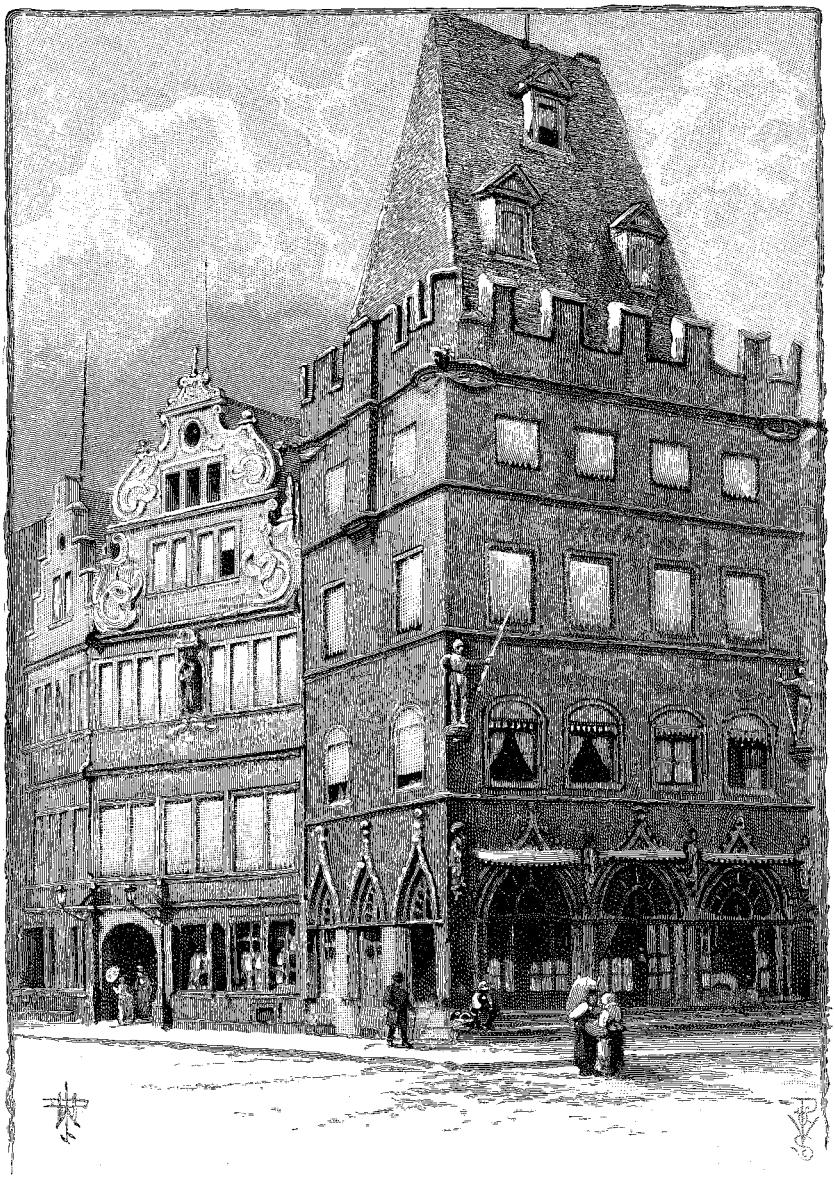

Red House Hotel.

the Red Sea to the Black, he ravaged and subjected all lands. At last a hostile arrow smote the monster; he died, and left behind him his consort Semiramis and two sons, Trebeta and Ninyas, the latter the son, the former the stepson of the queen. After the death of her husband, Semiramis (who did not seem to relish the position of dowager) desired to marry her stepson Trebeta, but he resisted the abominable demand, and in order to escape the snares of his stepmother, resolved to forsake his country and abandon the right of succession to his father's throne. For a long time he wandered about aimlessly, till fate led him to Europe. He sailed across the Mediterranean, and journeying through desert regions and over pathless mountains, at last reached the Moselle, on whose banks he found a lovely vale, watered by brooks and

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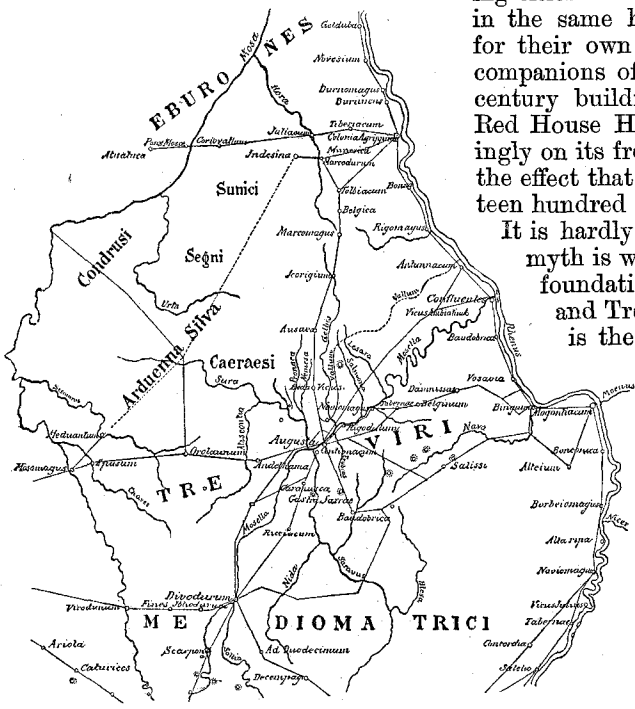
springs, shaded by forests, and encircled by mountains. Charmed by the landscape, he resolved to build a city here. Thus was Treves founded, 1250 years before the building of Rome, and called Treviris, after the name of its founder, in the year 2004 before Christ, when the patriarch Abraham was seven years old. People and city are very old,



Map of the Rhine and Moselle in the Fourth Century, showing the System of Military Roads (Steiniger).

for the cities and peoples which now are were either colonized from Treves or established later. Trebeta died, and his son Hero succeeded him, but the imagination of the chroniclers was unequal to the task of finding exploits for Hero and for his long line of successors, who are not even provided with names. The history proceeds to an enthusiastic description of the buildings which adorned the Assyrian colony.

The dominion of the Trevirans was extended far and wide, and continued till the time of the Romans. When the latter through their arts of policy and war had conquered the whole world, they concluded friendship and alliance with the Trevirans, and on account of the ancient glory of the city, and the almost equal dignity of its citizens, they called it the second Rome. Then the Trevirans assumed the Roman privileges and laws.

This story found implicit belief all through the Middle Ages, and chroniclers repeatedly refer to Treves as the most ancient city in Europe. Neighboring cities and tribes, desiring to share in the same hoary antiquity, assumed for their own founders descendants or companions of Trebeta. A seventeenth century building (now a part of the Red House Hotel) still bears unblushingly on its front a Latin inscription to the effect that Treves was founded thirteen hundred years before Rome.

It is hardly necessary to say that the myth is without the least historical foundation, for Ninus, Semiramis, and Trebeta never existed. Nor is the legend even an original one, being in all its details derived from older sources. The one object the Treviran story-makers had ever before them was to equal or surpass Rome. The Middle Ages abounded in such tales, and this is to be placed in the same category as the myth which derived the English from the Trojans, or the Franks from the same people.

When Cæsar conquered Gaul, he found no such ancient and splendid civilization as the writers of the "Gesta" would have us believe, nor does Cæsar know anything of a city in this region. The Treviri, as he found them, were a tribe of barbarian Gauls (or Germans) who gave him a great deal of trouble, and were distinguished for the excellence of their cavalry.

The date of the foundation of the Roman colony (*Colonia Augusta Trevirorum*) is involved in obscurity, as the place was long so unimportant that the Latin historians ignore it entirely. At the time of the Batavian insurrection (A.D. 70) we find a flourishing city, and Tacitus describes a fierce night battle between the insurgents and the legions

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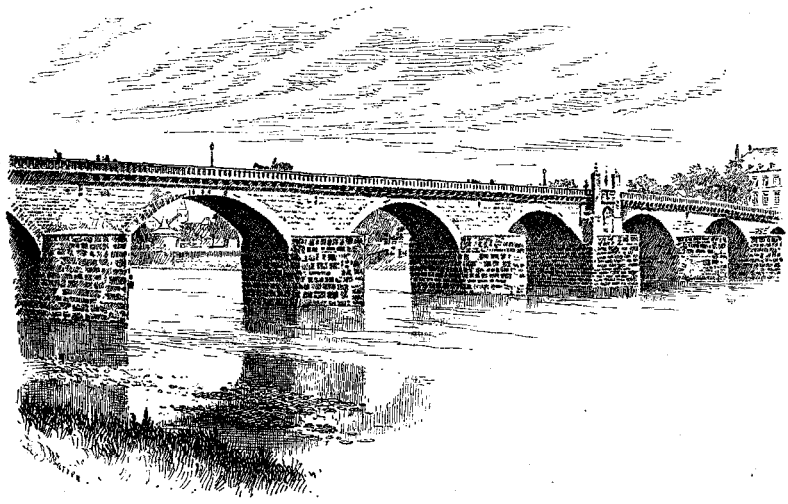
which took place under the walls and on the bridge of Treves. Within the past year (1888) inscriptions have been discovered which lead archæologists to chose Treves as his residence and headquarters. The reason for this choice was evidently the strategical situation of the town, "near the Rhine, yet rest-



Old Roman Bridge over the Moselle (south view).

believe that the colony was founded under Augustus, very near the beginning of the Christian era. Be this as it may, the geographer Pomponius Mela, writing probably about 54 A.D., calls it "most wealthy city," but till near the close of the third century Treves was in no way distinguished above the crowd of provincial cities, and far inferior in beauty and importance to Nîmes and Arles. Of this peaceful and uneventful period but few monuments remain, of which the chief are the bridge, the aqueduct, the amphitheatre [p. 302], and the remarkable obelisk of the Secundini family at Igel [pp. 292, 293]; and to this period should probably be ascribed also the great system of military roads which radiated from the *Augusta Trevirorum*.

The accession of the Emperor Diocletian (A.D. 285) marked a radical change in the administration of the Roman empire. At this time the dominion of Rome had ceased to expand, and in order to keep what she had won, it was necessary that an army and an emperor should always be stationed at the more exposed frontiers. For the western world the most threatening danger was from the Germans, and accordingly Diocletian's colleague, Maximian, ing in security as in the lap of peace," as Ausonius describes it; it was far enough from the frontier to escape sudden attack, yet sufficiently near to rapidly reinforce, by river or road, any threatened point, Cologne, Coblentz, Mainz, or even Strassburg. Once selected, Treves remained for more than a century the principal seat of the western emperors: Maximian, Constantius, Constantine, Valentinian, Gratian, and Maximus all resided here for longer or shorter periods; Julian alone preferred Paris. The Latin proverb: "Where Cæsar is, there is everything," was well exemplified in the Augusta, for the presence of the emperors brought about a transformation of the city. The noble palace which rivals that of Rome was then built, public baths of immense extent and incredible magnificence, a forum adorned with colonnades, a circus, basilicas, a triumphal arch, and, most imposing of all, the mighty gateway known as the *Porta nigra* [p. 304]. Most of these buildings have been attributed to Constantine, though this cannot well be true of them all. In the year 310 Eumenius delivered a panegyric upon Constantine at Treves, in which occurs an often-quoted passage

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of importance in this connection: "I see this so fortunate city, whose birthday is celebrated through thy grace and kindness, again arising so splendidly in all her structures that she may rather rejoice to have fallen in ruins before, since she becomes the greater by thy beneficence. I see the circus maximus which can rival that of Rome; I see the basilicas and the forum, truly royal works, arise to such a height that they seem to approach the stars and firmament of heaven. All these are the gifts of thy presence." From the tone of abject flattery which characterizes this speech we may feel confident that the orator omitted none of Constantine's works from his list, which includes neither the palace, the baths, the cathedral, nor the Porta nigra.

Nor did private luxury lag behind that of the emperors; the houses were magnificently adorned with columns of costly foreign marbles from Africa, Greece, or Italy; the floors were laid in tesselated pavements or beautiful mosaics; the walls were painted or covered with marble slabs; extensive baths and elaborate heating apparatus occur in many of the houses; statues were transported all the way from Italy to grace the streets and gardens in which the city was embowered. The surrounding country was filled with charming villas, which Ausonius so enthusiastically describes. Some of these were country-seats where the owners passed the summer months, others were designed for hunting parties. One Treviran gentleman had at Fliessem what we might call a "shooting-box," which was two hundred feet square and had sixty-three rooms on the ground floor. Remains of villas have been found at Euren, Wittingen, Wasserleisch, Wellen, Nennig, and many other places, even in barren districts of the Eifel. In some of these superb mosaics are still to be seen, notably at Nennig, where the sports of the amphitheatre are represented in brilliant colors. In other houses the heating apparatus may be studied in detail; the floors and walls were heated by means of terra cotta pipes connected with a charcoal furnace. The temperature was regulated by the number of pipes employed. At Auz was the summer palace of the Emperor Valentinian, and numbers of his edicts were dated there. Some of these country houses were remodelled and used by the Franks, till the altered conditions of life rendered them no longer desirable, and they fell into decay, not having the massive construction which preserved the public buildings. Unbounded wealth, luxury, and idleness form the impression which the survey of these Roman remains makes upon one, though of course these must have rested on the foundation of the oppressed populace, who have left but slight traces behind them. Indications are not wanting that the corruption and demoralization of the masses which were so characteristic of Rome were equally so of Treves, as is plain from many writers, both pagan and Christian. When the city lay prostrate after the crushing blow of the first Frankish invasion, the only alleviation of their misery which the citizens could think of was to petition the emperor for the re-establishment of the games in the circus.

Under the emperors Treves became a centre of intellectual and industrial as well as of political activity. Her schools were famous, and such men as St. Jerome came hither to study, while the development of manufactures was a necessary result of the needs of the army, the court, and the largely increased population. The great building operations caused very extensive brick-yards to spring up, and some firms enjoyed long-continued prosperity, as is indicated by the recurrence of the same stamp on the bricks of buildings of different periods. The sculptors and mosaic-workers were likewise kept very busy. The making of pottery, the weaving and dyeing of cloth, the tanning of leather, the manufacture of articles of iron, bronze, and silver, were all extensively prosecuted, while the traffic in the wines of the Moselle, then as now of excellent quality, was a great industry in itself. Besides these private enterprises, there were others of a public nature; in the arsenals were manufactured the equipment for the troops, arms, armor, and the ponderous siege-engines. Another great establishment was the imperial mint, though this had to submit to private

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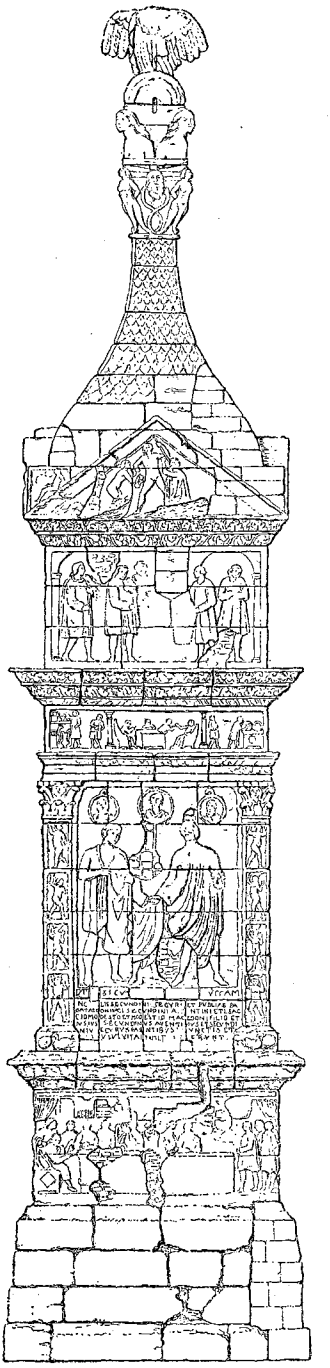
competition, for here, as in other parts of the Roman empire, counterfeiting was actively carried on. The moulds used in this branch of industry are well represented in the museum, and show that the methods practised now were in use then, the counterfeiter casting his coin by running the base metal in a mould and not attempting to stamp it. This busy life is the other side of the picture of luxury and idleness, and though the monuments give us many glimpses of it, it is far less conspicuous than the other.

The date of the introduction of Christianity into the Augusta is even more uncertain than that of the city's foundation. The chroniclers, of course, were not deterred by any such difficulty as lack of knowledge, and constructed a complete account of the transaction: "Bishop Eucharius, Deacon Valerius, and Subdeacon Maternus were sent by St. Peter into Gaul in the year 54, to preach the gospel, and journeyed toward Treves. On the passage through Alsace Maternus died, and his companions returned to Rome, where St. Peter, giving them his staff, bade them go back and awake the dead man by laying the staff on his body. This was done, and since that time the Pope of Rome does not carry a staff, save that when he visits the diocese of Treves he bears one." The three messengers of the faith at last reached Treves, and by means of the miracles which they performed overcame opposition and made many converts. This hard-worked myth, staff and all, has been made to do duty for many places, the Treviran chroniclers being more skilful in the plagiarizing than in the construction of legends, by the simple process of changing names. But whatever the date of its foundation, the church at Treves early assumed a commanding position, and the archbishopric which was there established was long one of the most famous in Germany, the archbishops being princes and electors of the empire.

The glory of the Roman city soon departed. After the death of the usurper Maximus no emperor resided there, and at the beginning of the fifth century the Franks sacked and destroyed the town. As the legions had been withdrawn from



Roman Monument of the Secundini Family, at Igel, near Treves (front view).

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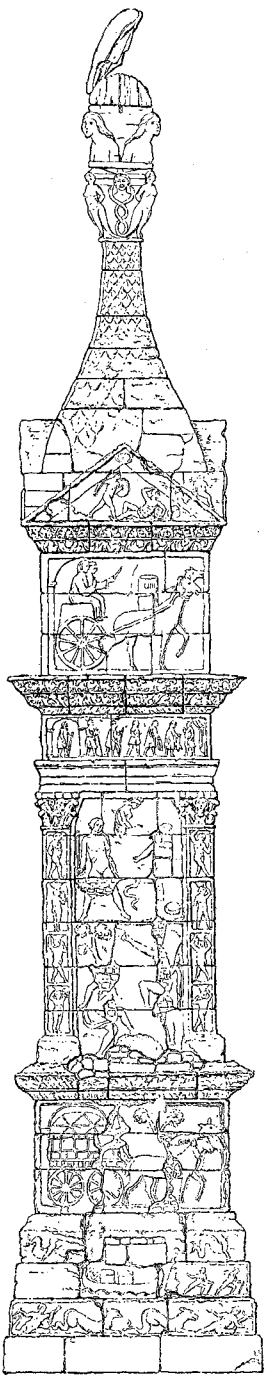
the Rhine, the entire country lay helpless at the feet of the barbarians. An eye-witness (Salvianus) describes the desolation as heart-rending; the nobles were plundered, their houses burned, many citizens slain by sword or fire, or perished of hunger and cold; the bodies of men and women lay naked and torn in the streets, devoured by dogs and birds; everywhere tears and mourning, blackened walls, ruined heaps, and pools of blood.

When the Frankish kingdom had been established, the city slowly revived, though she never regained anything like her former importance. All through the Middle Ages the Treviran land was alternately oppressed and fostered by its episcopal masters, harried by private wars, and torn by faction and revolt. As a border land it suffered severely at the hands of the French in the time of the "Grand Monarque," and in 1794 it was incorporated into France, where it remained till it became Prussian, in 1815. This stormy career prevented any great growth, and Treves has few mediæval monuments of any interest. Her history is one of "those strange freaks by which a spot of comparatively little note before or after becomes for a short time one of the great centres of the world."

In the days of her imperial glory the Augusta must have presented a fascinating picture, especially to the traveller who approached from the west side of the river; the whole valley and the hill-tops occupied by villas, the highways bordered by statues and monumental tombs, and at his feet the "broad Moselle flowing quietly by in a rippling stream and bringing wares of all sorts from distant regions" (as Ausonius has it), and spanned by the noble bridge. The city lay on a gently-rising plain, with row after row of great structures towering over the houses, and ending in the eastern hills crowned with the massive city walls, the amphitheatre, and palaces. It was surrounded with exquisite gardens, with countless statues gleaming through the trees, and fountains glancing in the sunlight. Beautiful as is the same view to-day, it must have been far more so when all that Roman art could do was lavished on the picture.

Of the earlier Roman period, that before the residence of the emperors, but three public monuments exist in the city: the bridge [p. 290], the amphitheatre, and the aqueduct. Of the former only the massive piers are of Roman workmanship, the arches having been blown up by the French under Louis XIV., and rebuilt in the eighteenth century. The ancient structure was richly ornamented with sculpture; the balustrade appears to have been formed by a continuous line of reliefs, while groups of statues were placed above the piers, so that the work must have been conspicuous alike for solidity and grace. This appears to be the bridge mentioned by Tacitus as the scene of a savage conflict between the Romans and the Batavian rebels. The latter had surprised the camp of the legions, and only the timely ar-



Side View of the Secundini Monument.

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rival of Cerealis saved the bridge from the Germans, who had already mastered its western half and were forcing their way over to the city.

The aqueduct is no longer a prominent feature, being almost entirely subterranean. No doubt it once possessed lofty piers and arches where it crossed the valleys, but of these portions hardly a vestige remains. The length of the

Detail from the Secundini Monument, showing the family occupation of cloth-making.

work is about ten miles. One of the most curious of the numerous local legends is attached to the aqueduct and the amphitheatre near which it passes. Prince Catholdus had undertaken to build an amphitheatre and an aqueduct, but while he hesitated over the difficulties of the latter, his slave Ragomir appeared and offered to construct it, saying that if his expenses were defrayed, the water should enter the city on the day that the amphitheatre was finished. Catholdus scorned the slave's proposal, but at last angrily agreed, on condition that he who finished his task last should lose his head. Building began and soon both works were finished, but the water refused to flow. In despair the slave besought the prince's wife, who was in love with him, for counsel, and she bade him conceal himself in Catholdus's bed-chamber. At night she questioned the prince as to the cause of the slave's failure, and learned that Ragomir had omitted the necessary air-holes. The next day Ragomir triumphantly showed his master the water running through all the fountains of the city; but the prince declined to pay his wager, and mounting to the highest gallery of the amphitheatre with his faithless wife, he cast himself and her down, and both were dashed to pieces.

On the left bank of the river some remains of Roman masonry have been found, which were once supposed to belong to an aqueduct leading to Cologne. According to one tradition this conduit was used to send wine from Treves to Cologne! thus showing that the conception of a "pipe-line," if not its execution, is not such an entirely modern affair as some people would have us believe.

The bloody sports of the amphitheatre and the hardly less exciting chariot races of the circus were a very essential part of Roman life, necessary both to give the idle multitude some means of killing time and to prevent their busying themselves with politics. From the time of Trajan, Treves possessed an amphitheatre, and Constantine added (or perhaps only repaired) a circus. Wilmowsky gives a spirited picture of the events of a feast-day at Treves: "Between the amphitheatre and the city extended gardens and villas, crossed by many paths which united at the entrances to the arena. Countless spectators thronged to these. Six stone staircases near these led from the outside to the gallery and the highest seats; six long vaulted galleries gleaming with cheerful paintings led into the inner space to the seats of the podium. Here thirty rows of seats arose one above another around the deep-lying oval of the arena. The stone seats of the lower rows were covered with cushions and filled with senators and knights in white togas; higher up sat the citizens with their guests, and then came the numberless host of the populace, the slaves and the country-people, all in brightly colored garments. In splendidly furnished boxes between the chief entrances appeared the court and the giver of the fête. The gladiators entered the amphitheatre by other ways. At the northern and southern ends of the oval arena were great gates closed with iron gratings. These were opened, and the troops of fighters, all variously armed and adorned, entered with the master of the combat in their midst. The great plain of the arena was strewn with sand, its walls were covered with inscriptions to encourage the gladiators, but near its gates, in vaulted dens or iron cages, cowered the wild beasts, ready to break forth to the fight, at the sound of the horns and the organ."

It seems to have been in this amphitheatre that Constantine perpetrated such frightful cruelties upon the captive Franks, cruelties which apparently surpassed the completeness of even Roman

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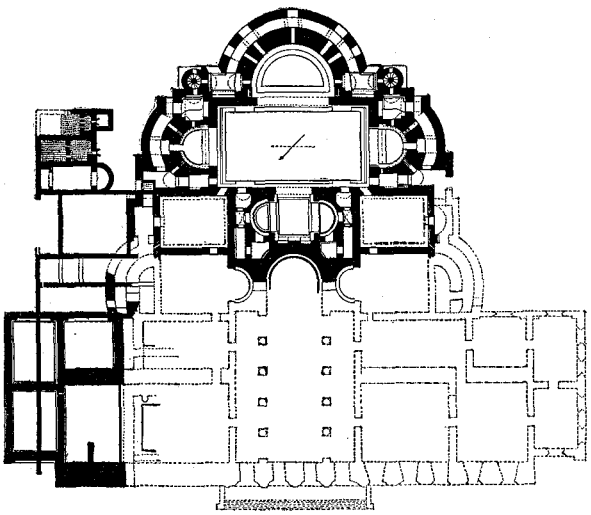
barbarity. In 306 and again in 313 thousands of Germans were torn by beasts, until the animals desisted from satiety. The historian Eutropius calls the spectacle a magnificent one, and the panegyrists were wild with delight over the emperor who had revived the good old Roman custom of slaughtering prisoners of war, and in such a fashion that the agony of the enemy formed "the delight of us all." This was the prince who the stars had decreed could not be cruel, and thus the imperial pillar of the church gratified his subjects' taste for sport. The actors in these pleasant comedies were, if we may judge from Treviran mosaics, lions, tigers, and panthers. Home talent in the shape of bears was less satisfactory, and it is hardly probable that they could have discharged the onerous task laid upon them by Constantine.



The Imperial Palace (ground plan).

At present the amphitheatre is a wreck, only the arena, the dens, and the great entrances with their flanking towers being well preserved. The structure suffered much from the barbarians, and still more from the vandalism of the archbishops who permitted the ruin to be used as a quarry, while the frequent employment of it as a fortress by foreign and domestic enemies completed the devastation. [Page 302.]

The famous column of the Secundini family [p. 292] at Igel (a village on the Moselle, five or six miles above Treves) is the only existing example of a type of monument once abundant in this region. The recently discovered sculptures from Neumagen [pp. 286, 287], now in the Treves museum, show a very extensive series of reliefs, which probably belonged to similar monuments. These sculptures possess an especial interest from their numerous scenes of domestic life, forming an illustrated commentary on the Roman history of the country. We see ladies at their toilet (one seated in just such a wicker chair as might have come out of a New York shop), tutors and their pupils, young men riding to the chase, ships laden with wine casks, the manufacture and transport of wares by land and water. With these are mingled in the strangest medley scenes from the lives of gods and heroes, and it is clear that certain designs enjoyed great popularity and were employed in almost as conventional a way as weeping willows and urns at present. This shows how uncalled for are the ingenious explanations of the Igel reliefs which have been proposed by Goethe and others.

The Igel monument is a tower-like structure of sandstone, seventy-three feet high, surmounted by a concave pyramid. The four sides are divided into stories by architectural members, and completely covered with spirited reliefs, ending above in an eagle bearing away Ganymede, the symbol of immortality. The designs are partly mythological, partly from daily occupations. Together with the sun and moon in their chariots, Mars and Rhea Sylvia, Hylas carried off by nymphs, the apotheosis of Hercules, the birth of Achilles, Perseus and Andromeda, battles of tritons and sea-monsters, there are family gatherings, men driving in cars, tenants bringing country products, the dyeing and sale of cloth and its transportation on pack-horses and in boats, and scenes in the counting-house. The principal panel on the south side, which faced the Roman highway, is a father

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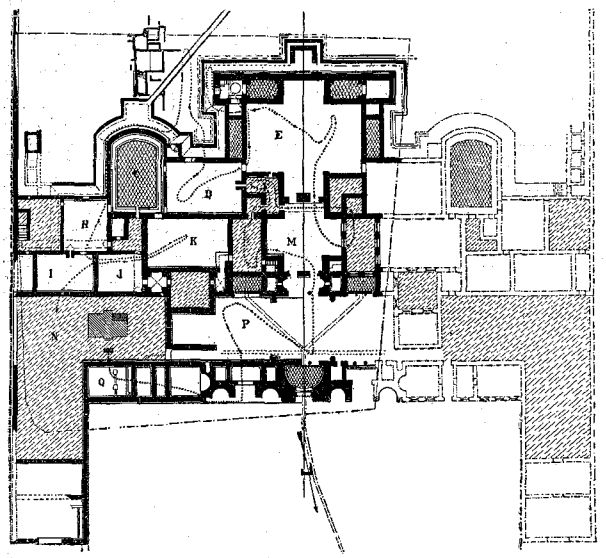
taking leave of his two sons, one of whom displays a cloth. A mutilated inscription sets forth that the monument was erected by Secundinius Secunes and his brother Secundinius Aventinus, to their father and their relations. It has been inferred, from the character of the reliefs, that the Secundini were wealthy cloth-merchants. Monuments of this type have not been found in Italy, but they must have been common about Treves and Luxembourg. It is difficult to understand why this one alone should have escaped destruction, unless the pious legend which saw in it the commemoration of Helena's marriage were the means of its protection. Its date is probably the second century.



Roman Baths of the Time of Constantine, at St. Barbara, near Treves.

P, Cold bath; M, sweating-chamber; E, warm bath; D, H, I, J, heated rooms; K, dressing-room; C, heated swimming-basin; N, overseer's house and grounds; Q, furnace.

Of the later Roman structures the cathedral first claims notice. At first sight this is very much like a host of Rhenish cathedrals, but when examined with care it is found to possess quite an unique interest, as, being the growth of more than fourteen centuries, it comprises a history of mediæval architecture within itself. The late Canon Wilmowsky spent many years in what we may call the dissection of the building, and worked out the significance of this labyrinth of masonry with wonderful insight and skill. The nucleus of the cathedral is a Roman structure of sandstone and brick, the date of which is shown to be not earlier than 367 by the discovery of a coin which was found imbedded in the masonry of the second story, and which doubtless fell out of some workman's pocket. What purpose this Roman structure originally served is doubtful; the learned canon believed that it was a basilica, other authorities see in it the curia or senate-house, while Hettner thinks it was intended for a church from the first. Churches existed in Treves before this, for Athanasius, who was there in 336, relates that he saw the faithful assemble in churches still unfinished. Whatever its original purpose, the Roman building must have had a very impressive appearance, with massive walls and entrances of gigantic proportions. The façade was flanked by two towers, and covered with polished white stucco to resemble marble. The interior was magnificent. Four great monolithic columns (one of these still lies at the entrance to the south aisle) of polished black granite, surmounted by capitals of white Grecian marble, carried twelve arches, which supported the flat ceiling. The floor, which is about fifteen feet below the present street-level, was paved with marble, that of the choir in elaborate patterns of colored marbles and porphyry. The eastern half of the interior was occupied by a raised platform approached by marble steps. The walls as high as the window-sills were panelled in marble, gray, red, and green, and, above this line, covered with mosaics in arabesques, geometrical figures, birds and flowers, while the arches of the roof and the ceiling-panels were outlined with gold mosaic. When the Franks destroyed the city, the church (for such it surely was at that time) did not escape the general fate. The wooden ceiling and roof-beams were burned and fell into the building, and the heat

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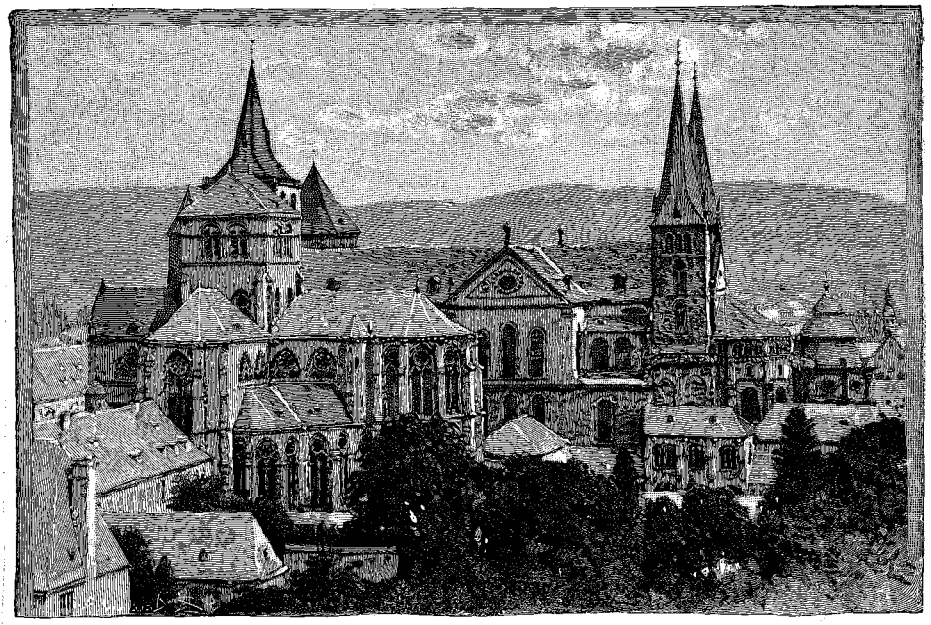

The Cathedral (south view).

thus developed split the granite shafts, so that they could no longer bear the weight of the ponderous arches, and the whole collapsed, but the massive walls, built with Roman thoroughness, were uninjured. For nearly a century no attempt at repair was made, but Bishop Nicetius, who was appointed in 527, resolved to restore his fallen church, for which end he brought artists and workmen from Italy, the desolate city affording him abundance of material. The Bishop's workmen did not remove the mass of rubbish which filled the interior, but simply levelled it off and laid a new floor upon the top. New columns of white limestone replaced the granite columns, and were surmounted by sculptured and gaudily painted capitals. Three of these columns are still standing in the middle of the masonry piers with which Bishop Poppo surrounded them five centuries later. The former splendid wall decorations of marble and mosaic were imitated as nearly as might be in painted stucco. These decorations, and especially the conventional figures cut from marble and imbedded in brown stucco, betray marked Byzantine influence, resembling, in many details, those of St. Sophia in Constantinople, but showing also the barbarian delight in gaudy coloring.

Near the end of the ninth century Treves was sacked by the Northmen, and the cathedral again suffered from fire. The roof was spared, but the decorations were ruined and the columns greatly weakened. The resources of the plundered and sorely tried people did not suffice for a thorough restoration; they contented themselves with roughly plastering and whitewashing the walls, and in this state the building remained for more than a century, until it became so unsafe that it could no longer be used. In the year 1016, Bishop Poppo undertook a complete restoration and enlargement of the church. Poppo and his successors not only greatly enlarged the Roman church, but entirely transformed it into a Romanesque minster. The western end, with apse, façade, and towers, dates from this time. In the latter half of the twelfth century, Bishop Hillin added the eastern crypts and choir, which necessitated a further alteration of the interior. This was accomplished by vaulting the roof, replacing the low round arches with lofty pointed ones, and remodelling the windows in the same style. The eighteenth century wit-

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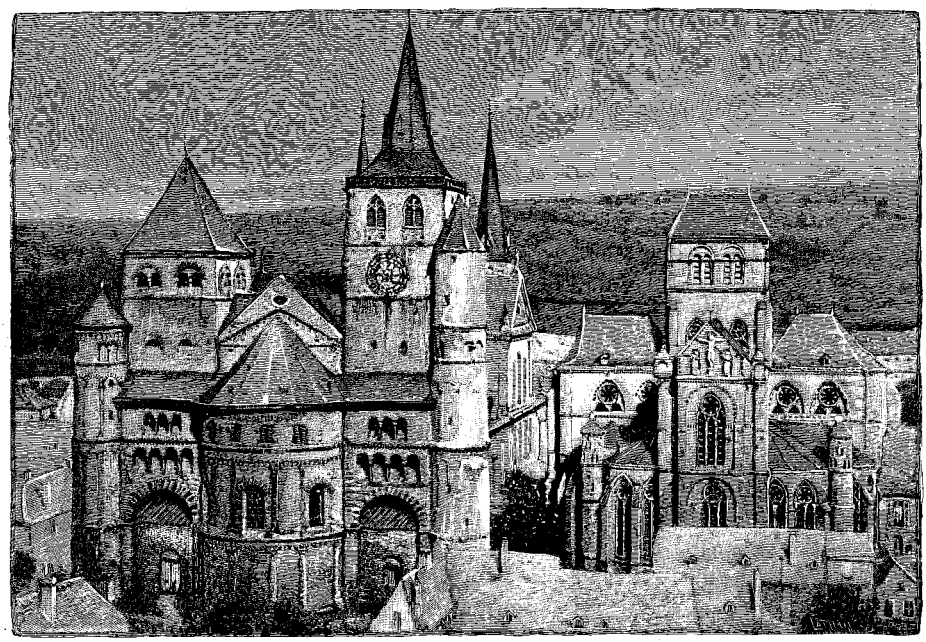
nessed further destruction of the Roman work and the addition of some hideous details. The original builders would indeed be puzzled to detect their own work in the present agglomeration of all ages and styles. The picturesque-



The Cathedral and Church of Our Lady.

ness of the cathedral group is greatly increased by the adjoining church of Our Lady, which, though sadly marred by recent restorations, is still a gem of thirteenth century Gothic. A description of this would, however, lead us too far from our subject.

In local mythology the cathedral was the home and birthplace of the Empress Helena, who is claimed as a Treviran saint. According to one version she was of patrician family, and after her marriage presented her splendid house to the church. Another version represents her as a serving-maid, who was so pious and so favored of Heaven that she wrought miracles, and so beautiful that she won the heart of the Emperor Constantius, who raised her to the throne. She fills a most important and conspicuous place in Treviran folk-lore, which attributes to her everything that is striking or splendid in the city; the cathedral was her father's house, the imperial palace was built by her; the villa at Euren was her country seat, and children playing by the fountain of the Roman villa have seen her seated beneath the waters, wearing a golden crown; the monument of the Secundini at Igel was erected to commemorate her marriage. In the city library is still preserved the *codex aureus*, a superbly bound and illuminated manuscript of the gospels, which was presented to the abbey of St. Maximin, by Ada, the sister of Charlemagne, but in the legend this is the work of Helena's pious and skilful fingers. She it was who presented to the cathedral the holy coat without seam, which has of late years played such a part in Prussian politics.

Another cathedral legend is to the effect that Archbishop Egbert was once prevented from saying mass by the screaming of a multitude of swallows; at the bishop's curse they all fell dead (not escaping so easily as the jackdaw of Rheims), and to this day the same fate awaits any swallow that dares to enter the sacred precincts.

In the southeastern corner of the city

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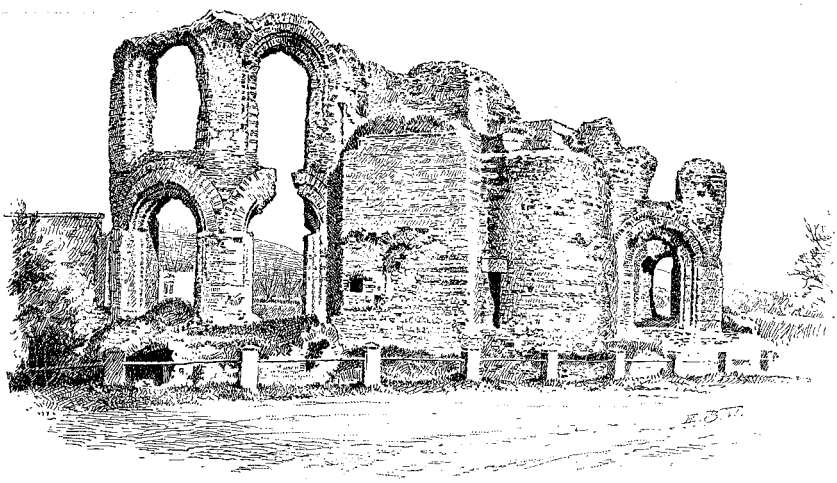
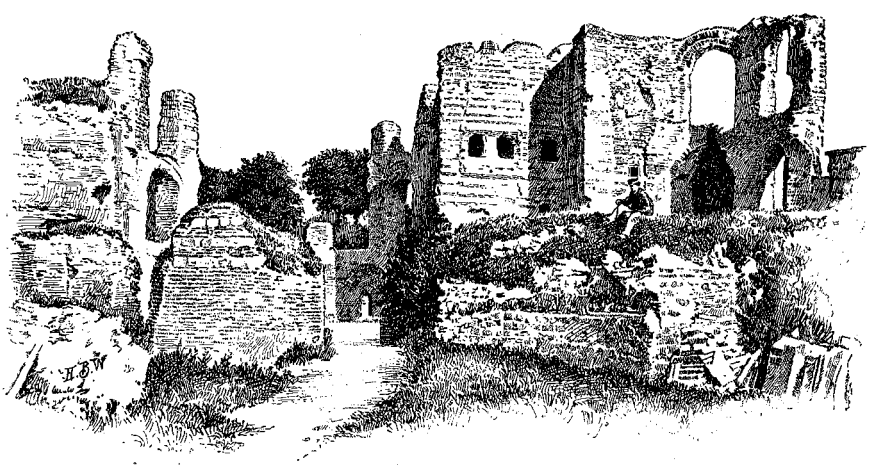


The Imperial Palace from the Road.

rises a stately ruin which marks the site of the imperial palace, long known as the baths. The ground-plan given on p. 295 is the one drawn by Schmidt more than forty years ago, and though recent excavations have demonstrated its inaccuracy, no better plan has yet been published. The best preserved portion is the eastern end, which contained the state apartments, a series of enormous and lofty halls, one of them nearly 200 feet long, which served perhaps as the prætorium, and to the west of which lay a great court-yard with porticos and colonnades. The tannery which begins at this point has prevented further excavations, but when the tan-pits were dug, a series of smaller but splendidly decorated rooms in marble and mosaic were brought to light, which seem to have formed the private dwelling of the emperor. Here is an illustration of "imperial Cæsar dead and turned to clay"—tan-pits in the rooms of Constantine the Great!

No mention is made in history as to what emperor built this palace, but it is reasonable to suppose that the first emperor who made Treves his residence, Maximian, should have desired something more spacious than the buildings which were maintained in many provin-



Another View of the Imperial Palace.

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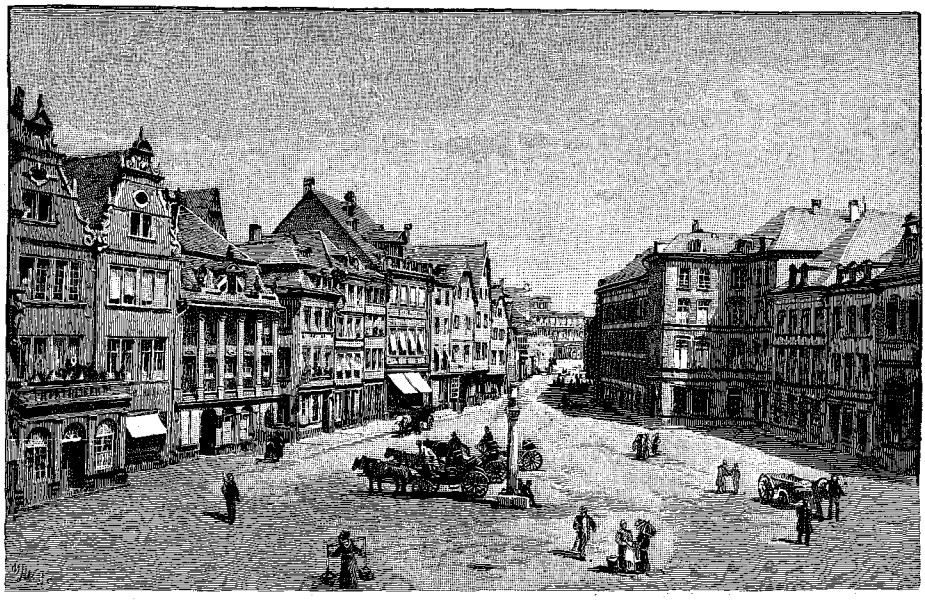

Market Place, Porta Nigra at the end.

cial towns for the entertainment of the emperor and his suite, and probably also at Treves. But whoever built it, this palace was the scene of some of the most interesting episodes in later Roman history. To it came Ausonius, "the Virgil of the fourth century," as the tutor of the young Gratian, and here, probably, his most famous poems were written; here occurred those dramatic interviews between the murderous Maximus and St. Ambrose of Milan. St. Martin of Tours came hither to intercede with the usurper for the followers of Priscillian's heresy, but the intercession was in vain, and Treves earned the melancholy pre-eminence of being the spot where Christian blood was first shed by Christians for opinion's sake.

After the emperors had abandoned it, the palace had a chequered history; part was at one time used as a church, and part was converted into the White Gate, which the legend already quoted ascribed to the Assyrian founders of the city. In the last century it had a narrow escape from being pulled down and utilized as road material.

Adjoining the palace was the ancient forum, which so excited the admiration of Eumenius; and on the other side of this stands Constantine's basilica, an immensely massive structure of brick, still in wonderful preservation, whose present monotonous appearance was in Roman times relieved by a brilliantly-painted exterior and a colonnaded entrance, while the interior was adorned much in the same way as the Roman part of the cathedral—with marbles and mosaics. The basilica served both as a court of justice and as a commercial exchange; here the fashionable and scholarly worlds assembled; here the choicest wares were exhibited, and merchants made their bargains, and here the judges sat in state. It was a combination of assembly-room, exchange, and court-house, and under its immense roof these various occupations could be carried on without interfering with each other.

The wonderfully solid construction of the basilica (the walls are more than ten feet thick) has resisted many attempts to destroy it. After the Frankish conquest it became a fortress, where, in 1008, the Prior of St. Paulin successfully withstood a siege by Henry II.; then it passed into the hands of the archbishops, and was eventually incorporated into the electoral palace. Last of all it was, in 1856, converted into a Protestant church. Constantine's ghost

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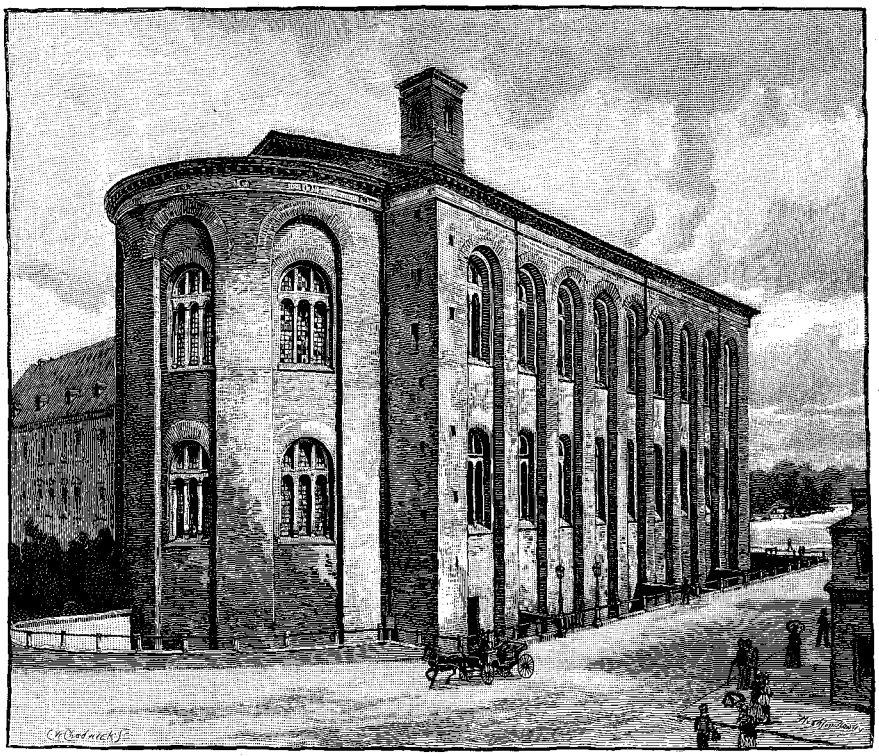
should now be at rest, for the story goes that he had converted the building, which was originally intended for a Christian church, into a palace for himself, and as a punishment, was compelled to wander there every night till the structure should revert to its proper use. Another account makes the ghost that of Rictiovarus, the blood-thirsty prefect who martyrized the Theban legion—for of course Treves could not go without a share in this famous legend. A whole cycle of myths has gathered around Rictiovarus, who has been reformed in the most gratifying manner by his long punishment. He is now the town-ghost, and his principal occupation consists in helping home those who cannot guide themselves, from having looked too freely on the wine when it was red.



Constantine's Basilica.

What was probably the most splendid ornament of the Augusta in her imperial days was the *thermæ*, or public baths, situated on the Moselle, near the bridge, and which have only recently been excavated. The enormous scale on which these baths were planned [see p. 296] will be apparent to any one who has visited Rome, when we say that they are but slightly smaller than those of Diocletian or Caracalla. At present little more than the foundations, with the basins, canals, and heating apparatus, is preserved; but in the Middle Ages the *thermæ* formed the castle of "the lords of the Bridge," and as late as the seventeenth century they still were noble ruins, as is apparent from many old engravings, most of which call the structure the triumphal arch of Gratian. Early in the seventeenth century the Jesuits pulled it down and built their college with the materials. Yet even in its present state one may gather some conception of its ancient splendor. Every species of decoration known to the age was here employed; marbles from all

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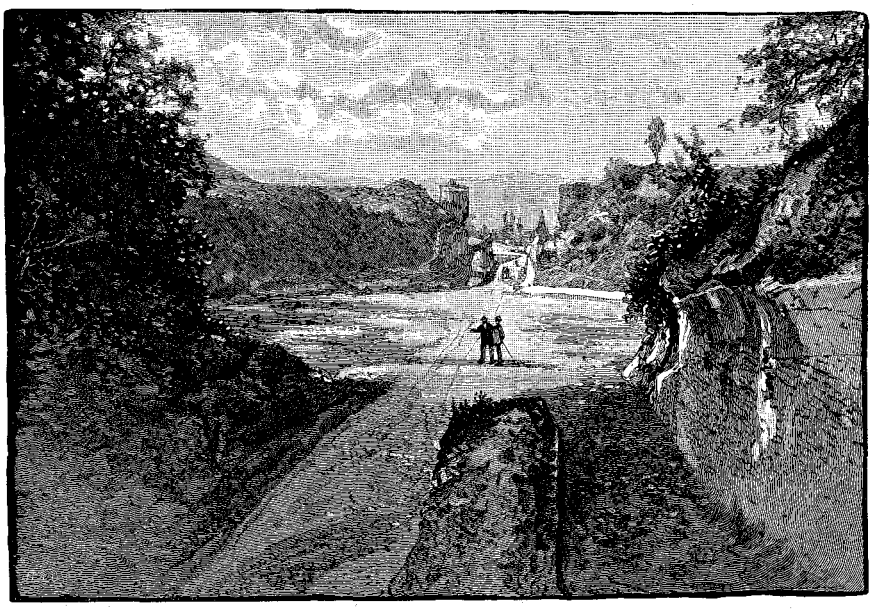
over the Roman world, mosaics, painting, and sculpture were lavishly used; a specimen statue from it is the exquisite Amazon torso now in the museum. The *thermæ* included not only every variety of air and water baths and swimming basins, hot and cold, but also places for exercise, shady gardens, lecture-rooms, and libraries, everything in short for the comfort and amusement of the idle crowd. Here lurked ambitious poets with their compositions, "more to be dreaded," says Martial, who ought to know, "than a tigress robbed of her cubs," and victimized the unwary loungers awaiting their turn. In this great public club-house many spent most of their time, save when the amphitheatre or the circus called them away to more exciting scenes. It is a good side of Roman luxury and extravagance that such magnificence, probably greater than anything that our modern world can show, was open to the poorest, either entirely free, or for a merely nominal payment.



The Amphitheatre.

The most imposing Roman monument, not only at Treves, but in all Germany, is the mighty Porta nigra, which is indeed without a rival in buildings of its class in Rome itself. It is an elaborately constructed, fortified gate, part of the general system of city defences, and is built of immense blocks of stone, without cement, held together by iron clamps. The building is incomplete, as is shown by the rough state of the columns, which are merely blocked-out. The most diverse opinions have been expressed as to the date of the Porta, which is variously referred to the first and fourth centuries, the latter of which is by far the more probable date. The remarkable preservation of this splendid pile (ruin it cannot be called) is chiefly due to Archbishop Poppo; but for him it would doubtless have been turned into a quarry.

In 1028, a Grecian monk, Simeon by name, had himself walled up in one of the towers and there "at last in the odor of sanctity died." After the canonization of the monk, the bishop decided to convert the structure into two churches. The lower story with the gates was banked up with earth, an apse was added to the eastern end, the second story was fitted up as a church dedicated to the Virgin and St. Michael, and the third into one dedicated to St.

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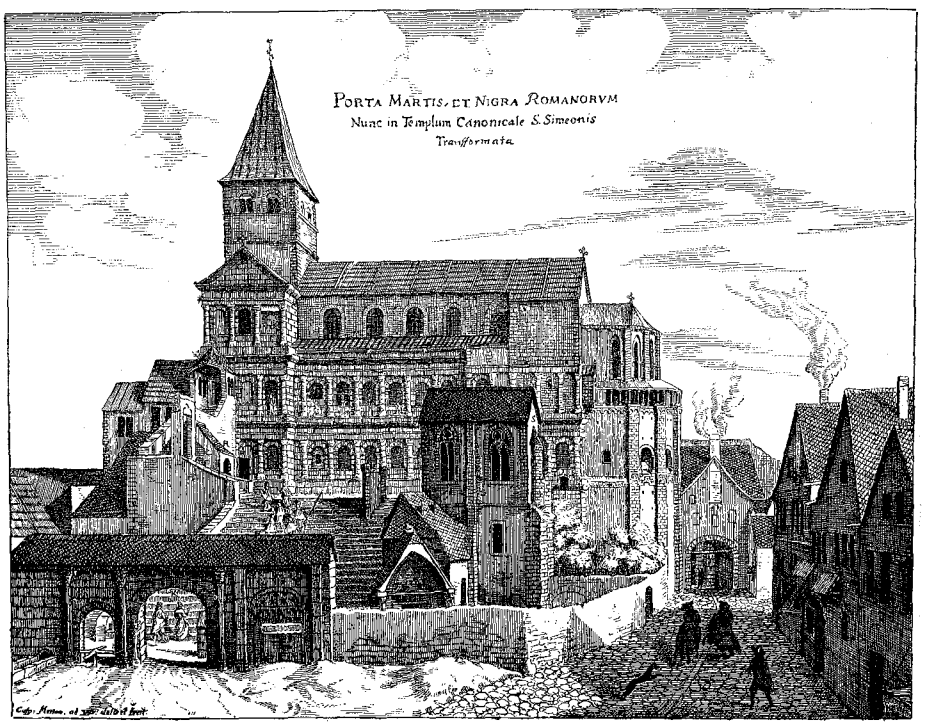
Simeon, the monk. In this almost unrecognizable state the Porta remained for nearly eight centuries, fortunately protected against vandalism by its sacred character. Napoleon I., who visited the city in 1804, ordered that the building should be restored to its original appearance, but the work lingered until the Prussian government assumed it in 1817, and the final excavations were



The Porta Nigra as a Church (Seventeenth Century).

peared and exhibited a splendid plan which he offered to execute by Christmas eve, and to furnish the church with the gates of the Capitol at Rome. As a reward he demanded possession, body and soul, of the first person who should kneel in the new church. The terms were agreed to, and at the appointed time the building was ready, but as his Majesty (for, of course, it was he) was returning over the Alps with the Capitol gates on his back, a virgin met him and so charmed him by her talk that he forgot the flight of time, and reached Treves only to find the church already consecrated and his power over it gone. In his wrath he dashed down the gates and shattered the roof. One cannot but pity the Satan of those days, he always carried out his contract so faithfully, only to be cheated of his pay by some wretched quibble; but he never seemed to learn by repeated experience.

not made till 1876. Poppo's apse was allowed to remain, and the southern façade still shows traces of the transformation in windows that were made into doorways.

As we have already seen, the chroniclers attributed the Porta nigra to the Assyrian colonists, but the vulgar could not believe that it was the work of human hands at all, and had a story of their own to account for it. The town council had resolved to build a great church, and were one evening assembled in the Rathhaus considering the question, when an architect ap-

Our survey of the Roman monuments at Treves has necessarily been very hur-

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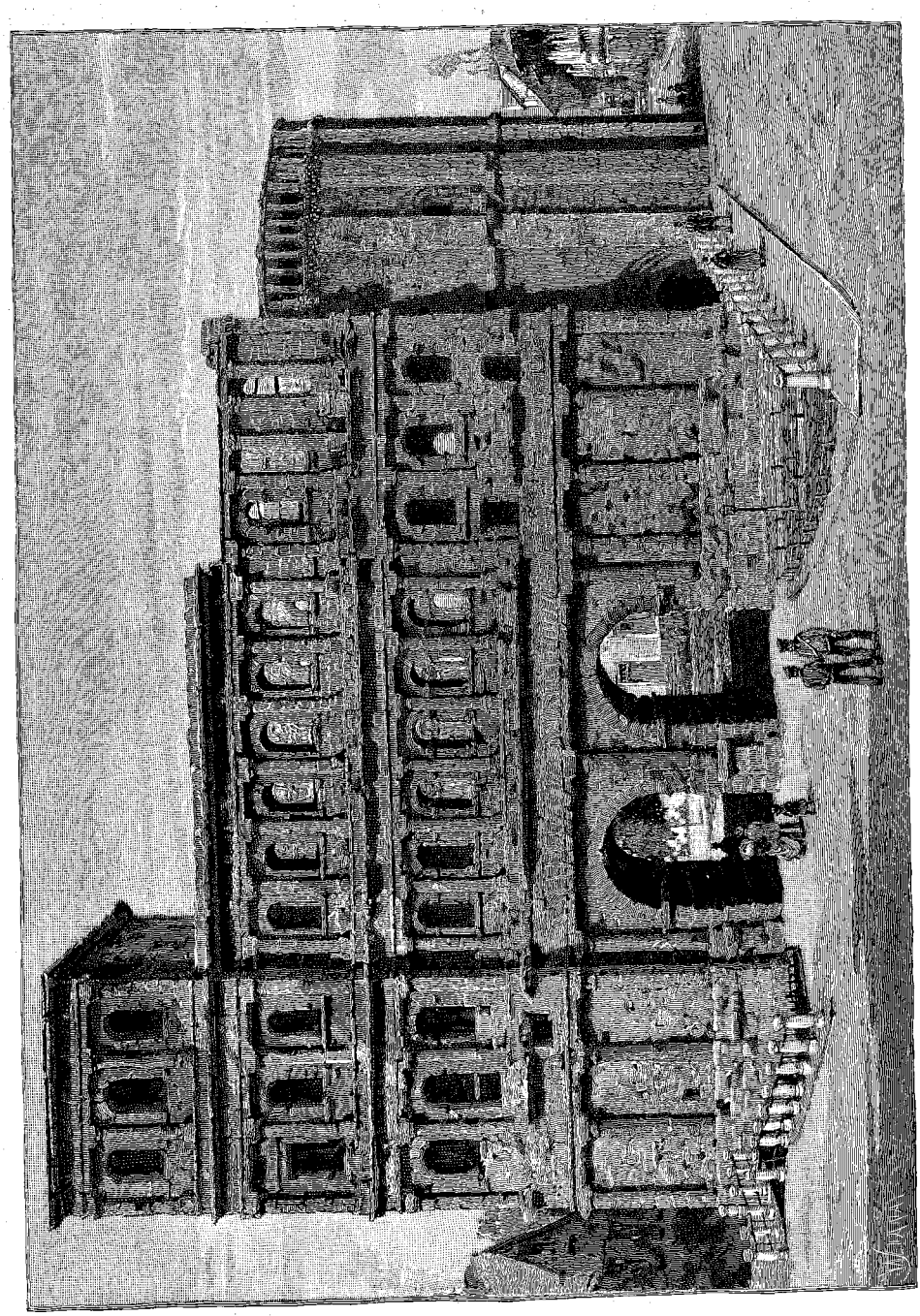

The Porta Nigra as it now is.

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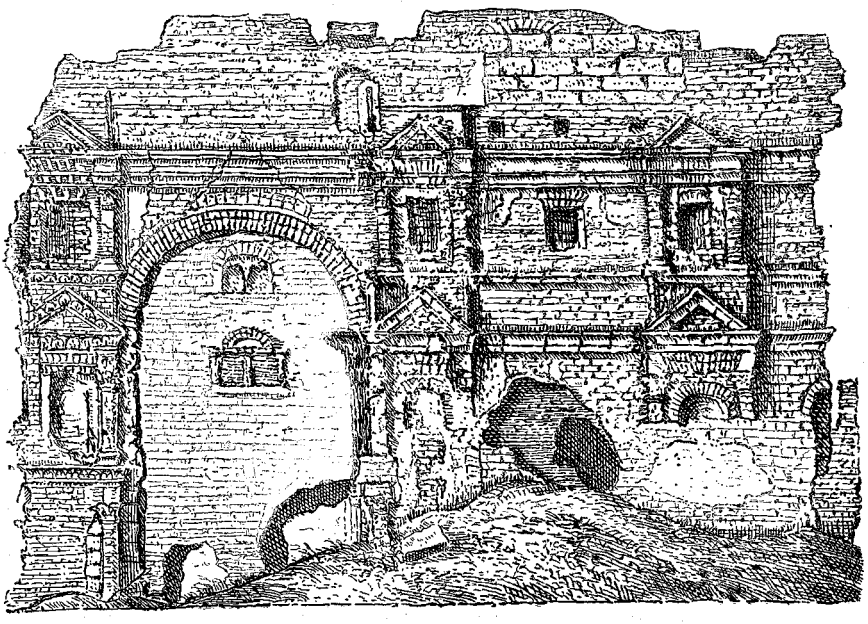

Baths of Treves (old print, about 1580).

ried and imperfect, but perhaps enough has been said to show its importance for the study of the period when the nations of modern Europe were beginning to form and to receive the impress of Roman culture, as well as to indicate some of the attractions this little-known region possesses for all who feel an interest in the history of the Eternal City. Treves is, indeed, "the Rome of the lands beyond the Alps."

HEREAFTER.

By Graham R. Tomson.

SHALL we not weary in the windless days
  Hereafter, for the murmur of the sea,
  The cool salt air across some grassy lea?
Shall we not go, bewildered, through a maze
Of stately streets with glittering gems ablaze;
  Forlorn amid the pearl and ivory,
  Straining our eyes beyond the bourne to see
Phantoms from Life's perforce-relinquished ways?

Give us again the crazy clay-built nest,
  Summer, and soft, unseasonable spring,
  Our flowers to pluck, our broken songs to sing,
Our fairy gold of evening in the west;
  Still to the land we love our longings cling,
The dear vain world of turmoil and unrest.

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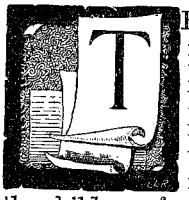
ECONOMY IN INTELLECTUAL WORK.

By William H. Burnham.



HE complaint that life is short is an old one. Poets from David down have echoed it. "O remember how short my time is: For what vanity hast thou created all the children of men!" is David's lament. Wagner, Faust's servant, probably expresses Goethe's own thought when he quotes Hippocrates:

> "Ach Gott! die Kunst ist lang,
> Und kurz ist unser Leben,"

and adds:

> "Und eh' man nur den halben Weg erreicht,
> Muss wohl ein armer Teufel sterben." *

Longfellow repeats the same strain in his "Psalm of Life." And among the last words credited to Ruskin's pen is the lament: "Life is really too disgustingly short; one has only got one's materials together by the time one can no more use them."

Though modern inventions have "shrivelled" our globe, and made it often possible for us to do more work in a day than our grandfathers could do in a week, yet to-day man's short life and limited strength seem more inadequate than ever to his task. It is needless to mention the new arts and sciences, the imperative calls of social and political life, the ever-increasing demands of education, and the cries for reform that the true man always hears. The inadequacy of our days to the demands of modern life is felt keenly enough by every earnest worker.

It is, then, a problem of special interest to brain-workers to consider *how the maximum of intellectual work can be done with the minimum expenditure of energy.*

* Bayard Taylor translates the lines as follows:

> "Ah God! but Art is long
> And Life, alas! is fleeting—"
> "And, haply, ere one travels half the course
> Must the poor devil quit existence."

The subject naturally divides into two parts:

I. Consciousness and the Problem of Economy.

II. Unconscious Cerebral Processes and the Problem of Economy.

I.

Assuming the fundamental postulate of physiological psychology—that every mental process is the correlative of a physical process—and that those processes which are the physical aspect of thought involve the dissipation of energy, it is evident that most people waste energy by habits of mental prodigality. It seems to follow that whenever we think of anything of which we ought not or need not to be conscious there is sheer waste of energy. Strictly speaking, this is true. The first principle of economic mental activity, then, is expressed in the truism that *unessential ideas should be excluded from consciousness.* Familiar as this truth may be, its importance justifies illustration.

Everyone has noticed how the child learning to write moves not only its hands, but its tongue, the muscles of the face, and, as Lewis says, even those of its feet. When it has mastered the art, there is the proper association in the nerve-elements corresponding to the motor organs, and unessential movements are excluded. A similar lack of co-ordination occurs in the intellectual activity of the untrained. Their ideas do not reproduce themselves in ideas germane to the subject of thought and no other; but many foreign and unessential elements enter consciousness on account of unstable or improper association of ideas and weakness of the power of attention. With some this defect is so great that they can never talk long upon one definite point. Readers of Carlyle will remember the description of Coleridge's conversation given in the Life of John Stirling: that "aimless, cloud-wrapt, cloud-based, lawlessly meandering human discourse of reason,"

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which bitterly reminded one of Hazlitt's account of it: "Excellent talker, very—if you let him start with no premises and come to no conclusion." Making all allowance for Carlyle's habit of exaggerating, and the possibility that sometimes he could not understand Coleridge when the latter talked sensibly, still Coleridge's talk seems to have indicated the nature of his mental activity, and this account may serve as a sublime example of the "lawlessly meandering" thought of the untrained.

The unessential ideas that enter consciousness are of all kinds and of all degrees of intensity, from those that result in trivial ideo-motor acts—as, for example, when one engaged in conversation automatically picks up a scrap of paper from the floor—through all sorts of whims, pedantries, and distractions, to the anarchy of mind seen in some pathological cases. Illustrations might be multiplied. The cause of hysteria is often some obstinate intruder in consciousness; and hypochondria has been called the microscope by which one sees the otherwise invisible little ailings of one's own body. Undue self-consciousness, pessimistic anxiety about the future, extreme persistence in one kind of activity from mere force of inertia, indecision, pedantic attention to trivial things, extreme habituation making one do everything in the old way though a new way would be more economical, morbid conscientiousness with its hyperæsthetic casuistry, and that counterfeit religion which continually prinks before the mirror of self-consciousness—all are modes of spendthrift activity by which nervous energy is wasted. But the more obvious habits of mental prodigality are familiar to every one. Without further illustration, we may notice one important point, and then pass to the second and less familiar portion of our problem.

Recent experiments by Wundt and others seem to indicate that consciousness is not limited to a single impression at a single instant, but that while one impression is in the focus of attention, two or three may be simultaneously in the indirect field of consciousness. And M. Paulhan,* a French psychologist, has performed experiments that he thinks prove that two thought-processes may go on simultaneously. Whether conclusive or not, such experiments corroborate the testimony of introspection that mental processes may take place in addition to the activity that mainly occupies the attention. These ideas in the background of consciousness are allied with the one in the centre or antagonistic to it. While a certain amount of distracting elements may be necessary to preserve the healthy flux of thought, and while in very simple operations two disparate thought-processes may be carried on successfully together, economy demands that, in the main, the ideas in the background of consciousness should be harmonious with the one in the focus of attention. The waste of energy when these ideas are of an unessential or distracting nature is a matter of common observation. A single illustration will suffice. A student is passing an examination. He is ill-prepared and nervous. The question he is answering, or the problem he is solving occupies the focus of consciousness, but in the background are such distracting ideas as the fear of failure, the thought that there will not be time enough to answer all the questions, the query whether it were not better to omit this particular question, the self-conscious fear lest he is growing nervous, the sound of the proctor's footsteps, the scratching of a neighbor's pen, and the like. Most pupils know the waste caused by such distracting ideas. Even if by an effort of will these inharmonious elements are kept strictly in the background, still there is some loss of energy, and the effort of will demanded to repress them also takes energy.

II.

To speak of unconscious psychic processes seems to be a contradiction; for we have been accustomed to think the very meaning of a psychic process

* The nature of M. Paulhan's experiments may be seen from a single example. He repeated 5½ lines of poetry while multiplying the number 1,321,242,131,221,241,211 by 2. The time required was 12 seconds. Performing the operations separately the time required to multiply the same number was 11 seconds, to repeat the same lines of poetry, 7 seconds. As in this and similar experiments it takes longer to perform the operations separately than simultaneously, M. Paulhan concludes that the two thought-processes go on together. See the *Revue Scientifique*, May 28, 1887.

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to be a conscious process. But it is difficult even for speculative philosophy to account for the facts of memory and some other mental phenomena without the assumption of unconscious processes of some kind. And modern psychology teaches that at any one moment consciousness is directly correlated with only a small portion of the vast number of processes that take place in the brain. Many of the cerebral processes that apparently are not directly correlated with consciousness are so intimately connected with conscious states, or so similar to them in results, that it is convenient to designate them by some such phrase as "unconscious cerebral processes," and from the introspective standpoint to speak of "unconscious psychic processes."

The vast number of the unconscious processes that take place in the wonderful laboratory of the brain, and the relation of these processes to conscious activity has been noticed again and again by psychologists. Wundt and Helmholtz speak of unconscious reasoning processes. "In fact there seems to me," says Helmholtz, "only a superficial difference between the conclusions of logicians and the inductions upon which rest our perceptions of the external world obtained through sense-impressions, and it consists chiefly in this, that the former are capable of expression in words, the latter not, since they are formed, not from words, but from sensations and the memory of sensations. . . . Besides knowledge that has to do with concepts, and therefore can be expressed in words, there is another field of mental activity that combines only sense-impressions, which are not capable of direct expression in words. We call this in German *das Kennen*—being acquainted with a thing. We are acquainted with a man, a way, a food, an odorous substance, that is, we have seen, tasted, or smelled these objects, keep the sense-impression firmly in memory, and shall recognize it again when repeated, without being able to give a description of it in words to ourselves or to others. Nevertheless it is clear that this kind of knowledge can have the very highest degree of definiteness and certainty, and in this respect stands not one whit behind any knowledge that can be expressed in words." *

Some psychologists think that the larger part of the mind's work is done unconsciously. However this may be, it is plain that in educational questions we cannot ignore the unconscious. Let us try to keep in the daylight while we consider the relation of unconscious cerebral processes to the problem before us.

1st. The first thing to notice is that a very large part of our daily activity is performed automatically or unconsciously, and that all acts so executed are done with the minimum expenditure of energy.

Whenever we have to think what to do, energy for both the thought and the act is required. When we perform an act unconsciously, energy for the act only is demanded. Fortunately it is a law of our activity that consciousness tends to desert those processes where it is no longer needed. One psychologist says: †

"The tendency of consciousness to a minimum of complication is in fact a dominating law in Psychology. The logical law of parsimony is only its best known case. We grow unconscious of every feeling which is useless as a sign to lead us to our ends, and when one sign will suffice, others drop out, and that one remains to function alone. We observe this in the whole history of sense-perception. So in acquiring any art or voluntary function. The marksman thinks only of the exact position of the goal, the singer only of the perfect sound, the balancer only of the point in space whose oscillations he must counteract by movement. The associated mechanism has become so perfect in all these persons, that each variation in the thought of the end is functionally correlated with the one movement fitted to bring the latter about. Whilst they were tyros, they thought of their means as well as their end; the marksman of the position of his gun or bow, or the weight of his stone, the pianist of the visible position of his note on the keyboard, the singer of his throat or breathing, the balancer of his feet on the rope,

* Wissenschaftliche Vorträge, Zweites Heft, III., pp. 92 and 93.

† Professor James: The Feeling of Effort, p. 5.

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or his hand or chin under the pole. But, little by little, they succeeded in dropping all this supernumerary consciousness, and they became secure in their movements exactly in proportion as they did so."

If as many acts as possible are by training entrusted to the infallible management of automatism, if, in all such activities as reading, writing, and speaking, the formal, mechanical part is done unconsciously, then the higher centres of the brain are left free for other and more important matters. If acts ordinarily performed unconsciously force themselves into consciousness, there is waste of energy.

2d. There is reason to credit still higher work to our unconscious processes.

Carpenter in his Mental Physiology gives a number of examples of what he calls "unconscious cerebration." Among other illustrations he calls attention to the well-known phenomenon of *trying to recollect* some name or event. Sometimes no effort of the will can do it, but we wait, and by and by, when we are engaged in something else, the desired idea springs up out of the unconscious, as if, to use a figure that Carpenter quotes from Miss Cobbe, "we were possessed of an obedient secretary or librarian whom we could order to hunt up a missing document or turn out a word in the dictionary, while we amused ourselves with something else." It may be doubted if there is any mysterious process of "unconscious cerebration" here, apart from the odd associations by which one idea brings up another. But there is truth in Carpenter's view of the importance of our unconscious processes.

Our decisions in great matters as well as in small show how we trust our unconscious processes. Life would be too short for the humblest activities, if we must bring into consciousness all the arguments pro and con for an act and consider its bearings and results. A large part of our daily activity is governed by motives and processes that never rise into clear consciousness. Consciousness not only blunders, but it is too slow. He whose automatic processes are healthy and who can distinguish the admonitions of the unconscious from whims and superstitions will jump to a conclusion in a thousand little things, while another is slowly and painfully deciding what to do. The man who has to think of his manners is not always polite; for he does not think quickly enough. The man whose morality has not become automatic will sometimes be surprised in a fault; and, as Schiller says, we are apt to suspect the man who has to *decide* whether to be honest or not. Even in the most important matters in life we distrust consciousness. We wish to sleep over a matter, not only that our conscious processes may be clearer, but that we may have the help of that unformulated knowledge which at most can be said to be only in the background of consciousness. In important matters we often feel confident that a certain course is the right one (as we know an absent road or a face without being able to describe it), but cannot formulate the grounds for our decision in words. Our best advisers give only hints. Priceless wisdom is seldom thundered in our ears. Happy the man whose ear is quick to hear and whose will is obedient to the whispers of wisdom, and who can trust what is unconscious in his character!

3d. Economy demands conformity to the laws of our unconscious cerebral processes.

We know very little of these laws of the unconscious. We can, however, sometimes avail ourselves of what Hartmann calls the "hints and feelings" that the unconscious gives for our guidance. And one important law of our unconscious processes seems to be that of rhythm. Both experiment and common observation show that a tendency to rhythmic activity is a law of our nature. The smith, the carpenter, the thresher, the oarsman, keep time at their work. The soldier marches more easily and courageously to the sound of music. The life of the well man is divided into alternate periods of labor and rest. The sick man's attacks recur at regular intervals. We group all continuous and uniform sounds in rhythmic form. One can scarcely count without a rhythmic accentuation by twos or threes. And a careful ear detects the rhythmic articulation of our ordinary speech. In nearly all psycho-physical experiments this

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rhythmic tendency appears. The attention seems to ebb and flow in rhythmic oscillation. A certain interval between the signal and the excitation gives the shortest reaction-time. Impressions can be reproduced best when given at a certain rate per second.*

There is probably a physiological ground for all this. Not only do the heart and lungs have a well-defined rhythmic action, but there is a rhythm of the vaso-motor system, and probably the brain acts in rhythmic periods of stability and instability.

This law of rhythm must be regarded in our intellectual work. A good rhythm is an economic device. It lightens the tasks of perceiving and learning, and lends interest to what otherwise would be dull. It is difficult to give advice concerning the utilization of this law of rhythm, apart from the general rule that the natural development of healthy intellectual activity should be interfered with as little as possible. But we find this rhythmic tendency widening out into daily and sometimes monthly and yearly periodicities; and it is safe to say that this larger rhythm may be greatly improved by education. If we have a regular hour for study or for work upon any particular subject, soon at that hour the unconscious favors us. It is largely in one's power to establish a good rhythm by regularity in one's activity. He who persistently, day after day, turns his attention to some subject, is likely soon to become interested in it, no matter how disagreeable it may have been at first.

4th. An unconscious preparation is necessary to enable consciousness to react advantageously upon a subject.

In a suggestive article based upon Hartmann's philosophy, and published a few years ago in *Education*, Mr. John E. Maude argues that it is "an unnatural and most wasteful process" to attempt to bring knowledge directly into consciousness, that the proper pedagogical order is rather to bring ideas first into the unconscious and then into consciousness. This is somewhat mystical, but it suggests pedagogical truth. A certain preparation is necessary in order that anything new may be comprehended. If you would be understood, your hearer must already know something of what you would tell him. If your experience is utterly different from his, you may talk till you faint, but you might as well speak in an unknown tongue; for your hearer has no data by which to interpret what you say. Our ideas are formed by two factors—one furnished by objects, the other by the activity of our own minds. As the Germans often put it, the process of *apperceiving* or giving attention to a thing is an act of placing a new impression in a series of impressions already in the mind. The resulting idea depends upon the relation of the new impression to the series or group in which it is placed. We can *apperceive* an object most truthfully and with the minimum expenditure of energy when there is just the right preparation of mind, when the new impression fits into just the right series of old impressions, or when, to change the figure, it is painted upon just the right unconscious background.

Economy demands not only that there shall be an unconscious preparation for each new impression, but that each subject of study shall be undertaken at just the time when the learner's growing brain is ready for it. "There is a happy moment for fixing skill in drawing, for making boys collectors in natural history, and presently dissectors and botanists; then for initiating them into the wonders of physical and chemical law. Later, introspective psychology and the metaphysical and religious mysteries take their turn; and, last of all, the drama of human affairs and worldly wisdom in the widest sense of the term. . . . To detect the moment of the instinctive readiness for the subject is, then, the first duty of every educator." †

5th. *Economy demands that there shall be no unessential elements in our unconscious processes.*

A large part of what is now in the unconscious was once in consciousness. All our conscious activity modifies what is unconscious. In some way the brain-

* Ebbinghaus, in nearly all his experiments in memorizing nonsense syllables found that a series of syllables learned in a relatively short time was followed, as a rule, by a series learned in a relatively long time, and vice versa. There seemed to be a kind of rhythmic oscillation of the mental susceptibility or of the attention.

† Dr. James, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for March, 1887.

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centres keep account of what we see and hear and do. An illustration will make this clearer. In experiments upon the reaction-time in association—such experiments as those of Wundt, Cattell, and others—a word is given, and the subject is told to speak the first word that occurs to him. For example, the word given is *hat*, the word that occurs to the subject may be *hatter;* the word given is *letter*, the associated word may be *letter-carrier*. Sometimes the idea awakened by association is very curious. For example, as I write, I try a similar experiment upon myself taking the word *stove*. The associated idea that occurs to me is not *fire*, *stove-maker*, *coal*, or anything of that kind, but a certain game called the "black art," which I have sometimes played—a game in which one is likely often to ask a question about a stove. So, in all such experiments, we think of words which at some time in our experience have been associated with the word given by the experimenter. Thus all our experience modifies the nerve-centres; and the unessential ideas that clog our thinking are counted among the association fibres of the brain and will rise up again to plague us when we need all our energy for what is important.

The study of memory also furnishes an excellent illustration of the unessential elements in our unconscious processes. One learns a poem, and a year afterward has forgotten it, but a certain hidden skill or unconscious power persists. If the poem be learned anew, much less time will be required than was necessary at first, or than would be required to learn a similar poem of equal length that has not been studied. This unconscious skill is very valuable. Yet anything unessential that has been learned leaves an unconscious element that (apart of course from any possible training of the mind that may have resulted) represents so much useless power. If a boy learns all the notes and exceptions in a Latin Grammar he will probably be fortunate enough to forget them, but the unconscious skill that would make it easier for him to learn those particular notes a second time is, for most boys, an unessential element in the unconscious. A practical inference would be that studies that both train the mind and leave a persisting element valuable in itself are preferable to those that merely train the mind and leave an unessential element in the unconscious.

Now we can see why it is so important that unessential elements should be excluded from consciousness. When unessential ideas enter consciousness, the loss of energy for the moment is little. It matters comparatively little for to-day whether a child focuses its attention, learns its lesson in an hour, and then has time to play, or dreams and idles over the lesson for two hours. But the way the clearly focused attention modifies the nerve-centres of the brain is of the utmost importance. The child that concentrates its attention when it works will soon have the principles of economic activity wrought into the very fibres of its brain.

The question at once arises, "Granting that the presence of unessential ideas in consciousness causes loss of energy, how can one help it? We know nothing of these ideas until we are conscious of them, and then the mischief is done." True! but let us seek the cause of these unessential ideas. The immediate cause may be a sensation, or the perception of an external object, or a state of consciousness in some way related to these ideas. But such ideas would never rise into clear consciousness, unless the attention were in an unstable condition. To insure the absence of unessential ideas, then, there must be a stable condition of the attention. It is impossible here to make any thorough study of attention, closely as it is connected with our subject. It is well, however, to notice what seem to be the conditions of its existence. As everybody knows, there are two kinds of attention, namely voluntary and involuntary or spontaneous. Horwicz and others have attempted to show that both forms of attention depend upon the feelings or emotions; and Ribot, in his interesting chapter on Attention in "The Diseases of the Will" furnishes a statement of this view which is accessible in English.* He maintains that spontaneous attention is the basis of

* See also articles by the same author upon Le Mécanisme de l'Attention, in the Revue Philosophique, October and November, 1887.

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all attention, and attempts to show that this is dependent upon emotion. The animal crouching for its prey, the child gazing at a commonplace spectacle, the assassin waiting for his victim, the mathematician studying a problem, are attentive, because the prey, the spectacle, the thought of the victim, the problem to be solved, arouse in them an intense and durable emotion. Without emotion there would be no attention; but while emotion lasts so does attention.

"Spontaneous attention," says Ribot, "gives a maximum effect with a minimum of effort, while voluntary attention gives a minimum effect with a maximum of effort, and the contrast between the two is sharper in proportion as the one is more spontaneous and the other more voluntary. Voluntary attention in its highest degree is an artificial state in which, with the aid of factitious emotion, we keep up certain states of consciousness that are ever tending to die out—for instance, when for politeness' sake we carry on a wearisome conversation. . . . Again we see that the voluntary rests upon the involuntary and derives from it all its force, and that, compared with the latter, it is very precarious. Education of the power of attention consists in the last result simply in calling out and developing those factitious emotions, and in striving to make them stable by repetition; but as there is no creation *ex nihilo*, they must have some basis, however weak, in nature."

Assuming, then, that attention depends upon the emotions,* our thesis may be stated as follows: *Intellectual activity is natural and economical when one works with the support of an emotional stimulus.*

The economy of working with an emotional stimulus may be illustrated by what is familiar to everyone. Not only do we see that the man who works for love, for revenge, for an ardent ambition, can do more work than his neighbor who has no all-absorbing aim; but in the commonplace matters of daily life the same principle is illustrated. Why is it often so much easier to learn a lesson, or write an address, or prepare a brief, when the task must be finished to-day, than when it need not be completed for a month? In the latter case as in the former we are conscious of the need of careful preparation, of the pleasure of success, of the chagrin of defeat, of the manliness of duty performed, of the baseness of neglected duty. But the present moment does not appear as a factor in that distant result, or, if at all, only vaguely. When, however, the task must be done to-day the present moment is vividly seen as a determining factor in the culminating moment. The satisfaction and the chagrin, the manliness and the baseness, are to a certain extent realized in the present moment, and this vivid consciousness of the final result furnishes an emotional impulse so strong that the attention is concentrated and there is little chance for unessential ideas to enter consciousness.

A study of the development and conservation of the emotions which are the basis of healthy spontaneous interests would lead into the obscurer regions of psychology, and it would be necessary to discuss such profound matters as heredity and the psychic changes which occur at adolescence. Such a study cannot be attempted here. Nor is it possible in a limited space to discuss the methods of calling forth and strengthening factitious emotions. Some hints and words of advice, however, may be given, that the present discussion may not be entirely a dumb oracle.

From what has been said it follows of course that we do our most economical work in studying and investigating those subjects in which we have a spontaneous interest. Naturally all our activity seems to be the direct result of an emotional impulse, and a tendency to rigid economy is a law of the spontaneous activity of the nervous system. Hence, the more one can work with nature, the more sure one can be to avoid waste. Fortunate the man who has healthy spontaneous interests! Again, other things being equal, we do our most economical work when in the mood for it. Psychology finds evidence that the general sensations of the body—the cœnæsthesis, to

* Of course it is really no explanation of attention to show that it depends upon the emotions; for we know as little about the emotions as we do about attention; but for pedagogical ends it may be useful to know that attention has an emotional basis. It should be carefully noted that not mere pleasure and pain in the ordinary sense are here referred to. The feeling of interest that causes an easy and rapid flux of thought is sometimes merely a blind impulse.

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use the technical term—have a profound influence upon the psychic life, and there is reason to believe that in large part they form that undercurrent of feeling that affords the needed support for mental activity. Hence it is not strange that the power to work at one's best depends so provokingly upon one's mood. Writers from Horace down have noticed that the muse must be wooed. One must take the right subject at just the right moment to have the best success, not *invita Minerva*. The favor of the moment depends largely upon the cœnæsthesis, and a thousand things may affect that. George Sand relates that in her case so trivial a thing as a change in the weather might make or mar a novel; and she quotes Voltaire, who writes in one of his letters: "My work has been murky today, because the weather was murky."

It is not safe, however, to adopt *laissez faire* in our intellectual activity. Much work must be done in things that are not immediately interesting to us, and a large part of education consists in developing "factitious emotions." How can the latter be aroused and rendered stable? To answer in a single sentence: This can be done by regular and repeated attempts to turn the attention to any particular subject—building always upon some foundation of spontaneous interest—especially if one possesses a high ideal or manly ambition; for this stimulates all one's activity, and renders even drudgery pleasant.

The statement that intellectual activity to be economical must be supported by an emotional stimulus may seem paradoxical; for well-nigh every manifestation of emotion involves the dissipation of energy. It is, however, sometimes economical to be extravagant. The economy of work under the impulse of strong emotion is not that work is then performed with less expenditure of energy than the same work would be with little emotion. Probably the reverse is true. But when one acts under the impulse of a strong and healthy emotion, the idea immediately realizes itself in an act or brings up a germane idea, and the conscious state is so concentrated that there is little chance for unessential ideas and inharmonious tendencies to hinder or confuse the activity. Hence the economy. It should, however, be noticed that any violent or extreme emotion may hinder intellectual activity or cause a morbid concentration of attention; but the strong, healthy, emotional life that gives a genuine interest in a subject is the needed support for intellectual activity. Men with strong emotions but with habits of equanimity are the ones who do the maximum of intellectual work with the greatest ease.

If the thesis proposed be correct, then it is necessary to economize the emotions. Thoughtful observers have noticed that the amount of intellectual work men can do varies according to the nervous waste going on through their emotional activities. This is so not only because emotional activity involves directly the dissipation of energy, but also because those who dissipate their emotions are likely to lack the enthusiasm and ambition necessary for economic intellectual activity.

The emotional prodigality * so often seen in our petted children is liable to leave the soul barren of healthy impulses and render ordinary intellectual activity insipid. Something has been wisely said of late about the danger of over-pressure in our schools. The time spent in study that ought to be spent in out-door play or in exercise in gymnasia is worse than wasted. But the over-pressure of intellectual work would not be so bad were it not for this emotional prodigality of many children both at home and at school. Teachers are spurred to strain pupils to the utmost that they may meet the coming tests for promotion. The healthy spontaneous emotions that make it the delight of childhood to learn are crushed, and factitious emotions of fear and dread are substituted. At home the emotional excitement is often greater than at school. Prizes, the expectations of parents, piano practice, company, parties, dances, petting, and reproofs are the stimuli, culminating often in late hours spent in preparing a half dozen lessons for the next day. The tasks at school, hard as they are, often are less injurious to children than the emotional dissipation at home.

Again, the storm and stress of emo-

* See a valuable article on this subject in the Dental Cosmos, 1878.

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tional activity that often occurs at adolescence is liable to cause an alarming waste of energy; and there is danger that habits will then be formed of allowing the emotions to evaporate or to expend themselves in unessential, pedantic, and morbid activities. Whoever revels in emotion and squanders nervous energy at one period of life will lack the needed support for intellectual activity at another period.

It is imperatively necessary in education to regard the emotions. Griesinger, the great German alienist, says that purely intellectual over-pressure seldom leads to insanity, but among the most frequent causes is over-strain of the emotions. How to avoid nervous disease, and especially insanity, is a problem for intellectual workers. A great step will be taken toward solving this problem when the question discussed in this article can be more definitively answered than is possible at present. It seems almost unnecessary to add that teachers should make observations to determine in different branches of study how the maximum of intellectual work can be done with the minimum expenditure of energy. Of course every good teacher does this in a general way, but very few teachers observe their methods with this definite end in view. Records of the observations of many teachers upon this point might greatly assist in determining the relative value of different methods for the development of habits of mental thrift.

The argument for economy in intellectual work amounts to little more than the old story of the need of regularity and concentration; but modern psychology treats the subject in a new way, gives it a new emphasis, and insists that the great danger from an evil thought is not so much the loss of energy for the moment as the modification of the nerve-centre that counts the sin and will use it against us in the next hour of temptation. The principle of economy, however, is a far deeper one than appears from this brief discussion. In spite of the apparently reckless waste that we see in nature, there is a counter-principle of rigid economy. This law of parsimony is especially seen in the mechanism of the nervous system in man. And in our higher intellectual, social, and political life the same principle appears. Even our scientific theories and philosophic systems may be looked upon as economic devices, the former to enable us to unify and carry in our minds the manifold phenomena of nature, the latter to remove doubt and perplexity before the mysterious facts of existence. But in the limited field of pedagogy alone this principle is a fundamental one to which all questions of pedagogic method, order of studies, relative value of different courses, elective system, and the like, should be referred.

YESTERDAY.

By Zoe Dana Underhill.

YESTERDAY is dead
And lies at rest.
No breathing stirs
The white-robed breast;
The groans and sobbing
Are hushed at last,
Thanks be to Heaven!
Such pains are past.

Seek not to rouse
Its unquiet ghost;
Conjure no phantom
Of what is lost;
Come away softly,
And make no moan,
Leaving thy perished hope
Dead and alone.

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AN EYE FOR AN EYE.

By Robert Grant.

I.

ONE afternoon not many years ago, Henry Alleyn received word from the Sisterhood of St. Vincent de Paul that Margaret Hogan, an old woman who had nursed him as a baby, was very sick and desired him to draw her will before she died. Accordingly he hastened there, taking with him a young man who was studying law in his office. It surprised Alleyn that Margaret had been carried to the hospital, for he had seen her within a week at her own house where he was in the habit of paying her occasional visits to relieve her solitude. She had mentioned feeling slightly ill, but, as Alleyn had heard nothing from her since, he had assumed that she must be convalescent. He reflected that she would scarcely have consented to be removed to the Sisterhood unless she had been seriously sick, and he felt annoyed that she had not notified him of her condition, especially as he well knew that her failure to do so proceeded from an absurd reluctance to trouble him, as she called it.

Alleyn was a rising lawyer of about five and thirty, whose conduct of causes had begun to attract attention, which was all the more flattering for the reason that he had come to town but ten years before an unknown youth, without powerful friends to help him on. It was true of him, however, that he was a college graduate, and the possessor of an intelligent face and refined manners which had soon obtained him admission into society. To crown his success, he had within six months become engaged to a charming woman. His future looked bright. He was recognized at the Bar as a man wholly to be trusted.

"I'm afraid that poor Margaret must be on her last legs," he soliloquized as they proceeded. "I'm going," he explained to the student, "to see an old woman who took care of me as a child, —a faithful, devoted soul as ever lived. She wants me to make her will. I don't suppose she has much to leave; though, come to think of it, I believe she owns the little house she lives in free of incumbrances. They have sent me word from the hospital to come at once, so she must be pretty sick, I fear."

"People of that class are apt to imagine themselves at the point of death from very slight cause, are they not?" inquired John Larkin, who, out of respect to his senior, gave an interrogative form to this cynicism.

"Yes, but Margaret is well advanced now, and I have noticed for the last six months that she seemed feeble. I am apprehensive in her case. It was a curious chance," Alleyn continued, "that let me know her whereabouts, some time ago, shortly after I moved here. We had lost track of her for years, as she left my mother's service while I was still a child. It appears she drifted from place to place and finally came to this city to live with a sister. The sister died before very long, and about the same time Margaret chanced to run across my name in the newspaper as counsel in the Brady breach of promise case, which you remember made some stir. With an old woman's faith she assumed that it must be I and looked me up at the office. When she discovered her long lost boy, as she styled me, she was for throwing her arms around my neck. She sobbed with delight, and I became the hero of a somewhat embarrassing spectacle. Faithful old soul! I cannot bear to think of her suffering."

"It is what we seem to be made for," observed the sententious student.

"But then most of us deserve it. I could almost vouch that Margaret never did an evil action in her life," said Alleyn as he rang at the entrance to the hospital.

Upon mentioning his errand to the

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servant who came to the door, Alleyn was shown into a reception-room, and a few moments later was informed that he was to go upstairs to the invalid's chamber. He told Larkin to remain below until he should send for him.

"How is Margaret to-night?" he asked of the girl who showed him the way.

"The doctor thinks she may live a day or two yet, sir."

On the first landing Alleyn encountered a pleasant-featured woman in nun's attire who accorded him a gracious inclination of the head, in response to which he said:

"I'm the lawyer whom Margaret Hogan sent for."

"Yes, she is expecting you; her room is up another flight. The Mother is with her."

"Who was that?" he inquired of the servant when they were out of hearing.

"Sister Veronica."

Alleyn was struck by the neatness of everything; the walls were very white, and as he followed the girl along the passage-way he caught a glimpse through the half-open doors of comfortable looking invalids attended now and again by a Sister of Charity. He reflected that Margaret had acted wisely in being brought there.

"You may go right in, sir," said the girl, pushing open the door of the room at the farther end of the passage-way.

Alleyn entered a moderate-sized chamber. At first he perceived only his old nurse, whose pallid, wrinkled face riveted his attention. Her bed was near the door and she recognized him at once, grasping eagerly the hand which he held out to her with the skinny fingers of both of her own, and exclaiming: "You've come at last. I thought I'd die before you come, Master Henry."

"Nonsense, Margaret, you mustn't talk that way; you'll be better in a day or two."

"No, no, I'll never be any better," answered the old woman in a tone of sad conviction. "I'm wore out. Sit down, Master Henry, the Mother'll give you a chair," she continued, sinking back on the pillows from which she had raised herself a little in her eagerness to greet the young man.

There was a chair a few feet from the bed; while reaching for it Alleyn lifted his eyes and beheld a Sister of Charity standing in the further end of the room with her back to the window. He gave a perceptible start; he could not believe that he saw correctly. "Cora," he ejaculated below his breath, then made a movement as if to step forward, which was checked by the demeanor of the nun, who, though she had been regarding him since his entrance, gave no sign of recognition save what was conveyed to Alleyn by the deep blush suffusing her countenance; even this was now fading away, betokening that any emotion which his presence had awakened was under her control. As he stood confused and irresolute, she bent her head in a conventional salute, and when their eyes met again there was no vestige of mental agitation on her face. Her complexion had resumed its accustomed marble—a perfect whiteness, rendered all the more striking by the blackness of her hair and superb eyes which rivalled in sombreness her monastic garb. She stood with her hands folded placidly before her, the picture of a tall, commanding, and singularly beautiful woman.

The pause was broken by old Margaret, who, unaware of its significance, and feeling perhaps that every moment was precious to her, craned her head out of bed and quavered: "This is the Mother, Master Henry—I beg your pardon, sir, Mr. Alleyn. She has been very kind to me. Don't go, Mother," she exclaimed piteously, as the nun, again inclining her head, stepped toward the door. "Master Henry won't mind."

"You had better stay," said Alleyn, composedly; "it will distress her if you go, and there is no reason for privacy, I imagine."

At his words the nun, after a moment's hesitation, withdrew again to the further end of the room, where she took a seat by the window. Alleyn, who, though his voice was steady, felt strangely agitated, was glad to be recalled to his professional duty by the voice of the dying woman.

"You'll find everything ready, sir, on that little table."

Following the direction of her gaze,

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he perceived behind him, close to the wainscoting, the table to which she referred and on which there were writing materials and an accumulation of papers —most of them, as he perceived at a glance, receipted bills. He drew it toward the bed and seated himself. His head was in a whirl, but taking up a pen he said, "You wish me to make your will, Margaret?"

"I want you to fix it so there won't be no trouble after I'm gone."

"I see. To whom do you wish to leave your money?"

"Whom should I be leaving it to but yourself, Master Henry?"

"To me? Nonsense, Margaret; I don't want your money."

"Yes, yes, Master Henry; you and no one else. Who has a better right to it? You as I took care of close on ten year!"

"I'm a thousand times obliged to you, my kind old friend," said Alleyn, tenderly, bending over her, "but I would rather you would make some other disposition of it. You must have relations——"

"No, no," interrupted the sick woman peevishly; "there's not a dollar of it to go to my relations. They never came near me while I was alive. There's no one I care for but you. I said to Mother Eulalie this morning, 'Send for Master Henry and I'll die happy.' I've thought it all out and I know just what I want."

"You will make a much better use of what you have if you leave it in charity —to your Church, for instance," persisted Alleyn.

"No, no," she reiterated; "I want it all to go to you. And, Master Henry," she whispered, confidentially, reaching out her hand and laying it upon Alleyn's, "you'll see there are masses said for me and I'm put in a decent grave? I don't like them tombs. I had the undertaker here this morning and told him all about burying me, so you'll have no trouble."

To draw a will in his own favor was distasteful to Alleyn, but he reflected that the presence of Mother Eulalie, who, from where she was sitting, must be able to hear every word of their conversation, would preclude the possibility of disagreeable charges being brought against him by the next of kin. He was anxious, moreover, to get the matter over as soon as possible, for memories foreign to what he had in hand, and not altogether pleasant, were thronging his brain. He glanced in the direction of the nun; she was staring straight before her at the blank wall, and Alleyn's gaze was fettered a moment by the beauty of her profile. He sighed and turned back his eyes again to the bed, with the compressed lips of one who feels that what, however lamentable, has been done, is done, and that it is useless to deplore.

"Of course, I am bound to obey your wishes in the matter, Margaret," he answered; "if you really desire to leave your property to me, I must draw your will to that effect. Only——"

"That's it, Master Henry."

"Very well," he said, and after a moment's reflection dipped a pen in the ink and began to write. The will was a very simple one and took Alleyn barely ten minutes to draw. By its terms all the estate of Margaret Hogan, of whatever kind, both real and personal, wherever situated and whenever acquired, was given, devised, and bequeathed to Henry Alleyn, his heirs, executors, and administrators, to his and their own use and behoof forever. Said Henry Alleyn was also appointed Executor with the usual powers delegated; that was the whole instrument. When he had finished he told Margaret that he must read it to her, which he did, in a slow, distinct voice so that she might understand every word. While so doing, he glanced for an instant in Mother Eulalie's direction, but it did not seem to him that she was paying attention.

"Is that as you wish it, Margaret?" he inquired at the close.

"Oh, yes, sir, it's beautiful. Now I shall die happy."

Just then the door was pushed open and Sister Veronica appeared. "It's the doctor," she said; "may he come in?"

"Certainly," said Alleyn, "he's the very person I want to see. Will you kindly remain too?" he added to Sister Veronica as he stepped past her to intercept the physician before he should enter. "I shall need you presently."

The interchange of a few words in

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the passage-way assured Alleyn that Margaret's faculties were entirely unclouded in the estimation of the doctor, who did not hesitate to pronounce her competent to make a will, and who also consented to act as an attesting witness. Alleyn then sent for John Larkin, and while the clerk was coming Margaret was propped up on the pillows by Sister Veronica.

"How long will she live?" whispered Alleyn.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe a week, and she may die to-morrow. It's impossible to say in such cases."

Larkin made his appearance just when the old woman had got on her spectacles. Mother Eulalie was still in the background, and Alleyn chose to remain as indifferent to her presence as she seemed to be to his.

He looked at Sister Veronica and said: "I have asked you to remain to witness this will," then turned and indicating a spot on the paper said: "You will sign here, Margaret."

With infinite pains the old woman feebly scrawled her signature.

"I ain't much of a writer," she observed, squinting ruefully at her handiwork.

"It will do very well," said Alleyn. "Now, Doctor. Margaret," he added, "I understand you to declare this to be your last will and testament."

"Yes, sir," she answered in rather a bewildered fashion. She had fallen back exhausted.

"And it is your wish that these three persons—Dr. Holbrook, Sister Veronica, and my clerk Mr. Larkin—should sign as attesting witnesses."

"Yes, sir."

The witnesses signed in the order described.

"You should sign your real name, you know," Alleyn remarked to the Sister.

"I know," she said, and wrote "Catharine Sullivan."

"That is all; thank you very much," said Alleyn when the last had finished. The doctor and Sister Veronica immediately took their leave. "I shall not need you any longer," he added to Larkin. "Don't wait for me."

Alleyn sat down beside the bed and began to fold up the will.

"I shall die happy, now," Margaret reiterated.

"You mustn't think of dying; you must think of getting well," he felt prompted to say.

"You'll find everything right," she continued, without heed. "The Mother went to my house yesterday and got the bank-books and things. There's what I've paid out in repairs and groceries since the first," she added, pointing with pride to the pile of bills on the table. "I told the Mother you'd ought to have them. The other things——"

"Yes, yes, Margaret, it'll be time enough by and by," he said, cheerily, getting up and bending over her. "You'll be better to-morrow, and I'll come to see you. I'm afraid of tiring you."

"Good-by, Master Henry, good-by. And you'll remember to have the masses said for me?"

"Never fear, you dear old soul."

He kissed her softly on the forehead, then as he turned to go looked toward the window. Mother Eulalie was sitting with her hands folded before her, still staring at the blank wall. She might have been a statue.

II.

Margaret Hogan died that night. A sudden stroke of apoplexy relieved her from further suffering. Alleyn was shocked to hear that she was gone, from the undertaker who came to his office on the following morning for instructions. He gave the necessary orders for her interment, and a day or two after his old nurse had been laid in her grave filed the will, which he had drawn, at the Probate Office with a petition to be appointed Executor. Not knowing who were Margaret's next of kin, he published an order of notice, and on the day fixed for the hearing, as no remonstrants appeared, he had no difficulty in obtaining letters of administration from the Court. There was, however, a right of appeal open for thirty days.

Meantime, Alleyn took no steps to reduce the estate into possession, beyond visiting the house and seeing that it was

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properly closed. He assumed, from what Margaret had said, that her bank-books and any other property belonging to her were in the custody of Mother Eulalie, and for reasons of his own he was in no hurry to revisit the Sisterhood of St. Vincent de Paul.

But after the thirty days had elapsed he felt it incumbent on him to exercise his duties as Executor. It occurred to him that the simplest plan was to send John Larkin to request Mother Eulalie to deliver over the effects of the testatrix. As a matter of caution, however, he told him to stop at the Probate Office on the way, to make sure that no appeal had been entered. Half an hour later the student reappeared with a sardonic grin on his countenance.

"There is one," he said, and produced a paper which he handed to Alleyn.

The lawyer received the copy of the record with a shrug of the shoulders, but after perusing it for a moment knit his brows and observed: "This is confounded impudence. Whom have they retained?"

"Roger K. Harper," responded Larkin, with another grin.

The counsel mentioned was one of the most successful jury lawyers in the community, but a man not over nice in the devices he employed to secure verdicts, and more or less of a demagogue.

The document recited that an appeal was claimed by John Rooney and Ellen Rooney, next of kin, from the decree of the Court allowing a certain instrument offered for Probate by Henry Alleyn, wherein said Alleyn was named as Executor, as the last will and testament of Margaret Hogan, deceased. Two of the reasons given, being those ordinarily alleged in Probate appeals, were the mental unsoundness of the testatrix and undue influence on the part of said Henry Alleyn; but the third was of more unusual tenor, setting forth that said instrument offered for Probate was not the last will and testament of Margaret Hogan, inasmuch as said instrument had been fraudulently altered in the making by said Henry Alleyn.

Alleyn tossed the paper on his desk with a contemptuous air. "It is one of Harper's blood-sucking devices," he said. "He means to bleed me if he can. He has fastened on the wrong man though, as he will find out."

The appeal could not be heard for three months, so Alleyn gave the matter but small heed. So far as desire for the money was concerned, he would willingly have relinquished all claim to it; but he felt bound to respect Margaret's intention. She had evidently preferred to cut off her relatives, and Alleyn argued that it would hardly be respectful if he should vacate his rights merely to dispose of a disagreeable suit which was absolutely groundless. Until the appeal should be tried his powers as Executor were suspended. Accordingly he addressed a formal letter to the Sisterhood of St. Vincent de Paul, to the effect that as certain complications had arisen in relation to the affairs of the late Margaret Hogan, her Executor would await their settlement before taking possession of the property of the deceased. To this communication Alleyn received no answer.

As time wore on he was rather surprised at hearing nothing from the other side. He fully expected to be approached with a view to a compromise, and had been looking forward to the amusement he should derive from disappointing his pettifogging opponent. To make the first advances himself would be clearly an admission of weakness. Besides, he was resolved not to pay a dollar. When a week before the day of trial he had still heard nothing he put his case into the hands of Charles Davenant, an intimate friend and brother lawyer of repute, who was some years his senior.

"It's a fishing excursion, I take it," said Mr. Davenant, when Alleyn had finished his recital.

"I had supposed so, certainly. But I'm at a loss to understand why Harper has not been near me. There must be some cat in the meal, I am beginning to think, though I can't imagine what. Dr. Holbrook will testify as to Margaret's mental condition, and as to undue influence there isn't a shadow of evidence. The only time she ever spoke to me about her will was the day she made it."

"How about the third reason?" asked Mr. Davenant. "It is so unusual that I

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should judge they expected to make something out of it."

"It is insulting enough, I admit; but what have they got to substantiate it?" said Alleyn, with some irritation.

"You say that while you were drawing the will there was no one in the room except this Mother Eulalie?"

"Yes."

"What sort of an appearing woman was she?"

"A young woman—a very handsome woman," said Alleyn, with slow emphasis.

"Could she have heard your client's conversation?"

"She could have heard it, unquestionably, but I doubt very much if she did. I looked at her several times, and on each occasion she seemed to me not to be paying the slightest attention to what was going on. She was sitting close to the window some twenty-five feet away. You see I have considered the situation. But what if she did hear us?" he added, with a nervous laugh.

"Have you been to see her?" asked Mr. Davenant.

"No. I—er—I thought it better not. Don't you think it would be compromising?"

The senior shrugged his shoulders. "I appreciate your point, of course, but I do not regard it as of much moment. By so doing you could relieve your uncertainty and ascertain whether or not to summon her as a witness. If her testimony corroborates yours, there's an end of the whole business. If, on the other hand, it fails to do so, you will not be caught unprepared."

"How can her testimony fail to corroborate mine?" Alleyn asked with another touch of indignation.

"Ah, my dear fellow, there you ask conundrums. Forewarned is forearmed, that's all. If there is anything in the case beyond mere bluff, I am inclined to believe that it must be in connection with this Mother Eulalie, as you call her. She may have looked wise or dropped dark hints which these ignorant people have repeated to brother Harper. When you have been in practice as long as I have you will appreciate that you can never count on what any one will testify—especially a woman."

Alleyn frowned and looked annoyed.

"I understood you to state that you asked the testatrix if she didn't wish to leave something to the Church," continued Mr. Davenant.

"Yes; and she said distinctly that she did not."

"Precisely. Supposing Mother Eulalie testifies that she heard differently?"

"It would be a falsehood," protested Alleyn with a warmth that amused the older lawyer.

"The jury would have to pass upon that," was the dry comment.

Alleyn drummed on the table reflectively for a few moments. "I don't care to go to see her," he said, at length. "I'll take the chance," he added, with an effort at nonchalance.

"Ninety-nine chances out of a hundred you will be just as well off," said Mr. Davenant.

A few days later Alleyn read in one of the morning papers the following statement. "Among the causes set down for trial at the current term of the Supreme Court is Henry Alleyn, Executor, *v.* John Rooney and Ellen Rooney, appellants; an appeal from the finding of the Probate Court of this County, allowing the will of one Margaret Hogan who died during the last six months, leaving an estate valued at thirty thousand dollars, all of which by the terms of the will was bequeathed to Henry Alleyn, a lawyer of this city. The next of kin, first cousins of the testatrix, allege in their petition insanity, undue influence, and fraudulent alteration of the contents of the will by Mr. Alleyn, who appears to have drawn the instrument in question. Hon. Roger K. Harper has been retained to represent the interests of the appellants, and it is reported that there will be peculiar and startling developments at the trial."

"Thirty thousand dollars! Bah!" said Alleyn to himself after the disagreeable smart occasioned by seeing his name in print in such a connection had subsided. "Though, to tell the truth, I don't know what she left. The house is worth six thousand. This business has taught me one lesson: never to draw a will in my own favor again.

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Pshaw!" he added, reflectively. "Even if Cora wishes to do me an injury, what can she say?"

On the morning of the day fixed for the trial Alleyn came into the court-room with a deliberately cheery air. Counsel were already in their places and there was a considerable number of lookers on. He glanced at once toward the benches reserved for witnesses and recognized only Dr. Holbrook, whom he had summoned to be present. Just then the attention of every one was attracted by the unaccustomed entrance of two Sisters of Charity, the first of whom, as she walked behind the usher to a seat, while all the spectators, spell-bound by the majesty of her appearance, stared open-mouthed, he perceived to be Mother Eulalie; the other was Sister Veronica. Her he had been obliged to send for as a witness. But why had Mother Eulalie come? Possibly as a companion. So at least Alleyn tried to persuade himself as he sat down beside his counsel. The appearance of the nuns was evidently matter for conjecture, to judge from the wagging and craning of heads. The court-room seemed to have become animated. Alleyn did not choose to look again, but Mr. Davenant turned his head with the rest.

"Is that she?" he said in a whisper, nudging Alleyn.

"Yes."

"The handsome one?"

"Yes."

"She's an extraordinarily beautiful woman."

The entrance of the Court, at which everybody rose, put an end to their dialogue.

"What is the first case on the list, Mr. Clerk?" asked the Judge.

"Henry Alleyn, Executor, *v.* John Rooney and Ellen Rooney, appellants."

"Are both parties ready?"

The Counsel signified that they were, and after the jury had been impanelled, Mr. Davenant, upon whom it was incumbent to take the initiative so far as to prove the will over again, called his witnesses to be sworn. They were only the three attesting witnesses to the will. He first put Dr. Holbrook on the stand, who acknowledged his own signature, declared that he had seen the testator sign the will, and in answer to a series of carefully framed questions stated that he had attended Margaret Hogan from the time she entered the hospital until her death, that her intelligence was unclouded during that period, and that he regarded her as entirely qualified, so far as her mental condition was concerned, to dispose of her property.

"He is your witness," said Mr. Davenant to his opponent.

"I understand you, Doctor, that you consider the testatrix to have been of thoroughly sound mind at the time of the execution of this instrument?" said Roger Harper, slowly.

"I do, sir."

"I think you said, Doctor, that though her bodily condition was enfeebled, her intellect was to all intents and purposes unaffected—that, in short, she knew perfectly well what she was about?"

"I did, sir," answered Dr. Holbrook in a decided tone which showed that he was little in sympathy with his questioner.

"Precisely," said the lawyer. He looked around the court-room with an air of triumph, as though the testimony of the witness was exactly to his liking.

"One more question, Doctor. Were you present while this will was being drawn?"

"I was not."

"Am I not right in saying that you saw or knew nothing of the making of this will beyond the fact that the testatrix signed it in your presence?"

"That is all I know, sir."

"Precisely. That will do, Doctor."

John Larkin was the next witness. He testified to having seen the testatrix sign her name. Upon cross-examination Roger Harper asked him but one question—the same which he had put to the doctor—"Were you present while this will was being drawn?"

"I was present after it had been drawn," replied the student, sophistically.

"I did not ask you whether you were present after it had been drawn, Mr. Larkin. You will please answer my question. Were—you—present—while—this—will—was—being—drawn?"

"No, sir."

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"That is all, Mr. Larkin."

"They evidently mean to base their case on the charge of fraudulent alteration," whispered Mr. Davenant to Alleyn, as he summoned Catharine Sullivan, *alias* Sister Veronica, to the stand.

The pleasant-featured nun seemed bewildered, and testified in an unintelligent way to her own signature and to having seen Margaret Hogan sign.

"Were you present while the will was being drawn, Sister Veronica?" asked Roger Harper when his turn to cross-examine came.

"No, sir, I knew nothing about it whatever," answered the witness with a promptitude that caused Mr. Davenant to mutter to Alleyn: "They've fixed her; that's evident."

"That's all, Sister Veronica," said Roger Harper.

Mr. Davenant then claimed that his client had established a *prima facie* case, to which his Honor assented.

"I am ready to hear your evidence, Mr. Harper," said the Judge.

Roger Harper rose slowly and came forward. He was a large man, in the prime of middle life, with a prominent hawk's nose, deep-set, lustrous eyes, and a smooth-shaven, forcible upper lip. His iron-gray hair fell low on his forehead, and almost mingled with his bushy brows.

"May it please the Court," he began; "Mr. Foreman and gentlemen of the jury, in the course of a long professional experience—and mine has been an active experience of thirty years—I have never been called upon to present evidence so remarkable in its character as that which it has become my painful duty to lay before you. Far be it from me to desire the ruin of any brother in that profession of which I am proud to call myself a member—a profession whose prosperity is founded upon the trust which the great public, to which you, gentlemen, belong, repose in the integrity, uprightness, and honor of those who constitute it. But, gentlemen, worthy of implicit belief as I hold the word of a lawyer to be, it is for you to say whether it is not outweighed in the scale of verity by the evidence of one who comes in the sacred vestments of religion to confront yea with nay. I shall produce in this case, gentlemen of the jury, but one witness. But through the testimony of that one witness I expect to overthrow this will offered for Probate, by proving that its contents were fraudulently altered by Henry Alleyn, the Executor therein named and a member of this Bar. It is the saddest duty that I have ever had to perform. If you find a verdict in my favor it will mean professional disgrace and downfall for him whom I have mentioned; but if you find that Margaret Hogan executed her will in this man's favor meaning so to do—and, gentlemen, the doctor has told you she was in her right mind—you will have to declare that Mother Eulalie, the Superior of the Sisterhood of St. Vincent de Paul, has been guilty of the blackest perjury."

He paused, and one could have heard a pin drop in the court-room. Those who knew Alleyn glanced at him. He sat with folded arms smiling contemptuously, but Mr. Davenant looked rather grave.

"Mother Eulalie, you will come forward and be sworn," said Roger Harper.

Amid profound stillness the nun passed up the aisle to where the clerk was standing ready to administer the oath. Her beauty was absorbing. Men were at a loss, perhaps, to understand how it happened that curves so full of symmetry, and eyes so lustrous, should be shrouded by the apparel of the cloister. Save for the pallor of her complexion there was almost a suggestion of fleshliness in the luscious contour of face and figure, but, after the first glance, those gazing fancied that they saw the devout servant of God who, branded by the iron of mortal woe, has sought refuge on the bosom of the Church. She might well be a saint because she had been a sinner; and yet no demure, bloodless embodiment of sanctity, but vital still with the human forces of energy and passion. Even the crucifix upon her breast seemed to rise and fall with the undulations of a breast through which the tide of life flowed far from sluggishly. She was one of whom the Church might have been proud in the days when the mandates of its functionaries wrested sceptres from the grasp of kings. So the spec-

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tators thought of her as she stood with uplifted hand in obedience to the bidding of the clerk.

"You do solemnly swear that in the cause now in hearing you will speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God."

"I do, so help me God," she murmured, and she looked, as it appeared to Alleyn, straight at him.

"What is your full name?" asked Roger Harper.

"Cora Lloyd Dennison."

"And your occupation?"

"I am the Mother Superior of the Sisterhood of St. Vincent de Paul in this city."

"Where you are known as Mother Eulalie, I believe?"

"Yes."

"How long have you been the Mother Superior of the Sisterhood?"

"Five years. I came there twelve years ago, but was a Sister during seven years."

"Now, Mother Eulalie, I should like you to tell the jury in your own words exactly what you know, if you know anything, in regard to the making of the alleged will of Margaret Hogan on the fifth day of November last past."

"I was sitting in the sick woman's room about five o'clock in the afternoon of that day," she began slowly, "when a gentleman entered—a lawyer, who said that he had come to make her will. She was expecting him, for she had told me to send for him early in the day, as she thought she was going to die."

"Do you remember the gentleman's name?"

"I do. Henry Alleyn."

"Do you see him here?"

"I do. He is sitting right in front of me."

"Go on."

"There was no one in the room except us three. He sat down beside the bed at a table. I was sitting by the window at the further end of the room."

"At what distance were you from the bed?"

"About twenty-five feet. They both spoke in rather a low tone, but I could hear perfectly the conversation. He said, 'Margaret, whom do you wish to leave your money to?' 'Master Henry,' she said, 'I want it to go to the Church, every dollar of it.'"

"Go on."

"'Have you no relations?'" he asked. 'I don't want it to go to my relations, Master Henry, I want the Church to have it.' 'Very well; you must tell me what churches,' he answered. 'The Church of the Redeemer and the Chapel of the Holy Virgin; each half. You'll know how to do it.' 'I understand, Margaret. There should be an Executor appointed, though.' 'Couldn't you be the Executor, Master Henry?' 'If you wish me to.' 'You fix it so,' she said. After that he began to write. When he had finished he read it to her and the contents ran exactly as the will which is offered as the true will, excepting that all the property was left to be divided between the two churches instead of to Mr. Alleyn. Then the others came in and she signed the will."

There was a death-like stillness in the court. Again every one looked at Alleyn. He had flushed violently at her convicting words, and was bending forward staring at her with an expression that was half terror, half bewilderment. Charles Davenant, too, was watching her with keen scrutiny. Her marvellous story had been told simply and without effort. There had been no hesitation, no embarrassment. Only the grimness of it made men who knew Henry Alleyn reflect that it could not be true.

"You say that the conversation between the testatrix and Mr. Alleyn was in rather a low tone," continued Roger Harper, after there had been a pause sufficient to allow the evidence to impress the minds of the jury. "Can you give any idea of how low?"

"About as low as I am speaking now," she said, sinking her voice a very little. "But not a single word escaped me. I listened at first inadvertently, then because I happened to notice Mr. Alleyn glance at me once or twice as though to ascertain if I were listening. I heard everything."

"What became of the will after it was signed?"

"Mr. Alleyn took it away with him."

"Whether or not the testatrix ever took the will into her own hands?"

"She never did."

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"Is there any other evidence that you can give which will throw light upon this matter, Mother Eulalie?"

"I have these," she said, producing a number of bank-books. "Margaret Hogan sent me to her house for them the day before she died. 'They're to go to the Church,' she sa——"

"I object, your Honor," interrupted Mr. Davenant.

"There is a question here, your Honor," replied Roger Harper, "as to whether or not the testatrix wished to dispose of her property according to the terms of this will offered by my brother. It seems to me that contemporaneous declarations of the testatrix are admissible to show fraud on the part of the person who drew the will.'

The Judge reflected a moment. "I shall admit the evidence," he said, finally. "You may continue," he added, to the witness.

"'They're to go to the Church,' she said; 'I want you to take care of them.'"

"What is the amount of money which these books represent?" asked Roger Harper.

"Between twenty-four and twenty-five thousand dollars."

"There is only one remaining question that I wish to put to you, Mother Eulalie. State whether or not you had ever seen or known Henry Alleyn before you saw him on the day when this will was drawn?"

The nun deliberately fixed her brilliant eyes on the young man, and they seemed to him to wear an expression of triumph as she said, firmly, "I had never seen him or heard of him in my life."

Alleyn, who was awaiting her response with impatience, threw himself back in his chair aghast. "Ask her"—he whispered feverishly, bending toward his counsel; then he stopped and fell back again. "It's a lie," he muttered so that many heard him.

"I have done with the witness," said Roger Harper.

The cross-examination of a beautiful woman is at best no easy matter. Charles Davenant put his questions with admirable skill, but failed to catch Mother Eulalie tripping in a single particular. He made her rehearse in detail everything that took place from the moment that Alleyn entered the sick-room until he left it, but her story coincided precisely with what she had already stated, and disclosed no inconsistencies. Not once did she lose her head or appear flurried, but that she was laboring under deep excitement was evident to those who watched the pallor of her face change gradually to rose as she parried thrust after thrust of the skilful lawyer. But who would not betray agitation under a similar ordeal? The fact that she did so could not fairly be a cause for suspicion; while on the other hand her distress, especially as her comeliness was enhanced thereby, could not fail to work upon the minds of the jury.

Mr. Davenant purposely prolonged the examination until the noon recess so that he might have an opportunity to go on with it after having had an interview with his client. He hurried Alleyn to a private room in a hotel, where he ordered lunch.

"There is some mystery here that you can clear up, my dear fellow," he said, laying his hand on Alleyn's knee.

"The woman is lying."

"Granted; but a woman does not lie for nothing."

"I know of no explanation," replied Alleyn, curtly.

Mr. Davenant was puzzled. He had not seriously supposed that his client would be able to elucidate the case, but he had put the question to him in desperation. He was now forced back on a previous presumption, that she was lying for the sake of the Church. But the difficulty was, as he proceeded to note to Alleyn, that the Church would be no better off if the will were upset. The next of kin would be entitled to the money, unless, indeed, Roger Harper should have conceived the idea of subsequently setting up the alleged suppressed will from the lips of his lovely witness. But such a scheme was a rash hazard, to say the least, involving nice legal difficulties. Altogether, it was the strangest affair with which he had ever been connected.

"Is there nothing you think of which I can ask her that will help us?" he inquired almost imploringly.

"Nothing. It is simply my word against hers. Great God! Davenant,

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this means ruin for me!" Alleyn rose and began to pace the room feverishly.

"Not as bad as that."

"Yes, ruin! 'What motive had she for lying,' every one will ask. 'Alleyn drew the will himself in his own favor and supposed the nun was not listening. One more good man gone wrong;' that's what the world will say."

"It was a very stupid device, then. A clever man like you would hardly put his head into such a noose."

"The world does not make such subtile distinctions. Davenant, have I deserved this? It is horrible! horrible!"

Alleyn fell into a chair and covered his face with his hands. It occurred to his friend, who was eating raw oysters with deliberation, whether by any possibility there might be truth in the accusation after all. The suspicion was too dreadful to entertain, but it haunted him. He did his best to cheer Alleyn, begging him to remember that the fight was only half over and that it behooved him to keep up his courage to the end; very likely the jury would disagree, and before the case could be tried again a compromise might be arranged, or evidence might be forthcoming regarding Mother Eulalie that would give it a different aspect.

As they went back, the newsboys were calling out, "Two o'clock edition; startling developments in the Hogan will case," and Alleyn read in large letters on one of the bulletin boards, "A serious charge. Testimony in the Hogan will case affecting the character of lawyer Henry Alleyn of this city. He is accused of fraudulently altering the will of Margaret Hogan for his own benefit." He quivered in every vein at the sounds and sight. The news had travelled fast, for the court-room was crowded. There were many faces he recognized. The members of the Bar had been drawn thither by the unusual character of the evidence, and all eyes were bent on him curiously as he walked to his seat, doing his best not to appear disconcerted.

Mr. Davenant continued his cross-examination for another half-hour, inquiring as to the witness's past life, so far as the Judge would allow; but he elicited nothing of moment.

"That is my whole case," said his opponent, when the nun had left the stand.

Alleyn was called in rebuttal. His direct testimony took the remainder of the day. It was clear and unequivocal. He repeated the exact conversation that had taken place between him and Margaret, and described every circumstance of their interview with great minuteness under the searching examination of Mr. Davenant. His manner was spiritless, however; he seemed dejected, almost broken, which was not adapted to produce a favorable impression on those listening to him. On the following morning he was taken in hand by Roger Harper, who badgered and finally angered him by the style of his cross-examination; as, for instance, by jeering at the idea that he had not been aware of the amount of his old nurse's property, and by insidiously referring to his approaching marriage and consequent need of money. Alleyn flushed with indignation and lost his head. His answers to the questions put to him became sarcastic and sophistical.

After he had been dismissed there was no more evidence to offer, and Roger Harper began his closing address to the jury, in the presence of a densely packed court-room.

"Gentlemen," he said in the course of his argument, "my learned brother who is to follow me in the presentation of this case will undoubtedly ask you if it could be that a young man of hitherto spotless reputation, with a brilliant future in prospect and with everything to lose in the event of his being detected, would be stupid enough—would be wilfully blind enough, to fraudulently alter a last will and testament in the manner which has been described to you by my witness—would be blind enough, I repeat, to do this in the presence of a third person within easy ear-shot of whom he was obliged to read aloud the contents of an instrument different from that which he now offers for probate? Why did he not send the witness out of the room, my brother will ask? Why did he not adopt one of a thousand artifices that could have been thought of to screen himself from exposure? The element of extreme improbability is so prominent, that one is prompted to cry out,

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'Such a thing would be impossible.' So it seems, certainly, when you consider the facts thus barely stated. But, gentlemen of the jury, let me ask you this: Which is the more improbable, that this young man would have acted in the manner indicated, or that a woman—she whose testimony you have listened to—would deliberately commit perjury to ruin forever one whom she never saw or heard of? There can be but one answer to my question. You must decide in her favor, unless you can perceive some motive why she should offer false testimony—she, a priestess of God, and given up to the thoughts and offices of religion. Where is the motive? Her statement that they had never met before is not denied. How could she be benefited by swearing falsely? If this will falls to the ground, the next of kin and not the churches will get the money. Remember that, gentlemen of the jury. Remember, too, that this young man, this rising young attorney, was shortly to have been married; and you can all imagine, in view of so interesting a circumstance, that thirty thousand dollars would have been a most welcome addition to his resources. Gentlemen, I repeat it, where is the motive?"

Roger Harper spoke but half an hour. Mr. Davenant then rose. Although he had been forestalled in his argument of want of probability, he pressed it cogently, dwelling on the good repute of Alleyn and the terrible consequences of an ill-considered verdict as affecting his client's future career. It was true, he said, that there seemed a lack of motive on the part of the Mother Superior, but even if it be admitted that there could have been no adequate reason why she should swear falsely, was it not much more rational to suppose that she had been mistaken in what she heard, than that this lawyer of well-known integrity had committed so heinous a fault? Her testimony was that she had heard the old woman give him certain directions which were carried out in the will which he read. Therefore he must have deliberately falsified the instrument while drawing it. The alteration must, of course, have been made on the spot, for there was not an erasure. Such a cold-blooded, deliberate piece of villany was out of the question.

Mr. Davenant's harangue was able and to the point, but somehow it lacked fervor, as though the advocate were unable to explain to himself, satisfactorily, the discrepancy in the evidence. Moreover, Alleyn's attitude during its delivery was scarcely adapted to encourage his counsel. He sat looking gloomy and downcast, with the demeanor of one who expects the worst.

The Judge's charge was short and impartial. He adverted to the fact that the accusation made was of a most serious character, involving the good repute of the plaintiff, and that the jury ought to weigh the evidence offered on both sides with the greatest deliberation; but that while so doing they must not allow themselves to be influenced by emotional considerations of any kind. The questions for them to decide were simply these, he said:

1. Was the testatrix of sound mind when she executed the will?

2. Was the testatrix acting under the undue influence of Henry Alleyn at the time of executing said will?

3. Was the instrument offered for probate executed as the last will and testament of Margaret Hogan?

As regards the first two, there could be no doubt as to what their verdict must be, for no evidence had been offered by the appellants either of lack of mental capacity or of undue influence. The whole contest was regarding the third reason, and as to this there was nothing he could say that would help them. The burden of proof was on those offering the will for probate, to show by a preponderance of the evidence that it had been duly executed; but the term preponderance of evidence did not necessarily mean numerical preponderance; the quality rather than the quantity should be taken into consideration. They had listened to the testimony and must make up their own minds as to whom to believe, taking into due account the liability of human beings to error as to what is seen and heard.

It was late in the afternoon when the jury retired, so that no verdict could be rendered until the next day. Alleyn thanked Mr. Davenant in a perfunctory,

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dazed sort of manner for his services and left the court.

"What do you make of the case, Davenant?" asked a white-haired member of the Bar, drawing him aside. "It seems to me very extraordinary."

"Frankly, sir, I don't know what to make of it. It is the most inexplicable affair which I have ever had to deal with. I'm all at sea."

The intervening hours were terrible for Alleyn. He could not sleep. The newspapers had enormous head-lines and full details relating to the trial, set off by pen portraits of the principal personages implicated. The city was all agog with the excruciating scandal, and the court-room on the following morning was packed to overflowing. It had been whispered abroad that the jury had agreed and would be in their places.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the Clerk, "do you find that Margaret Hogan at the time she executed the instrument alleged to be her last will and testament was of sound mind?"

"To that interrogatory, the jury's answer is 'Yes,'" said the foreman.

"Do you find that Margaret Hogan at the time she executed said instrument was acting under undue influence?"

"To that interrogatory the jury's answer is 'No.'"

"Do you find that said instrument was duly executed by said Margaret Hogan as her last will and testament?"

"To that interrogatory the jury's answer is 'No,' for the reason that said instrument was fraudulently altered by Henry Alleyn, the Executor named therein."

From that verdict there was no appeal.

III.

One evening about five years later, Charles Davenant was standing in his drawing-room with his back to the fire, awaiting the arrival of some friends whom he had asked to dinner. Time had given him the portly appearance which befits the successful, well-to-do lawyer. He was to-day one of the recognized leaders of the Bar, the counsel for rich corporations and trustee of large estates. The guests expected by him were the members of a locally celebrated law club to which he belonged.

The first to appear was the white-haired Nestor who had questioned him at the conclusion of the Hogan will case. He was still hale, but betrayed by a hesitating gait, as he came into the room, the limitations of fourscore.

"Good-evening, Mr. Perkins, you as ever lead all, I see," said his host advancing to greet the veteran. "I am very glad to see you, Harper," Mr. Davenant added to another guest who followed close behind. "I do not need to introduce you two, gentlemen."

"He must have a long spoon who would eat with the devil," observed John Larkin to an associate with whom he had just reached the landing as they caught sight of the somewhat anomalous tableau presented by the conservative Mr. Perkins and Roger K. Harper cordially shaking hands.

"Nothing succeeds like success," was the answer, and a moment later both the speaker and his sardonically inclined companion were imitating the example set them by their distinguished senior.

Roger K. Harper was the only one of the fifteen lawyers composing Mr. Davenant's dinner company who was not a member of the club, and, as the guests arrived, others, doubtless, wondered a little why it had occurred to their host to invite him. But however fastidious they could afford to be at heart, no one saw fit to be otherwise than cordial to the formidable advocate whose long list of victories before a jury had won for him a vast clientage. His contemporaries dated the real founding of his fortunes from the now famous probate appeal which had wrought the ruin of Henry Alleyn. He had been successful before, but the verdict in that cause had placed him upon a pinnacle from which neither justice nor envy could dislodge him.

After the party was seated at table the conversation became almost immediately animated and brilliant. There was everything to inspire wit and anecdote; the surroundings were artistic yet cosey, the service exemplary, the viands delicious. The first glass of wine was an assurance that their host had not spared his cellar. Each bit of humor,

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each graphic experience reminded some one of another, and so the ball was kept rolling. Mr. Davenant himself seemed in the best of spirits. On his right sat Roger Harper, and on his left, as it happened, the Justice who had presided at the well-known trial. At the opposite end of the table John Larkin officiated. He was in active practice now, and doing extremely well. To him had fallen the task of winding up his former patron's affairs, and he had managed to retain as clients a majority of those accustomed to do business with Alleyn.

Although the proximity at table of three of the chief actors in the still remembered drama must have struck as an odd coincidence most of those present, every one to whom the idea of calling attention to it occurred was restrained by the peculiar nature of the case, the mystery surrounding which had never been cleared away. Within a fortnight after the verdict Henry Alleyn had left town, without, so far as was known, making any effort to reestablish his damaged reputation, and since then nothing had been heard of him beyond the vague report that he was living in Europe. There had been at the time some talk of having him disbarred, but the fact that this suggestion had never taken the form of a petition for the purpose to the Court, was evidence that the lawyers in the community were not fully satisfied that Mother Eulalie's testimony was unimpeachable. What had added to their reluctance to take final action was, doubtless, an item which had appeared in the newspapers not more than a month after the trial, to the effect that the Mother Superior had resigned her position at the Sisterhood of St. Vincent de Paul and had also left the city. Nervous exhaustion resulting from the painful ordeal which she had undergone was popularly ascribed as the cause, but all the same there were those among the members of the Bar who shrugged their shoulders as they read the paragraph.

After some remarkably fine Burgundy had been served and the cigars were lighted a hush fell upon the company as each one settled himself luxuriously in his chair, rather disposed in the fulness of his content to listen to the wit of others, than to make fresh sallies of his own. The pause thus afforded was broken by the Judge, who observed, in somewhat a judicial tone, "A wonderful glass of wine."

"Wonderful," some one repeated in echo of this voice of authority.

"It is some which poor Henry Alleyn sent me only a few weeks before his misfortune," said Mr. Davenant.

"Indeed," said his Honor, "indeed; I applaud his taste. A very remarkable case, that," he added, reflectively. "I haven't to this day been satisfied in my own mind as to which of them spoke the truth. Eh, brother Harper?"

Deep silence followed this appeal and all eyes were bent eagerly on the eloquent advocate, who pursed his lips and puffed at his cigar a moment before replying—a mannerism, and one apt to be imitated by those who reasonably expect their words to be counted on to be weighty, but in this particular instance effective.

"Your Honor, it is my belief that the woman was lying," he said, laconically.

Every one waited for him to go on.

"But, on the other hand," he continued slowly, "I have no more real knowledge on the subject than any one of you. She came to me with the story exactly as you heard it at the trial. She was already aware that the Church could not take the money, and when I asked her if she had any acquaintance with Alleyn, her answer was, as subsequently, 'I have never seen or heard of him in my life.' It is my private belief that this last statement was false. If so, the whole was false. But I have not a shred of evidence to offer in support of my assertion. It is mere conjecture."

"What has become of Alleyn?" asked one of the company presently.

"At last accounts he was in Paris—a wanderer upon the face of the earth," responded John Larkin.

"He is dead," quietly interjected Mr. Davenant.

"Dead? You don't say so," exclaimed several.

"Yes, he was mortally wounded in August last, fighting on the Prussian side against the French. I have here a communication received ten days ago

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from the German in command of his regiment, which I will read you presently. But first let me throw some light on the matter of which you were just speaking. On the day before Alleyn went away," continued Mr. Davenant, producing a packet which he laid upon the table, "he came to see me. I had tried in vain numberless times already to induce him to admit that there was a mystery, but he had always shaken his head and declared that he had nothing to say. I saw from his face that it would be useless to ask questions, but I could not help exclaiming: 'Alleyn, you are going abroad forever, you say; do not, for God's sake, let this horrible accusation stain men's memory of you if it is possible for you to clear it away.' He looked me in the eyes—I shall remember the sadness of his expression so long as I live—and shook his head. 'Davenant,' he said, 'whatever it is desirable to have explained will be explained some day. Good-bye.' He kept his word. The Prussian officer's letter contained another, sealed and addressed to me and superscribed, 'To be delivered only in case of my death.' It contains the clue to the mystery, at least the only clue I have," he added, opening the packet. "Listen. This is dated a week after the trial. 'Henry, your life is ruined forever, and I have done it. Do you know why? Do you remember what you wrote me thirteen years ago? "God knows I love you, darling, but what is this all to lead to? You must realize that I cannot marry you. I have my way to make in the world." That was all, and you were free—free to hold your head erect and live respected and happy. How did it fare with me? Has it ever occurred to you, Henry? As with so many others, the world spat upon me. I became a vile, shameless thing—such as you are now. I could not hold up my head. What had I done more than you? Why should I be the only one to suffer? They called me a dishonest woman. I began to ask myself what is a dishonest man? You know the feelings of one now, and you know how I felt. You are suffering as I was made to suffer. You need not blame me, Henry. Blame the world.

'CORA.'"

"Mother Eulalie!"

"Is it possible?"

"Horrible!"

Such was the variety of ejaculations uttered around the table when Mr. Davenant finished.

"I see—I see," murmured Roger Harper in a hoarse whisper at their close. "Marvellous—marvellous."

The jury advocate's face was luminous. The cobwebs of mystification had been swept away in an instant and the truth lay bare before him. But used as he was to astounding revelations, and freely as he had predicated that there was falsehood here, it was evident from his expression that he was moved to wonder. "Allow me, Mr. Davenant," he said, "to look at that letter."

He scanned it admiringly, while the company eyed him in silence. "I can see it all now. Marvellous—marvellous!" he reiterated. "'They called me a dishonest woman. I began to ask myself what is a dishonest man? You know the feelings of one now, and you know how I felt.' There is real tragedy for you, gentlemen. No make-believe stage business."

"It was revenge, cruel, relentless revenge," said Mr. Perkins.

"Yes, it was revenge," retorted Roger Harper slowly, compressing the bowl of his Burgundy glass with so strenuous a grip that it might well have been crushed to fragments. "Cruel, relentless revenge, if you will. But was it not justice, too? Think a moment, gentlemen. She loved him and he left her. What ways does the world provide for making man share in—for making man even understand the misery which an erring woman undergoes? Why should she be the only one to suffer? She asks the question. Can you answer it?"

His penetrating gaze swept round the circle, but not a voice replied to his inquiry. The lawyers seemed to be musing.

"An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life," said John Larkin, with sententious emphasis.

"Why did not Alleyn publish that letter to the world?" asked some one.

"For the same reason that he did not contradict Mother Eulalie's testi-

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mony at the trial that she had never seen or heard of him before;—a guilty conscience," responded Roger Harper, keenly. "She knew that he would not contradict her, and she knew that he would not disclose the contents of that letter so long as he lived. There was woman's genius! They were masterstrokes," he added with professional enthusiasm.

"It is a strange, sad story," said the Judge, breaking in upon another silence. "Heinous as was the woman's crime, I cannot help agreeing with my brother opposite that there was a certain poetic justice in the consequences. While the code of society continues to make subtile distinctions between equally guilty parties, one can scarcely be surprised that those who suffer under its operation should sometimes disregard all law in their efforts to obtain justice. As one having authority I am shocked, but as a human being I feel reflective."

"There is force undoubtedly in your Honor's suggestion," said Mr. Perkins, "but admitting the justice of the consequences here, I find it difficult to forget that if humanity is to look for mercy and forgiveness anywhere it must be to woman. Could this Mother Eulalie really have loved Alleyn and have acted as she did?"

"One moment, Mr. Perkins, if you please," exclaimed Davenant. "I should have read you the Prussian commander's letter. This is a translated copy.

"MR. CHARLES DAVENANT—

SIR: It has become my melancholy duty to inform you that Henry Alleyn, an American, serving as a private soldier under my command, was shot through the lungs at the battle of Gravelotte, and died from the effects of his wound four days later. He had on several occasions attracted attention by his conspicuous gallantry and would, but for his untimely death, have received the promotion he deserved. At his own request his body has been buried in German soil. He desired that I should inform you of his decease, and forward you the enclosed packet. He was conscious to the last, and was tenderly nursed by a very handsome lady, also an American, in the garb of a Sister of Charity, whose name I have been unable to obtain, and who disappeared on the day after he was laid to rest. Condoling with you in your bereavement, I remain, with high respect and esteem,

Your very obedient servant,
KLEINMANN, Colonel."

"Your doubt is answered," said Roger Harper, impressively, to Mr. Perkins.

The old man bowed. "So she was with him at the last. Poor devil," he said.

"To which of them do you refer, sir?" inquired John Larkin.

"You are right, young man. Poor devils, then."

"With all my heart."

There was another hush. The lawyers were musing again.

"This is extraordinarily fine wine, upon my soul, Davenant," said his Honor at length, as the outcome of his cogitations.

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SOME OF WAGNER'S HEROES AND HEROINES.

By William F. Apthorp.

Alberich in the "Rheingold" (as personated by Hill).

WAGNER'S intrinsic poetic gift has been variously rated. His more ardent admirers do not hesitate to call him a great poet, without restriction; others are more moderate in their estimate, setting him down rather as a great librettist—a distinction of some importance. Eduard Hanslick, for one, has said that to regard Wagner's dramas simply as dramatic poems, and apart from the music, would be to pierce them clean through the heart. Certain elements of poetic greatness Wagner unquestionably possessed: he had the true poet's energy; he had a highly and profoundly poetic imagination; his power of drawing character was conspicuous—it passed the point of mere delineation and portraiture, it was genuinely creative. What he most lacked was the power of truly poetic diction. It is not that his language is often inflated and turgid—you can find some pretty tall talk in Shakespeare, and a great deal of it in Schiller; it is not that his tropes and metaphors are often far-fetched, and at times ridden verily to death. The trouble lies deeper. It is that the poetic form of his expression too seldom adds anything to his idea. One feels, too often, that what he says could have been said as well in prose. It is this defect which makes Hanslick's criticism entirely just: his dramas, considered simply as dramatic poems, cannot stand beside the works of the truly great poets. But happily there is no need of considering them simply as dramatic poems. That luminous vividness, that well-nigh limitless scope which Shakespeare, for instance, gave to his expression of a thought, by means of his incomparable force of poetic diction, Wagner imparts through his music. In his operas and music-dramas, the music adds just that transfiguring element which is, for the most part, lacking in his verse; and it is not until we hear verse and music together that we can recognize his expression as fully and completely poetic. And as it is with his expression of poetic thought, so is it also with his drawing of human character. His heroes and heroines, as they speak to us from the printed page of the text-book, are, to be sure, alive and convincingly real. They are no mere cloud-phantasms, no merely fantastic puppets, artificially galvanized into a ghastly semblance of vitality. They live and breathe with a Shakespearean intensity of life; we recognize them as made of the same stuff as ourselves; our interest in them is not owing merely to their fortunes and adventures, but to themselves, to their individual humanity and reality. It is a truly personal interest, for we seem to know them as

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friends or foes, they form part of our ideal circle of acquaintance, we feel with and for them in their joys and sorrows. They have a very real place in our affection or abhorrence. Neither Goethe nor Schiller has created more thoroughly living men and women; Victor Hugo, at his best, could hardly rise to such a pitch of convincing reality. Yet truly alive, human, and individual as we find these heroes and heroines to be in Wagner's poems, we do not recognize them as living that larger, intenser, more heroic and poetic life which befits the creations of a great genius, until we meet them in the exalted musical atmosphere which encompasses them in his scores.

The difference between Wagner's second and third manner as a composer,* which has been quite sufficiently pointed out by his commentators, is hardly more marked than that between the attitude he assumed as a dramatic poet in the operas written before 1848, and in the dramas written after that year. To be sure, this difference does not lie quite on the surface, but it is none the less evident to him who takes the trouble to look beneath. The "Holländer," "Tannhäuser," and "Lohengrin" are based quite as much upon legendary material as "Tristan," "Parsifal" or the "Nibelungen," but this material is somewhat differently treated. In the earlier operas, Wagner seems to have been bent upon grasping the ethical contents of the myth or legend he was putting into a dramatic shape, and then condensing it, as it were, into a few strongly marked types of human character. The myth seems to have had ethical meaning and poetic value in his eyes, only in so far as it showed forth certain special psychical traits of the human race, each one raised to its highest potency, and exhibited in unalloyed purity. The full weight of his endeavor was thus thrown upon the creation, or reproduction, of certain idealized types of humanity, each of which should stand as the embodiment, as the complete and living incarnation, of a special psychical characteristic. Thus we recognize *Senta* (in the Holländer) as the human embodiment of that love which is rather a blind, adoring faith than a passion, and which feeds and thrives upon complete self-abandonment and sacrifice. *Elsa* (in "Lohengrin") is the embodiment of that other, more jealous love, which although not incapable of self-sacrifice, aims instinctively and irresistibly at fuller and ever fuller possession of its object. *Senta* cares not a whit whence *the Dutchman* has come, who he is, or whither he may be going; he is the man she loves, and that is enough for her; from the first moment she sees him, even from the first moment she hears of him, she is wholly his, body and soul. *Elsa* cannot rest content with loving *Lohengrin*, nor with his loving her; he must be wholly and completely hers, she must own his whole past and future, she must feel assured that nothing in him, or his life, is hidden from her, and that no one on earth can claim any part of him that is not hers also. *Lohengrin* is *Elsa's* counter-part; his love is to the full as exacting as hers.

As Wagner himself said:

> *Lohengrin* sought the woman who *believed* in him; who should not ask who he was, nor whence he came, but should love him as he was, and because he was what he appeared to her to be. He sought the woman to whom he should not have to account for himself, to justify himself, but who should unconditionally *love* him."

Had *Lohengrin* met *Senta*, instead of *Elsa*, there would have been no tragedy. *Ortrud* is another type; Wagner describes her thus:

> Ortrud is the woman that—*does not know love.* With this, all, and all that is most terrible, is said. Her very being is policy. A politic *man* is repugnant, but a politic *woman* is horrible; this horror I had to represent. There is a love in this woman, the love for the past, for extinct generations, the frightful, insane love of ancestral pride, which can reveal itself only as hatred toward all that lives, that really exists. In a man such a love is ludicrous, but in a woman it is terrible, because woman—from her naturally strong need of loving—*must* love something, and her ancestral pride, her clinging to the past, thus becomes a murderous fanaticism. It is not jeal-

* Musically considered, "Die Feen," "Das Liebesverbot," and "Rienzi" belong to Wagner's first period, "Der Holländer" and "Tannhäuser" to his second, the "Nibelungen," "Tristan," "Die Meistersinger," and "Parsifal" to his third. "Lohengrin" stands, in a sense, on the dividing line between his second and third periods.

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ousy of *Elsa*—on *Friedrich's* account—that drives *Ortrud* on, but her whole passion is disclosed solely in the scene in the second act—after *Elsa's* disappearance from the balcony—where she springs up from the steps of the cathedral, and calls upon her old long-extinct gods. She is a reactionary, caring only for what is old, and therefore antagonistic to all that is new, and this, too, in the most furious sense of the word. She would fain exterminate the world and nature, just to bring her mouldy gods to life again. But this is no whimsical, morbid mood of *Ortrud's;* this passion masters her with the whole force of a woman's—stunted, undeveloped, objectless—need of loving: and this is why she is terribly *sublime.*

I might go on to multiply examples of Wagner's earlier heroes and heroines; but this would be needless. They all, or at least all of them who play an important part in the earlier operas, have this family trait in common: they are idealized embodiments of certain special traits of human character. But when we turn to the later music-dramas (always excepting the "Meistersinger") we find ourselves in a quite different atmosphere. The subject-matter is legendary or mythical, as before; but in his treatment of it, Wagner now seems bent upon illustrating not only certain types of human character, but also some general philosophic truths. He becomes distinctly metaphysical, and dives at once to the very roots of things.

In order to understand, as fully as may be, the gradual change which came over Wagner's mode of treating the Myth as a theme for the Lyric Drama, it will be well first to recall some points in the history of the production of his texts to the "Nibelungen" and other subsequent dramas. In a letter to Liszt, dated Albisbrunn, November 20, 1851, Wagner writes as follows:

> In the autumn of 1848 I first sketched out the complete Mythos of the Nibelungen in the shape in which it will henceforth remain my own poetic property.* My next attempt to adapt one of the principal catastrophes of the grand story to our stage was "Siegfried's Tod" (the Death of Siegfried); after long hesitation I was at length, in the autumn of 1850, on the point of sketching out the music to this drama, when the repeated recognition of the impossibility of having it adequately performed anywhere deterred me from the undertaking. To cure myself of my consequent desperate mood, I wrote the book "Oper und Drama" (Opera and Drama). But last spring you inspired me so with your article on "Lohengrin," that—for the love of you—I quickly and joyfully set myself once more to writing a drama; I wrote to you at the time. But "Siegfried's Death" was, as I well knew, impossible then; I saw that I must first lead up to it with another drama, and so I put into execution a plan I had formed for some time, of making the "Young Siegfried" the subject of a poem. . . . This poem was soon sketched out and completed. As I was about to send it to you, I felt a curious, painful hesitation; it seemed to me as if I could not possibly send it to you so, without further ado; as if I had much to explain to you about it. . . . At last, after quiet consideration, my project has become clear to me in its whole logical sequence. Hear me!
>
> This "Young Siegfried," too, is only a fragment, and it cannot make its right and unquestionable impression as a *single* whole, until it is allotted its necessary place in the *complete* whole, which place I now give it, together with "Siegfried's Death"—in pursuance of my present plan. In these two dramas an abundance of all-important matter has been left simply to narration or even to the imagination of the listener. All that gives the action and personages in these two dramas their infinitely thrilling and far-reaching significance would have to be absent from the presentation, and be imparted only to the thinking faculty. I have now come to the fullest conviction that a work of art—and, above all things, the drama—can produce its due effect only when the poetic intention, in all its important elements, is communicated immediately and completely to the senses; and I, of all men, cannot sin against the truth I have recognized. I must therefore set forth the whole of my mythos, in its profoundest and widest significance, with the highest degree of artistic clearness, if I am to be completely understood. Nothing must be left to be supplemented by thought or reflection: every listener of unprejudiced human feeling must be able to comprehend *the whole* through his artistic perceptive organs, because then only will he be able rightly to understand the single incidents. . . . My plan now comprises three dramas: 1. "Die Walküre." 2. "Der junge Siegfried." 3. "Siegfried's Tod." To give everything completely, these three dramas must be preceded by a grand introduction (*Vorspiel*): "Der Raub des Rheingoldes" (The Rape of the Rhinegold).

Now, all this shows, of itself, little else than that Wagner was bent upon treating a mythical subject with perfect *dramatic completeness.* This was a not unnatural result of that full development of his theory of art which we find set forth exhaustively in his book, "Oper und Drama," the writing of which fell between the completion of

* This original sketch is probably identical with the one published in Burlingame's "Art Life and Theories of Richard Wagner," p. 242.

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"Lohengrin" and his drawing up the full scheme of the "Nibelungen" tetralogy. Yet, although there is nothing in the passages I have quoted from the Albisbrunn letter to Liszt (nor, indeed, in the whole letter) to point directly to Wagner's intending to draw metaphysics into his artistic scheme, this desire for absolute completeness of dramatic presentation might easily tend that way. It is especially noticeable, for one thing, that the plot of the "Nibelungen" is immensely complex, compared with the utter simplicity of the plots of his earlier operas. In studying out so involved a story, in tracing the personages who take part in the action home to their very origin and genesis, in showing their acts as links in an inexorable chain of causes and effects, and themselves in all their relations to Fate and Free Will, in trying to reveal, in a word, their full significance, not only as moral agents, but also as tools in the hands of Fate, as actors in the great drama of Time and Eternity, it was unavoidable that he should, sooner or later, look at the story from a metaphysical point of view, as well as from an ethical or emotional one. If, at the time of the Albisbrunn letter (November, 1851) metaphysics had not already crept into his scheme, it was, so to speak, just round the corner, and one step further would bring him face to face with it. This step was destined soon to be taken, and what especially impelled Wagner to take it is not difficult to discover. The following passage in a letter to Liszt (undated, but written certainly within the last three months of 1854) is all-significant:

> Besides the—slow—progress of my music, I have now been occupying myself exclusively with a man who—if only in a literary way—has come to me in my solitude like a gift from heaven. It is *Arthur Schopenhauer*, the greatest philosopher since *Kant*, whose thoughts—as he expresses it—he has been the first to think out completely to the end. The German professors—very prudently—ignored him for forty years; but he has recently been discovered—to Germany's shame—by an English critic. What charlatans all the Hegels, etc., are, compared with him! His main thought, the final negation of the will to live, is a terribly serious one, but alone redeeming. It naturally did not come to me as new, for no one can think it at all, in whom it has not already lived. But this philosopher has been the first to awaken it in me with such clearness. When I reflect upon the storms of my heart, upon the frightful spasms with which it has—against my will—clung to the hope of life, yes, when they even now often wax to a hurricane—I have, after all, found only one anodyne which alone would help me to sleep in wakeful nights; it is the heartfelt, fervent yearning after death: complete unconsciousness, total nonexistence, the vanishing of all dreams—the only final redemption!

This was written in the later part of 1854; in a letter from Carolyne von Wittgenstein to Wagner, dated May 7, 1855 (not over six months later), we read the following:

> Take a sheet of paper, and write on it these verses, which, as you know, seem to me written in the purest blood of my veins.
>
> Nicht Gut, nicht Gold,
> noch göttliche Pracht;
> nicht Haus, nicht Hof,
> noch herrischer Prunk;
> nicht trüber Verträge
> trügender Bund,
> noch heuchelnder Sitte
> hartes Gesetz:
> Selig in Lust und Leid
> lässt——die Liebe nur sein! *
>
> Sign them with your name, your great name, seal them in an envelope, put on my address, and send it by post.

These lines are from the last scene in "Götterdämmerung;" so it is quite evident that Wagner had changed "Siegfried's Tod" to "Götterdämmerung" before 1855, that is before he had begun "Tristan," for these lines do not occur in "Siegfried's Tod" at all. The very change in the title of this last drama of the Tetralogy is significant; it shows that Wagner was bent upon establishing a mystical connection between *Siegfried's* and *Brünnhilde's* death and the old Ragnarök, or Dusk of the Gods, the Last Judgment, or end of the World, of Northern mythology. And that his object in this was purely metaphysical is evident enough. The lines from "Götterdämmerung," quoted by Carolyne von Wittgenstein, are immediately preceded in the drama by the following:

> Ye race that shall remain in blooming life, mark well what I tell you!—When ye have

* "Not possessions, not gold, nor godlike splendor; not house, not home, nor lordly show; not the deceitful bond of dim contracts, nor the hard law of hypocrite custom: blessed in joy and sorrow let Love only be."

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seen Siegfried and Brünnhilde devoured by the kindling flames; when ye have seen the Rhine's daughters bear the Ring back to the depths: then look through the night toward the North; if then a sacred glow lights up the heavens, so know ye all—that ye have seen the end of Valhalla!—When the race of gods has passed away like a breath, I leave behind me the world, without rulers: I now give to the world the treasure of my most sacred knowledge.

Then follows: "Not possessions, not gold, etc." Now, compare this with the corresponding passage in the original version, "Siegfried's Tod," which runs as follows:

Ye Nibelungs, hear my words! I proclaim the end of your bondage: he who forged the Ring, and bound you active ones shall not receive it back—but let him be free, as ye are! For this gold I give to you, wise sisters of the waters' depths! Let the fire that consumes me cleanse the Ring of the curse: ye shall dissolve it, and keep pure the radiant gold of the Rhine, that was stolen from you, for mishap! *Let only One reign: Allfather! Thou lordly one! Rejoice over the freest hero! I lead Siegfried to thee: give him loving greeting to the fastnesses of eternal power.*

Here is a contrast indeed! "Siegfried's Tod" ended dramatically: *Siegfried* and *Brünnhilde* were to find final rest in *Wotan's* bosom, and he was to reign eternal; "Götterdämmerung" ends mystically: *Wotan*, the gods, Valhalla and the old heaven are all to pass away, and Love alone is to remain. Although Wagner afterwards cut out the metaphysical passage, quoted from "Götterdämmerung" by Carolyne von Wittgenstein, when he wrote the music to the last scene, in 1872, because he found he could better express its meaning in music, he did not do so until he had made one more attempt to clothe the idea in verse. The latest version runs:

If I go no more to Valhalla's feasts, know ye whither I go? From the Home of Desire I depart; the Home of Illusion I flee forever; the open gates of ever-renewed being I close behind me: full of knowledge, redeemed from reincarnation, I now go to the most holy Land of Election, where is neither desire nor illusion. Know ye how I have compassed the blessed end of all that is eternal? The deepest woes of sorrowing Love have opened my eyes: I have seen the world end.*

* This emendation appeared for the first time in Vol. VI. of Wagner's Collected Writings and Poems, which was published in 1872. In the duodecimo edition of the whole text of the Tetralogy, published in 1863, there is no mention of it.

Now, here is metaphysics with a vengeance! and good, specifically Schopenhauerish, Neo-Buddhistic metaphysics, too. And if Wagner thought, at last, that he could best convey his idea by the musical setting and scenic arrangement of this closing scene in "Götterdämmerung," it was by no means because he undervalued its metaphysical significance.

Wagner interrupted his work on the *music* of the Tetralogy in 1857, at about the middle of the second act of "Siegfried." In the late spring or early summer of that year he began his poem of "Tristan." The first conception of this work dates back somewhat earlier. In the letter to Liszt, about Schopenhauer, Wagner wrote:

But, as I have never in my life enjoyed the true happiness of love, I will erect one more monument to this most beautiful of all dreams, in which, from beginning to end, this love shall fully satisfy itself: I have planned out, in my head, a *Tristan* and *Isolde*, the simplest but most full-blooded musical conception; with the "black flag" that floats at the end, I will then cover myself up—to die.

Later on, the postscript to a letter, dated July 12, 1856, runs:

But "Mazeppa" † is frightfully beautiful: I was quite out of breath, when I had only read it through for the first time! I pity, too, the poor horse: Nature and the World are terrible, after all.

At bottom, I feel more like writing poetry than composing, just now: it takes a monstrous obstinacy of perseverance to keep up playing wheelhorse. I have again two wonderful subjects, that I must work out some time or other: Tristan and Isolde (that you know!) but then—the Victory—the holiest, the completest redemption: but about this I cannot tell you. I can, however, interpret it otherwise than V. Hugo, and your music has shown me this interpretation, only not the close—for greatness, fame, and dominion over nations I care not a rap.

Again he writes, dating from "Mornex, near Geneva," July 20, 1856, after urging Liszt to make him a visit:

If you should put me into a right good humor, I will perhaps trot out my "Sieger" (Victors) for you; although the matter will not be without its great difficulties, as I have, to be sure, carried the idea about with me for a good while, but the substance for its incarnation has

† Liszt's symphonic poem, written on Victor Hugo's "Mazeppa."

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come to me but just now, as in a flash of lightning; in the highest degree of clearness and distinctness *for me*, it is true, but not yet so that I can well impart it to others. You ought first to have digested my "Tristan," especially the third act, with its black and its white flag. Then only would the "Sieger" become plainer.

But what nonsense am I talking!

Come! and bring me the Divine Comedy*—then we will see how we can come to an understanding about the Divine Tragedy.

"Tristan" formed part of a great scheme, which Wagner did not live fully to carry out. This scheme, which was purely metaphysical in its essence, was to include three separate music dramas—quite unrelated in plot, action, and legendary origin, but mystically connected by a metaphysical thread. These dramas are "Tristan und Isolde," "Parsifal," and the problematical "Die Sieger," which Wagner mentions in his letters to Liszt. The first two he completed, as is well known; of the last, little is publicly known, save that he had sketched out the general plan of the work, and was ready to carry it out after the first performances of "Parsifal," in 1882, when ill-health and his death in Venice (February 13, 1883) interposed. He had, however, determined upon changing the title, from "Die Sieger" (The Victors) to "Die Büsser" (The Penitents). It is also known that the work was on an Oriental subject. These last two facts, taken together with what is known of Wagner's philosophical tendencies, are especially significant, and throw all-sufficient light upon the main drift of his unfinished drama. It is indubitable that, in this clover-leaf of music-dramas, Wagner intended to illustrate the three cardinal points of Schopenhauer's philosophy. In them he meant to do for man's metaphysical, spiritual life what Victor Hugo tried to do for man's actual, social life, in three of his novels. The preface to Hugo's "Les Travailleurs de la Mer" runs thus:

> Religion, society, nature; such are the three conflicts of man. These three conflicts are, at the same time, his three needs; he must believe, hence the temple; he must create, hence the city; he must live, hence the plough and the ship. But these three solutions contain three wars. The mysterious difficulty of life proceeds from all three. Man has to face his obstacle, under the form of superstition, under the form of prejudice, and under the form of element. A treble anankè† weighs upon us: the anankè of dogmas, the anankè of laws, the anankè of things. In *Notre Dame de Paris*, the author has denounced the first; in *les Misérables*, he has described the second; in this book he points out the third.
>
> With these three fatalities that encompass man is mingled the interior fatality, the supreme anankè, the human heart.

The three metaphysical points Wagner set himself to illustrate were: first, THE AFFIRMATION OF THE WILL TO LIVE, the essence of what, in Christian nomenclature, is called Sin ("Tristan und Isolde"); next, COMPASSION with the sufferings of others—Altruism—which, according to Schopenhauer, is the basis of Ethics ("Parsifal"); last, THE NEGATION OF THE WILL TO LIVE—Renunciation—which, also according to Schopenhauer, is the essence of Sanctity ("Die Büsser"). Thus in "Tristan," "Parsifal," and "Die Büsser" Wagner set himself to illustrate, separately and in detail, the three great problems in Schopenhauer's philosophy, which he had illustrated, as a whole, if with less completeness and clearness, in the "Nibelungen." And there can be little doubt that, if the mystical ending of the "Ring des Nibelungen"—as it stands in the last scene of "Götterdämmerung"—and the metaphysical character it imparts to the whole Tetralogy, had been foreseen by Wagner when first he wrote the text, he would have worked out his philosophical scheme with somewhat greater clearness, and have made its metaphysical character and meaning more apparent from the beginning, than he actually did. The metaphysical idea of the whole—probably suggested to him by his reading in Schopenhauer in 1854—was unquestionably an after-thought; changing "Siegfried's Tod" to "Götterdämmerung" was the first step toward carrying out this idea. Rewriting the *dénoûment* was not the only change he made; this mystical end of the Tetralogy had also to be foreshadowed, earlier in the work, as indeed we find it in the scene between *Brünnhilde* and *Waltraute* in the first act.‡ What similar changes

* Liszt had just finished his "Dante" symphony.

† Greek, ἀνάγκη: force, destiny, the decree of the gods.

‡ The corresponding scene, between *Brünnhilde* and the *Valkyrior*, in "Siegfried's Tod" contains no reference to anything of the sort, and is of a quite different charac-

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The Dutchman in "The Flying Dutchman" (Max Staegemann).

Wagner may have made in "Der Junge Siegfried"* I do not know; the text, in its original shape (if different from its present one), is not published. Still it is highly probable (from internal evidence) that some new mystical and metaphysical elements may have been introduced in the scene between the *Wanderer* and *Erda* at the beginning of the third act.

If we find little reference to metaphysics in the texts of "Das Rheingold" or "Die Walküre," it is well nigh impossible to consider these dramas, as component parts of the whole Tetralogy, without recognizing that a certain mystical or metaphysical significance is retroactively imputed to them by the *dénoûment* of "Götterdämmerung." They are, in fact, quite as integral factors of

ter. It ends with "Thanks, Wotan! Ruling god!"—for keeping alive the fire that shelters *Brünnhilde*. The *Valkyrior*, too, sing: "We journey Southward, to beget victories, to cast the lot for fighting hosts, to fight for heroes, to overthrow heroes, to lead slain victors to Valhalla!" Not a word or hint at the *destruction* of Valhalla, which *Waltraute* (in "Götterdämmerung") speaks of as imminent. Her parting words are: "Woe! woe! Woe to thee, sister! Woe to Valhalla's gods!"

* Its present title is simply "Siegfried."

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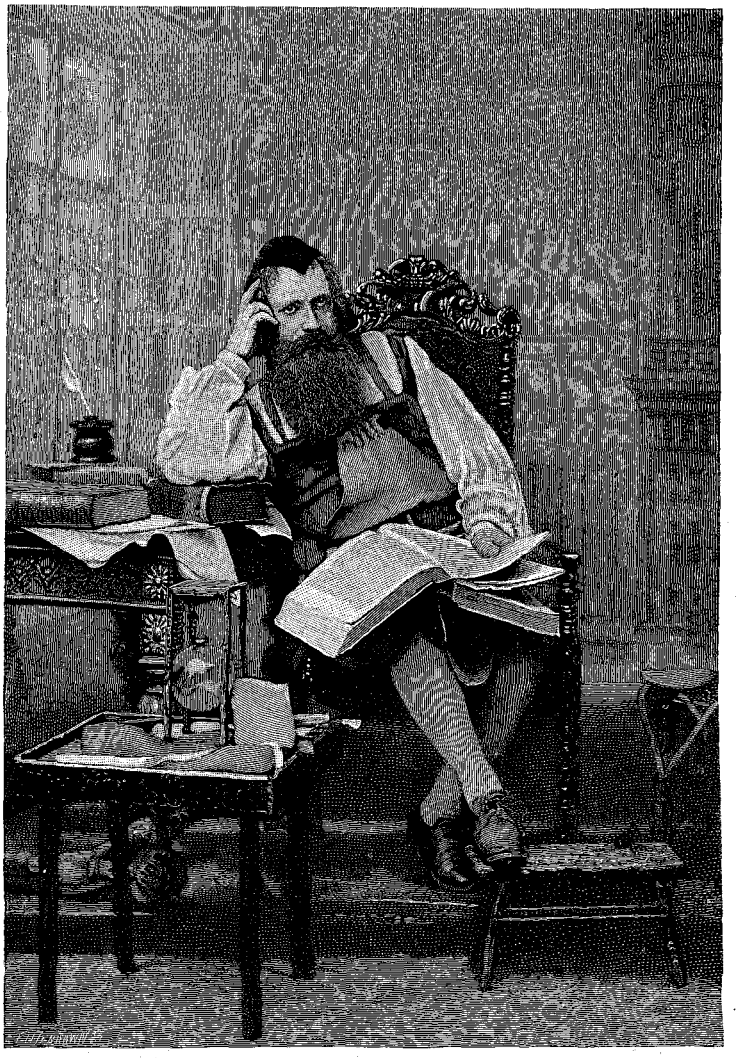

Hans Sachs in the "Meistersinger" (Eugen Gura).

a coherent metaphysical scheme, as they are of a connected dramatic whole.

This philosophic, metaphysical element in Wagner's later music-dramas does not, by any means, affect all the characters that take part in them. The metaphysical burden is, in every case, borne by only a few; the rest, even some of those of prime dramatic importance in the plot, have little directly to do with it. They are to be recognized simply as strongly individualized types of human character, quite in the same way as the various personages in the earlier operas. The, so to speak, *metaphysical* characters, those in whose being and actions a metaphysical truth is incarnated and illustrated, are *Wotan*, the *Volsungs*, *Brünnhilde*, *Tristan*, *Isolde*, *Parsifal*, *Amfortas*, and *Kundry*. Let us turn our attention to, at least, a few of these now.

"Tristan und Isolde" has generally, and with justice, been accounted Wagner's greatest metaphysical triumph. Here, if anywhere, Wagner has succeeded in thoroughly *incarnating* his conception, in clothing it in living flesh and blood. Here he has gained such absolute mastery over his metaphysical idea,

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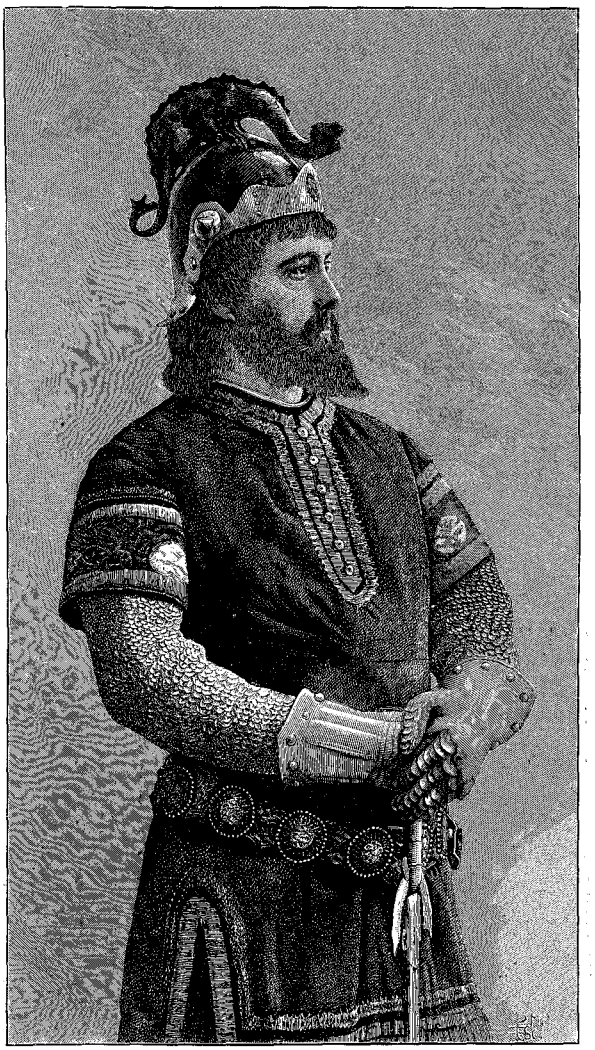
has so entirely assimilated it and made it his own, that this idea is to be recognized as an integral vivifying and invigorating factor of his poetic creative power.* As the drama progresses, as the two lovers live a larger and larger life, as their seemingly foolish lovers' babble acquires a profounder and ever wider significance and scope, as their joy and sorrow seem to break through the narrow confines of the gardens in Cornwall and Careol, and fill the eternal welkin with shouts or sobbing, as they become, at last, the crowning expression of all the passionate love and all the passionate despair of the whole human race, through all time, their figures just as constantly gain in sharpness of definition and convincingly intense reality. They are truly heroic and tragic; indeed, I know of few figures in all drama that are so largely and profoundly tragic as they. Shakespeare's *Lear* comes near it; but *Lear* is rather pathetic than tragic in his character and fate; it is Shakespeare's poetry, rather than *Lear's* own nature, or the circumstances in which he is placed, that raises him to the tragic level. Wagner once said that *Lohengrin* was "the type of the only really tragic material, the tragic element in modern life; of the same significance in the present as *Antigone* was—in a different relation, to be sure—in Greek civil life." The tragic element in *Lohengrin's* situation is that of spontaneous emotion brought face to face with and uncomprehended by the reflective intellect; where he asked for sympathy and love, he was met by critical investigation. But tragic as this situation is, in its essence, how much more profoundly tragic is that of *Tristan* and *Isolde!* They are, in a larger way, what Paracelsus was in a smaller way. He thought he had discovered the *elixir vitæ*, and it proved to be the virus of death. They blindly thought they had found the road to infinite happiness, and with every step they plunged deeper and deeper into infinite misery. They yearned for *Nirvana*, and tried to reach it by the path that led further and further into *Sansara*. Here is the greatest tragedy of all, the crowning tragedy of all existence: to think you have discovered a short cut to Heaven, and then



Telramund in "Lohengrin" (Otto Schelper).

* Both text and music of "Tristan und Isolde" were written in 1857–59, that is when Wagner was between the ages of forty-four and forty-six, at the very height of his powers.

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King Mark in "Tristan and Isolde" (Wiegand).

find that it leads straight to Hell and the Pit!

If *Tristan* and *Isolde* may be taken as the two characters in which Wagner has most completely incarnated a metaphysical truth, and are to be ranked with his most splendid poetic triumphs, there is one character in which we are forced to recognize the incarnation as so incomplete, the outlines of which are so blurred, and the substance so elusive, that it must rank as his most dismal failure. I mean *Wotan* in the "Nibelungen." This is the more distressing that one has a suspicion that Wagner meant *Wotan* to be one of his grandest creations; for the great Northern god is certainly his most ambitious one—the character in which he aimed at most. The fundamental idea in *Wotan* is the gradual transition from absolute Affirmation of the Will to Live to utter Negation and Renunciation — or, as it would be called in specifically Christian phraseology, the transition from the depths of Sin to Sanctity and Salvation. But this idea is only vaguely shadowed forth in *Wotan;* it is not distinctly and completely embodied; we are not immediately and irresistibly impressed with it, nor with him as its exponent. Hence it comes that his resounding expressions of mental anguish seem disproportionate, and their occasion too

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Tristan in "Tristan and Isolde" (Heinrich Vogl).

trivial; where he should be overwhelmingly tragic, he is often merely tedious. He stands forth as the concrete representation of a whole universe in the travail throes of its own redemption; but we somehow find it hard to recognize him as such. He utterly fails to enlist our sympathies, and we find him, for the most part, a good deal of a bore. Now, a bore is just the thing of all others that a dramatic hero should by no means be; if he is not interesting, he is worse than nothing. And I think *Wotan's* tediousness does not spring merely from the vast amount of already-known narrative that Wagner has put into his mouth; *Wotan* is tedious, not because he talks much, but because, as a dramatic character, he lacks definition of outline and real vitality. He does not appear like real flesh and blood, but like a mere shadow figure. Only once does he seem to spring into real being, to become thoroughly human, and this is in the third act of "Die Walküre," notably in the great parting scene with *Brünnhilde;* here he is at once interesting, pathetic, even profoundly tragic.

Another instance of an only partially incarnated metaphysical abstraction is

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Parsifal. The essence of this divine "pure fool" is Compassion. Originally the most heedless of creatures, his tender, compassionate nature is first aroused by *Gurnemanz's* reproaches for his wantonly killing the swan. Of all the mysterious rites of the Sangreal, he comprehends only one thing: that *Amfortas* suffers; and it is only through his own heroic endeavors to alleviate that torture that he becomes, at length, conscious of the sanctity of his mission. This boundless compassion is his one safeguard against the machinations of *Klingsor*. Just as he is about to succumb to *Kundry's* wiles, he remembers *Amfortas*, and feels the Sinner King's wound burning in his own breast; that is enough; he repulses the siren, his own purity is safe, and the miracle is accomplished. *Amfortas's* cure has been revealed to him; he has become, as the prophecy foretold, "*durch Mitleid* wissend"—filled with divine knowledge through compassion. Such a character is infinitely beautiful; but I think that the constant sympathy with which we follow *Parsifal* through the drama comes rather from our recognition of this divine quality in him, of his mission, and of the metaphysical idea he represents (which, in this case, Wagner has made perfectly clear) than from our recognizing him as a vitally and sharply drawn character, with whom we can enter into personal emotional relations. As a dramatic character, *Parsifal* is quite as vague in outline and elusive in substance as *Wotan;* but he is sympathetically presented to us, and is hence not tiresome. Then, too, another element comes into play: the familiar, specifically Christian form in which the mysticism in "Parsifal" is clothed. That this form was purely accidental with Wagner, and was taken straight from the old Grail legends, is to me, at least, indubitable; it implies no dogmatic *Tendenz* whatever. It is no more exclusively, nor necessarily, fitted to reveal the metaphysical gist of "Parsifal" than the specifically Buddhistic form of the metaphysical portions of the Tetralogy, or of "Tristan." But to most of us, whether we have the faith of the charcoal burner, the metaphysical belief of the Buddhist, or the scientific doubt of the sceptic—so long as we are not mere vulgar scoffers—this specifically Christian form is familiar and endeared by many an hallowing association. We have been brought up in an atmosphere of Christianity, and it suits our instinctive feeling of reverence for what we, or those around us, hold sacred that *Parsi-*

Parsifal in "Parsifal" (Winkelmann).

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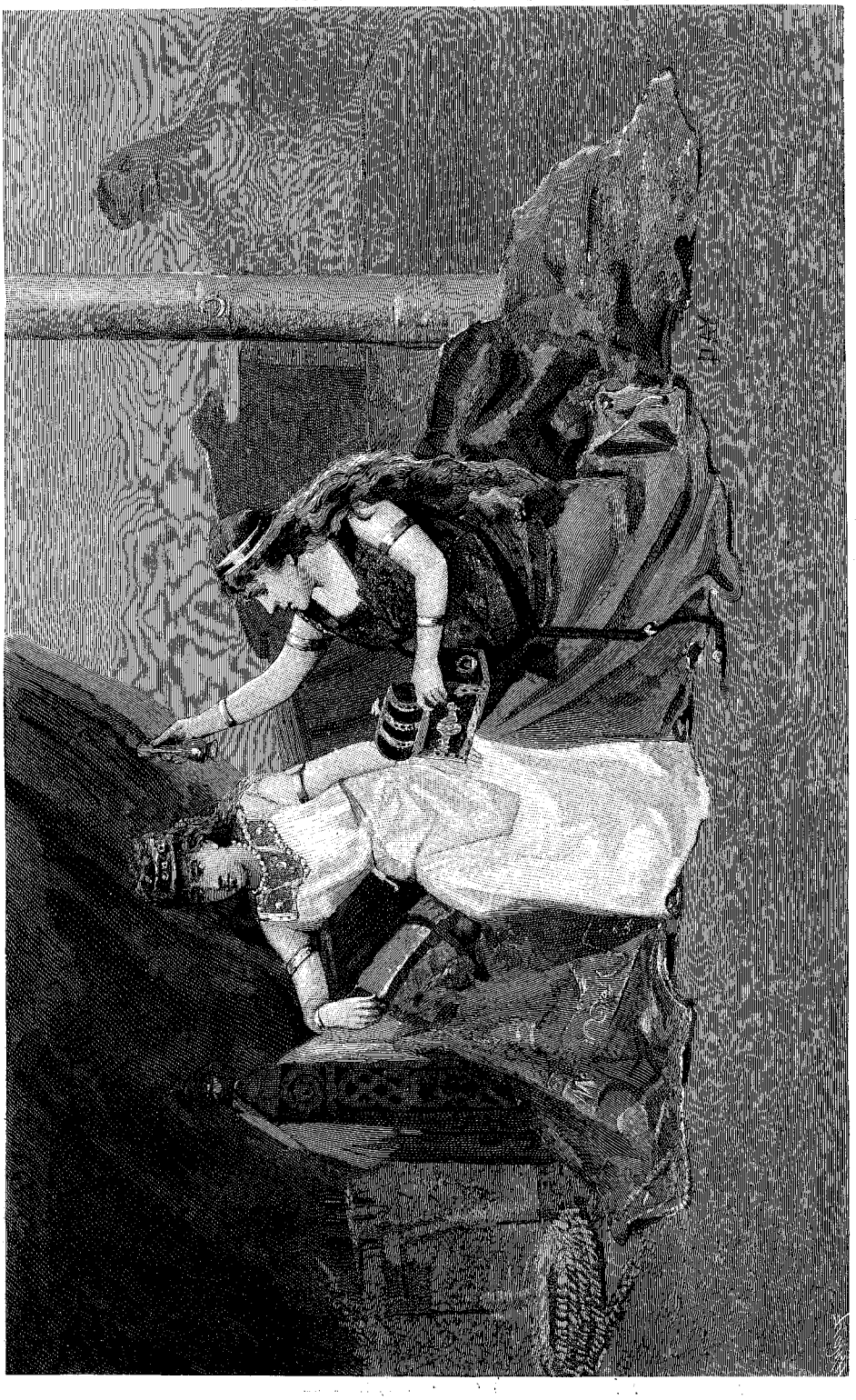

Isolde and Brangaena in "Tristan and Isolde" (Mme. Sucher as Isolde).

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fal—the incarnation of the mystery—should appear to us in something of a penumbra, as not entirely human and

Wotan in the "Walküre" (Franz Betz).

distinct, but as viewed through a certain quasi-religious haze. Thus we easily forgive in *Parsifal* what we cannot pardon in *Wotan:* a lack of distinct, vital, human personality.

Kundry is decidedly more clearly defined and life-like a figure than *Parsifal;* and this is the more remarkable, because the idea she embodies is a rather vague one. Her character is the most complex in all Wagner, as the legendary sources from which he drew it are the most varied. In a certain sense, *Kundry* may be called the opposite of Goethe's *Mephistopheles*, when he describes himself as "a part of that power which always aims at evil, and always accomplishes good." *Kundry* tries to do good, but her destiny is ever to work evil. She is the representative of two antagonistic principles in woman: of feminine love, ever devoted, self-sacrificing, and helpful, and of feminine fascination and se-

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duction, ever baneful, enervating, and fraught with ruin. Whomsoever she tries to help is damned by being drawn under the blighting influence of her charms. This twofold nature of *Kundry's*, this blending of the Helper and the Destroyer in one person, is indicated allegorically by Wagner, and, it must be admitted, often in a rather vague and shadowy way. But with and in spite of all this, he has made her a real, living, human presence. However perplexing *Kundry* the allegory may be, *Kundry* the woman stands bodily before us; and although we may possibly be blind to the double principle she embodies, she is so instinct with real life, emotion, and individuality, she has such quantity of being, that we accept her, at once, unquestioning, and our sympathies fly out to her, unbidden, as to a living and breathing fellow mortal. Here is a contrast: *Parsifal's* metaphysical significance lies on the very surface, and is perfectly clear; *Kundry's*, albeit not really problematical in the last analysis, is by no means so immediately evident. *Parsifal's* personality, on the other hand, is rather vague and elusive, while *Kundry's* is sharply drawn and tangible. *Parsifal* holds our sympathy fast through the idea he personifies; *Kundry*, through what she herself is. As a piece of dramatic and poetic workmanship, so to speak, she is the finer triumph of the two.

Siegfried in "Siegfried" (Georg Unger).

It remains for me to speak of one more character to which Wagner has attributed a profound and far-reaching metaphysical significance, and which stands at the very summit of the ideal poetic world he has created. Sharper in definition, more thoroughly human, alive, and individual even than *Tristan* or *Isolde*, full of eternal, universal significance as *Parsifal*, she is the culminating example of Wagner's poetic, creative power: *Brünnhilde*, in the Tetralogy. Metaphysically, *Brünnhilde* may be called a combination of *Parsifal* and the presumable hero of the unwritten "Die Büsser"—she is, at once, Compassion and Renunciation, the final expiation of *Wotan's* guilt.*

As a concrete character, *Brünnhilde* is Woman, *the* Woman, *das Ewigweibliche*, in the fullest sense. At the time

* In a certain high, ideal sense, *Wotan*, the *Volsungs* (*Siegmund*, *Sieglinde*, *Siegfried*) and *Brünnhilde* are really one and the same person; or, perhaps, it were more exact to say that the *Volsungs* and *Brünnhilde* represent different successive phases of *Wotan's* volition. It is only by appreciating the very intimate bond that unites these several characters that the metaphysical scheme of the Tetralogy can, as it seems to me, be fully apprehended.

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Sieglinde in the "Walküre." (Josephine Schefzki).

when Wagner was at work on the text of the "Nibelungen," he wrote to Liszt: "Never has such a tribute been paid to Woman as in this last work of mine!" Indeed, the picture of womanhood Wagner has painted in *Brünnhilde* is at once as exalted, poetic, and complete as any that I know of. Of course, it is a picture of woman *as man sees her*—that absolute completeness which would have come from a double and converging point of view was out of the question; but there is nothing mean nor puny in the likeness, every stroke is large, noble, and heroic. *Brünnhilde* first appears as the virgin-goddess, the Valkyr, in all the joyous pride of her own power, and conscious—or half-conscious—that her power lies in her maidenhood. She is the true ruler over the destinies of men; it is at her nod that heroes are borne aloft to the halls of Valhalla, or are left to lead a less noble life on earth. Then comes the moment when her heart is touched with compassion; *Siegmund* is to be chosen for Valhalla, but *Siegmund* loves *Sieglinde;* and *Brünnhilde*, for the first time, feels that this *love* may have more sacred claims upon her than any command of *Wotan's*. *Wotan*, too, loves *Siegmund*, although he has, against his will, decreed his death; shall *Brünnhilde* obey her father's *order*, or shall she secretly work his *will?* Filial love, fraternal love, and a new-born intuition of still another love, different from these, stand marshalled on one side; on the other stands a categorical imperative. In a moment, the girl becomes a woman, and, womanlike, must do as her heart bids her. She is cast out from Valhalla, her virgin-goddesshood is forfeit; henceforth she has but her womanhood left. In the great scene in "Die Walküre," where *Wotan* takes leave of *Brünnhilde*, one beautifully true and delicate touch of Wagner's is especially to be noted: *Brünnhilde* acquiesces in the punish-

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Siegmund in the "Walküre" (Albert Niemann).

ment of her disobedience, in her exile from the company of the gods, but her whole nature revolts at the thought of being left defenceless to the approach of man. She still clings, as for dear life, to her maidenhood, that last precious remnant of her divinity. The gods may subdue her, but man shall not; this pride burns unquenched in her bosom. Next comes her meeting with *Siegfried*, who is to be to her what *Siegmund* was to *Sieglinde;* the crisis is at hand—the woman of women and the man of men stand face to face, and are to try conclusions with each other. That love which, in another, first moved her heart to sympathy and compassion, is now kindled in her own breast. But the old, virgin-goddess pride still survives, and will not submit without a struggle. Yet the flame of love burns brighter and warmer; little by little, her eyes are opened; not virginity, but wedlock and maternity are the true crown of womanhood, and the old pride of impregnability gives way to the new glory of self-bestowal. What are Valhalla and her Valkyrship to her now? Would, rather, that she had been heiress to a thousand Valhallas, that she might forego them all for *Siegfried!*

Nowhere, in all dramatic poetry, have

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I seen this gradual transition in woman from virginity to muliebrity, from the maiden to the wife, and the acute moral wrench it involves, so vigorously, largely, ardor of her love. At last the catastrophe is reached: she has compassed *Siegfried's* death, she has probed the mystery of existence to its profoundest

Brünnhilde in the "Walküre" (Mme. Materna).

poetically, and truthfully portrayed as in this *Brünnhilde* of Wagner's. She has now reached her highest point as woman; the heights of the *Brünnhildenstein* have witnessed, not her degradation, but her elevation from Valkyrdom to complete womanhood. Then come *Siegfried's* unwitting treachery and her revenge—and she is to the full as much a woman in her rage and thirst for vengeance, as she was in her maidenly pride and the depths; the tragic import of life has been revealed to her. Not fruition, but renunciation brings with it blessedness. Once she had renounced her divinity, and won thereby the raptures of *Siegfried's* love; now, in the name of gods and men, she solemnly renounces all. The gates of Nirvana fly open to welcome her; she is the accepted expiation. The old order can pass away, and the new order begin.

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MEXICAN SUPERSTITIONS AND FOLK-LORE.

By Thomas A. Janvier.

IT is below the low-water mark of education that superstitions linger, and folk-lore treasures are best stored in simple minds. Yet in searching for such matter in Mexico the foreigner finds those who most can assist him the most difficult to approach. Mexicans of the lower classes know that their superiors among their own people laugh at their superstitious beliefs; and they cannot understand why anyone not of their class—even though a foreigner, and therefore a person whose habits are expected to be at once extraordinary and irrational—can regard such things seriously. That the superstitions may be interesting, not in themselves, but because of the light that faith in them throws upon certain peculiarities of the national character—as, for instance, the powerful influence exercised upon the common people by the clergy—of course is far too abstract a conception to be grasped by an uneducated mind. What is told, therefore, is told unwillingly, and with an underlying doubt either that the questioner will turn the matter to ridicule, or else is moved by some sinister purpose that cannot be fathomed, but of which it is prudent to beware.

Already the field in which material of this sort may be found is narrowed. The rise of intelligence that has been so strikingly marked by the recent tenor of political events in Mexico, and that has been still further made manifest by the rapid development of great systems of railway and telegraph lines, is precisely the force that most quickly will obliterate the quaint stories and curious customs of the country side. From the generation now growing up, save in the remote parts of the Republic, comparatively little will be learned of the faiths and fancies, mingled Spanish and Indian, which have rooted themselves during the past three centuries and a half in the Mexican heart. The sure sources of information still remaining are the old men and old women who belong to a time in the world's history that is much further removed from the present than by the term of their own years: for the Mexico of six decades ago, in truth, still was the Mexico of the seventeenth century. In the nature of things, these ancient authorities will not be available much longer: and as they pass away—to a region where, I hope, their simple minds will not be shocked rudely by the abrupt discovery that much of their faith on earth has been foolishness—I am persuaded that a great deal of what is necessary to a clear understanding of Mexican social and national life will be lost.

THE UNLUCKY DAY.

Tuesday is the unlucky day in Mexico. The popular sentiment concerning it is embodied, as is the case with Mexican proverbs and terse sayings generally, in a jingle:

> En Martes ni te cases, ni te embarques,
> Ni de tu casa te apartes.

Which, rendered literally, means: On Tuesday neither be thou married, nor go forth (begin, start, enter upon), nor separate thyself from thy house. Belief in the ill-luck of Tuesday is a Spanish superstition, reference to which is found in a letter written by Fray Juan de Zumárraga some years before he left Spain for Mexico. Possibly it is a native Mexican superstition also—though a sufficient reason for its prompt acceptance by the Mexicans, perhaps, is to be found in the fact that on a Tuesday (August 13, 1521) was completed the conquest of the capital city of Tenochtitlan, or Mexico.

OMENS.

Being occasional in their nature, omens are not easy to discover. They

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come to the surface only, as a rule, when the particular combination of circumstances to which they relate happens to arise. When a general question is asked concerning them they are very hard to remember. Hence I have been able to come upon but a few.

Naturally, their strongest hold is among the common people; but among educated people it is by no means unusual to find selected superstitions preserved with a certain feeling of respect, while the mass of superstitions is scouted. It is the same among ourselves; we all know people who decline, for instance, to cross the line of a funeral, or to walk under a ladder leaning against a wall. Some of these Mexican omens, it will be observed, are current among ourselves:

If a bride, while dressing for her wedding, is pricked by a pin so that blood flows, great misfortune impends.

If two people think of the same thing at the same time, a soul is loosed from Purgatory.

The cry of an owl near a house is a very bad omen in Mexico—as it is also in various other parts of the world.

> Cuando el tecolote canta, el indio muere.
> Este no es cierto, pero succede,

runs the proverb: "When the screech-owl cries the Indian dies. This is not certain, but it usually happens." An especially choice flavor is given to this proverb, I think, by the candid admission in the second line that while sometimes the owl may be wrong, he generally is right in his dismal prophecy.

The howling of a dog near a house also is in Mexico, as elsewhere, a death-warning. But in Mexico the belief obtains that the dog howls because he sees the devil warring for the departing soul with its guardian angel; or, sometimes, that the dog howls because the devil has triumphed and the soul is lost.

Two death-signs common among ourselves are current also in Mexico: the fall of a mirror, and the presence of thirteen at table.

When there is a death in the house, if the body does not stiffen quickly another death impends. On the other hand, should the body stiffen quickly no other death will follow soon.

It is believed that the murderer who has slain his victim with sword or dagger will escape if the body falls upon its side or back; but if the body falls face downward, then the murderer surely soon will be captured and put to death. This belief is said to be so firmly rooted among the people of northeastern Mexico, that when a murdered man falls upon his face his slayer makes no effort to escape, and even sometimes voluntarily surrenders himself to justice.

HOUSE CHARMS.

Among what may be termed domestic incantations common in Mexico, akin to certain superstitions which survive among ourselves, are the following:

That a person may not wake up: Put the scissors, opened crosswise, behind the sleeper's head; and on his head a few drops of oil from the lamp.

That a guest soon may depart: Put three grains of salt under the chair of the unwelcome one; and behind the door put the broom.

To get rid of cockroaches: Catch three and put them in a bottle, and so carry them to where two roads cross. Here hold the bottle upside down, and as they fall out repeat aloud three *credos*. Then all the cockroaches in the house whence these three came will go away.

THE EVIL EYE.

Faith in the evil eye is very general in Mexico. I came upon this instance in Monterey: The Señora —— told me that being at a bull-fight with her baby, an old woman, after making the sign of the cross with a finger moistened in her mouth on the baby's shoulder, asked permission to kiss the baby's forehead. This request was refused. But the old woman pressed hard for the permission, and finally explained that she had the power of the evil eye and wished thus to void its effect. Then she was permitted, of course, to kiss the child; and so went contented away.

GHOST STORIES.

Ghost stories are found all over Mexico, and little trouble is encountered in

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collecting them—for telling a ghost story does not necessarily imply belief in it: a point that the narrator frequently makes at the outset. In Monterey there was a nice old grandmotherly body whom we knew, a sort of adopted grandmother in the family with whom we lodged: in Mexico these ancient personages are found in almost every household—house-friends who may or may not have claims of blood-relationship and who come and go uncertainly and, as it strikes a foreigner, mysteriously. This Doña Miguelita believed in ghosts heartily; but while admitting her personal acquaintance with such supernatural visitors she exhibited a most attractive inconsistency by formally disclaiming having faith in them. She was a round old lady, of sixty or thereabouts, whose good, old-fashioned ways led her to resent the innovations of fashion and to retain the provincial dress that she had worn all her life long: a cotton petticoat and chemise, supplemented by the shawl-like *rebozo* wrapped about her ample shoulders in graceful folds.

I never could induce this old lady to tell me a ghost story on any terms whatever. Fortunately she was very communicative to my wife; but she always began her narrative by saying: "Of course, my dear, *I* don't believe this story at all." One of her personal narratives was the following:

One night she was in her house with no other companion than a boy; for it was a night of festival and all others of the household were away. Suddenly there shone through the open door of the room in which she sat a brilliant light, coming from the kitchen—a room on the other side of the open court around which the house was built. Thinking that the cook had returned drunk and had set the kitchen on fire, she sent the boy in a hurry to see what had gone wrong. But as the boy neared the door of the kitchen the blaze of light grew greater, and she heard him give a cry of terror. Then she banged to the door of the room and barred it; and for a while all was still, and she perceived, for no light came in through the cracks in the door, that the light had vanished. And after a time she heard the boy outside, speaking faintly, begging to be let in. And when, after some parley, she admitted him, he was very weak and white, for he had been all this time lying in a swoon. He said that as he came near the kitchen a great hairy beast, breathing flame and scattering sparks, had rushed out from it; and that, knowing that this surely could be nothing but the devil, he had fallen in a faint upon the ground. But no harm followed this diabolical visit.

The story of The Weeper—*La Llorona*—is known all over Mexico. It varies in its details, but its general theme always is the same: a sinful woman crying for the children whom she has abandoned or put to death, and possessing the power of transporting herself in some supernatural manner from place to place.

The story unquestionably is a survival from primitive times, but warped and changed, as traditions ever must be among an unlettered race. Its origin is pointed out clearly by the late Señor Orozco y Berra in his sketch of the Aztec mythology—but the thought does not seem to have occurred to him that in the popular legend the ancient goddess still lives. He writes: "The Tloque Nahuaque (Universal Creator) created in a garden a man and a woman who were the progenitors of the human race. . . . The woman was called Cihuacohuatl, 'the woman snake,' 'the female snake;' Tititl, 'our mother,' or, 'the womb whence we were born;' Teoyaominqui, 'the goddess who gathers the souls of the dead,' and Quilaztli, implying that she bears twins. *She appears sometimes dressed in white, carrying on her shoulders a little cradle, as though she were carrying a child; and she can be heard weeping and shrieking. This apparition was considered a bad omen.*"

Father Sahagun, in the exceedingly interesting fragment (of about the year 1585) that the eminent historian Don Joaquin García Icazbalceta recently has published, thus reproved the Indians for their superstitious practices: "Your ancestors also erred in the adoration of a demon whom they represented as a woman, and to whom they gave the name of Cioacoatl. She appeared clad as a lady of the palace. She terrified, she frightened (*espantada, asombraba*), *and cried out aloud at night.*" I think that in these

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quotations the genesis of "The Weeper" clearly is shown. The version of the story that I give here, as it was told to me by Gilberto Cano, is the one now current among the middle and lower classes of the City of Mexico:

She was a bad woman. As soon as ever a child was born to her she wickedly abandoned it—throwing it to drown into one of the canals which surround the city. No one knows how many children she had; but it is certain that all thus were cast from her to their death. At last her conscience began to prick her; but whether it was that the priest spoke to her, or that it was the punishment direct from heaven, no one knows. But it is certain that for her sins she began to go through the streets weeping and wailing, and became as though she were mad. And it began to be said that from night till morning there was a weeping woman in Mexico. A great many people went out at midnight to see this weeping woman, for then was it that she was said to be visible. But none saw her: because she appeared only when no one was there (!).

And sometimes she would come to a sleeping watchman, and would waken him by asking: "What time is it?" And he would see a woman standing beside him with her shawl (*rebozo*) pulled over her face. And he would answer: "It is twelve of the night." And she would say: "At twelve this day I must be in Guadalajara," or San Luis Potosí, or some other far-distant city. And so speaking she would utter in a shriek: "Where shall I find my children?"—and would vanish instantly and utterly away. And the watchman would feel as though all his senses had gone from him, and would become as a dead man. This happened many times to many watchmen, who made report of it to their officers; but their officers would not believe what was told. But it happened at one time that an officer of the watch was passing at night by the lonely street beside the church of Santa Anita. And there he met a woman wearing a white petticoat and a white *rebozo;* and to her he began to make love. He urged her, saying: "Throw off your *rebozo* that I may see your pretty face." And suddenly she uncovered her face and he beheld a horrible grinning skull! He fell in a swoon, and for some hours so remained. And when his senses came to him he was greatly troubled in his mind. Coming back to the Diputacion he told what had befallen him. And in a little while his life forsook him and he died.

Almost always The Weeper was found in the outskirts and lonely places of the city; but her cry "Where shall I find my children?" was so keen and piercing that it would be heard a long way. In one single night she would go to Guadalajara and San Luis and Monterey; being seen or heard in all of these cities in one night. And in these cities, as in Mexico, many died of fright of her.

Once some travellers, coming along a lonely road, saw her. And coming to her they asked: "Where go you on this lonely road?" And for answer she cried: "Where shall I find my children?" and, shrieking, disappeared. And one of the travellers went mad. They came on to Mexico and told what they had seen. And it was told to them that this woman likewise had terrified many people in Mexico.

And so great was the terror of her that at last the Fathers took up the matter and exorcised her. And then her troubled spirit was laid and she was heard of nevermore.

LEGENDS OF THE CITY OF MEXICO.

Many curious local stories of the supernatural are current in the City of Mexico. Those which follow I give as I heard them from my friend and fellow-lover of things ancient and marvellous, Gilberto Cano. In addition to his nice appreciation and extended knowledge of matters of this sort, and of his trained antiquarian tastes, this excellent man was the best waiter at the Café Anglais. My acquaintance with him began in his professional capacity. His intelligent answers to my questions concerning some of the old buildings of the City of Mexico—of which at that time I knew nothing—impressed me not a little; and I was still more impressed by his offer, that I accepted gladly, to lend me some books which he had purchased, he said

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modestly, in order that he might obtain an accurate knowledge of the city in which he had been born and in which his whole life had been passed. Later, as my own knowledge grew, I found that in every instance his answers to my questions had been correct; and the books which he had lent me proved to be standard authorities.

When I tried Gilberto on local traditions he did not fail me. He expressed sorrow, however, that I had not spoken sooner—it was in the third year of our friendship that my questions took this turn—as his great-aunt, dead two years before, had been a treasury of such old-time lore. And I too grieved, and shall grieve always, that this ancient personage was cut off from earth before it was my happiness to meet her. Fortunately, her grand-nephew was cast somewhat in her mould, and having listened attentively to her telling of them remembered at least a few of the legends with which her mind was stored.

Gilberto was a small man, with a low, gentle voice, and a manner that was gentle also—both in the modern and in the older and finer sense of the word. In the thrilling portions of his stories he would lean forward, his voice would deepen and gather earnestness, his bright brown eyes would grow brighter, and his gestures, never violent and always appropriate, would enlarge the meaning of his words. With the instinct of a well-bred man he invariably addressed himself to my wife; and through his discourse ran a sort of refrain of "and so it was, Señorita"—*pues si, Señorita*—that gave a good point of departure to the several turns in his stories; and that at the same time, the phrase having about it an air of affirmative finality, added to them a realistic emphasis.

Occasionally Gilberto's stories, while unquestionably complete and logical, were of an almost startling brevity—as the following: Once some masons were pulling down a very old house, and in the wall they found many boxes of money. After that those masons were rich.

Stories of hidden treasure very naturally are current throughout Mexico, for they rest upon a substantial foundation. In this land, where banks or other places of safe-deposit are unknown outside of a few of the larger cities, treasure-hiding always has been the rule. In Monterey I was shown an iron door, flush with the floor, and so placed as to be covered with a heavy piece of furniture, that opened into a little strong-room. But the hiding place commonly adopted was a little chamber in the thickness of the wall, the entrance to which was bricked up and plastered over. In the nature of things, the secret of many such hiding places must have been lost with the death of those who contrived them. One of Gilberto's stories was of a case of this sort:

There were some poor people taking care of a house with a garden near San Cosme; a man and his wife, very poor. One night a young lady appeared to them. And she said to them:

"How are you, little son? How are you, little daughter?"

And they were not alarmed, for they thought that she was a living lady from a house that was within that in which they dwelt.

And the lady said: "Light a candle and come with me."

And they did so, and followed her into an empty room. And she said: "In the morning pull down that wall; and all that you find shall be yours. There will be gold and jewels and silver, and also a bundle of papers. Keep for yourselves the treasure, but take the papers to the owner of the little shop (*cajoncito*) near here, for he has charge of this estate. I am the mistress of this house, and you are to do what I order because this is mine."

Then she shook hands with them and went away. And they were surprised, but not at all frightened; for they believed her to be a living lady. Then they went to bed, because it was night. But the man could not sleep for wondering who this strange lady was who had said: "I am the mistress of this house, and you are to do what I order because this is mine."

Early in the morning, taking a heavy bar of iron, the man began to make a hole in the wall at the spot where the lady had laid her hand. But at that spot in the wall was a great stone. And

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all day long he labored to remove it, and not until near night did it give way. And in an open space behind where the stone had been were boxes wrought curiously; and so old that the wood was crumbling away into dust. And in the boxes was the treasure of which the lady had told; and in a smaller box was the bundle of papers—and these were the title deeds for that house and for other houses: a great estate. Then, seeing how old all was, they began to be frightened; because they began to know that the lady who had set them upon this quest must have been not a living lady, but a lady a very long time dead. However, the sight of so much money and treasure did much to lessen their fears.

And on the morning following the poor man took the papers which he had found to the shop, as he had been ordered by that lady; and he told that to him was to belong the treasure, but that the man in the shop—who for all these years had passed for the master of the house, and who had put those poor people in the house to take care of it—was to look at the papers well.

And the papers proved that the poor people themselves were the rightful owners of the house, and of the other houses, and of all that great estate in houses and lands and money and jewels. For the dead lady had died without making known that to the grandfather of the poor man rightly should come this heritage; and so it was that she could not find rest in her grave. And the poor man, now grown rich, paid that masses should be said for the repose of her soul; and so it was that she never was seen again.

The Fiery Cow, *La vaca de lumbre:* This was the spectre of a fire-breathing cow that was seen in this city in ancient times. She came out always from the pasture-ground (*potrero*) of San Pablo, and thence coursed through the streets, red-eyed and breathing out flame and sparks. People waited for her in the streets, being much afraid of her.

Some said: "Perhaps it is the devil." And others said: "Perhaps it is some poor sinner upon whom God has placed this penance."

And they tried to throw a *lazo* upon her. But when they would cast the *lazo,* although at the moment she would appear near by, even as the *lazo* went whizzing through the air she would be seen far down the street, breathing out flame. And the *lazo* would catch upon the stone posts at the street corners; but never did it catch that fiery cow. Sometimes daring ones would go to San Pablo to see her come forth from the pasture-ground. But when they thus waited she always came out by San Sebastian; and then, lowing and flaming, she would go round and round the fountain. Then the Fathers exorcised her, and she never came forth from the pasture-ground again. (The fact is to be noted that this Mexican story of the *vaca de lumbre* bears a curiously suggestive resemblance to the Spanish story of the Belludo, the goblin horse that came forth at midnight from the tower of the Siete Suelos in the Alhambra and scoured the streets of Granada pursued by a pack of hell-hounds.)

The Fiery Coach, *El coche de lumbre:* This also was one of the wonders of the city in ancient times. It came forth, as did the Fiery Cow, from the pasture-ground of San Pablo, by the Calle de Cacahuatl, passing near the house where dwelt Don Tomas Tremiño—he who was burned alive in the great *auto-de-fé* of 1649. And through the streets the coach would thunder, a great mass of flame. And the watch, dreading it, did not try to stop its course. But some shrewd ones said that this was a device of robbers, who thus made use, to their own profit, of people's fears; filling the Fiery Coach with booty and then galloping away. And so it was that so much horror was caused by this coach that effort was made to bring its wanderings to an end. Then the watch were emboldened to catch it, and in it were six robbers with their plunder; and going back with these to the pasture-ground of San Pablo much stolen wealth was found. So it was proved that they were robbers. And the Viceroy ordered that those six robbers should be hung in the Plaza de Armas, where the gallows then was. And so it was that of the Fiery Coach no more was seen.

"At that early time," added Gilberto, "few people were abroad upon the

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streets at night. By the hour of prayer all were within doors. Therefore in the deserted streets happened many wonderful things."

The most famous of all the legends of the City of Mexico is that of Don Juan Manuel. This has been told elaborately by a score of authors, has served as the basis of novels, has been told in verse, and even has been made into a play. The historic facts upon which the legend rests, while few and obscure, are sufficient at least to show that it is not a pure invention. Don Manuel Rivera Cambas, in his scholarly "Mexico Pintoresco, Artistico y Monumental," briefly tells all that certainly is known.

Because of the terrors which were associated with its name, the Calle de Don Juan Manuel, in the seventeenth century, was one of the most widely-known streets in the City of Mexico. It was said that in this street every morning were found one or more dead men, who had been slain in the night by the Don Juan Manuel who dwelt here and gave the street its name. The street, which now is one of the handsomest in the city, was then—about 1636—but partly built up; a few large houses stood amidst little houses of a single storey, roughly built. In one of the larger dwellings Don Juan Manuel lived a retired and mysterious life. It was known that he frequently went at night, amidst the shadows, and himself as a shadow, to the Palace of the Viceroy; but though he many times was seen to enter here he never was seen coming forth again. Virtues and defects were attributed to him. He was known to be a charitable man; he was said to be a very jealous one. It was to his jealousy that the many assassinations of which he was believed to be guilty were attributed. His crimes were expiated upon the gallows. But even in his death mystery attended him. He was executed in the night; being found in the morning hanging from the gallows, dead. The peculiar manner of his death was attributed to the fact that the Viceroy wished to avoid the scandal of prosecuting publicly a nobleman who had been known to be his personal friend. Señor Rivera Cambas makes no mention of an acute surmise that I have seen presented elsewhere: That the Viceroy (1635–40), Don Lope Diaz de Armendariz, Marqués de Cadereita, employed this man to put obnoxious persons out of the way; and caused him to be executed in this singular manner when his work was accomplished, or when he found that his tool was presuming dangerously upon the knowledge that in the line of his professional employment he had acquired.

Gilberto's version of the story is one of the many that live in oral tradition. It has a simplicity, a directness, and a fine smack of the marvellous about it that make it far more delightful than the elaborate rendering by Señor Payno in his "Libro Rojo;" or, indeed, than any of the versions which I have found in print:

In the street now known by his name, where great merchants now are, Don Juan Manuel lived a long while ago. His house was the one that has upon it a little square tower covered with blue tiles; for Don Juan Manuel was a nobleman, and so of right had upon his house a tower. In this house now are only merchants who occupy it by day, turning into store-places for their wares the fine old rooms; for at night are heard such dreadful noises, and are seen such frightful visions, that the boldest man is not brave enough to remain within it when darkness falls.

Don Juan Manuel, while in all other ways a good man, had the bad vice of killing people. Each night, about eight o'clock—when in the streets, from lamps far apart, there was but little light; when the passers-by were few—he would sally out. And of each person whom he met, of whatever station, high or low, he would ask: "What time is it?"

And they would reply: "About eight o'clock."

Then would he say: "You are fortunate above other men, for you know the hour of your death!"—and then with a keen dagger he would kill.

And often, when his work was done, he would seek out a watchman—for in that time the watchmen of the city were few—and when he found one he would say: "There is a dead man here"—so brazen was he in his wicked ways!

One night he supped with his nephew, whom he loved. After supper his

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nephew went out; and presently he also went out, carrying his dagger in the hand that he held hidden in the mufflings of his cloak. In a street where he did not think to find him, he met his nephew. But he knew him not; and when, as was his custom, he had asked him what time it was, he killed him. Then went he home, and waited long that night for his nephew to come. But his nephew, being dead, did not come. And when he came not the next day, Don Juan Manuel ordered search to be made for him. And presently word was brought to him that in a certain street his nephew had been found lying dead with the wound of a sharp dagger in his heart. And so it was that he knew that he had slain his own flesh and blood.

Then did his conscience tear his heart, and he went to the priest. And to the priest he confessed the whole of his wicked life; yet he put it that he had but a single sin—which was true, for Don Juan Manuel was a kind and charitable man—which was to go out from his house every night and kill all whom he met.

Then said the priest to him: "My son, the only way to save thyself is that at night thou shalt go to the chapel of the Espiracion, that is in the plazuela of Santo Domingo, and that kneeling beneath the gallows that is before the chapel thou shalt pray for thy sinful soul."

And with this easy penance Don Juan Manuel was well content. And when night came he set forth from his house to go to the chapel. But as he went upon his way there sounded in his ears a voice crying: "May Jesus help you!" —and with the voice sounded the shrill ringing of a little bell. Yet no person was near him, and nothing could be seen. And so it was that in mortal terror he turned him about and came again to his house.

Then came the Father to ask if his penance had been done. And he told him, no. And he begged that another penance might be put upon him; for this he could not do, because of the haunting voice and the ringing bell.

But the Father refused him, telling him that only with this penance might he save his soul.

So when the night came Don Juan Manuel tried again to go to the chapel. And this night, although the voice and the bell assailed him, he went farther upon his way. But then his fears overcame him and he returned.

Then a third time the Father came to him, and in spite of his prayers and entreaties for another penance the Father said: "If thou wishest to save thyself, thou must go to the chapel; and there, beneath the gallows, pray to God and the Blessed Virgin for pardon for thy sinful soul."

Therefore on that third night Don Juan Manuel went forth again. And this time—braving the voice and the bell—he went onward through the streets of the city until he came to the chapel; and there, beneath the gallows, he knelt down and prayed for pardon for his sins.

And when the morning came, there, upon the gallows, hung the dead body of Don Juan Manuel!

And it was known that the angels had hung him, and thus had rid the world of this dreadful sinner! And the Viceroy, and all the nobles of the city, and all its people, came and saw him hanging there. And all knew that thus was he punished for his bad habit of killing people. His great estate was taken by the Viceroy, and his house was sold. And since that day no one has dared to live in the house in which that wicked man abode.

Another story, almost as famous as this of Don Juan Manuel, is that of the Mulata of Córdoba. Unfortunately, it did not occur to me to ask Gilberto for a version of it—which, doubtless, would have been racier and more entertaining than the version that I give.

Tradition, which receives its life from the fancies of the common people, tells that in the time when the Inquisition was at the height of its power in Mexico, lived the famous enchantress known as the Mulata of Córdoba. The story of her wonderful life, and of her still more wonderful end—death it was not—is an intimate part of the faith of the vulgar to this day; a story that is told at night, by the flickering light of pine torches, around the little stew-pans in the streets, and that is used to frighten

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bad children into being good. That the Mulata really existed seems probable; but in the faint, uncertain light of tradition she looms to prodigious proportions.

She is represented always as having been a woman in the fulness of her life and strength, who had known no youth, and over whom age had no power. She was believed to be in contact with the mysterious beings of the supernatural world—with whom she communicated at will, and by whose aid she knew the secrets of the past, the present, and the future, and held command over the forces of life and of death. Ubiquity was conceded to her; for it was known beyond a doubt or a peradventure that she had been seen in places so far apart as Córdoba and the City of Mexico at one and the same time. Sometimes she would appear suddenly, coming from no one knew where. Sometimes she was seen, in gusty weather, as night drew on, riding through the air on a cloud to keep some far-off tryst. Her name was hidden, and settled home she had none: therefore was she called the Mulata of Córdoba, because of her brown skin, and because in the town of Córdoba the wonder of her first was known. All who were in trouble sought her aid; and because there was no one place in which she certainly would be found, it was the custom with those who needed her simply to call her name—and wherever she thus was called, there instantly did she appear. Charms did she give which soothed the pains of the body; philters did she give which cured the sorrows of the heart; she could command good or ill fortune; she could discover all that was concealed. In a word, nothing was hid from her; over all things she had power.

In the presence of such unholy marvels the Inquisition could not remain unmoved. Into the net that was spread for her the Mulata fell—allowing herself thus to be taken, as it is believed, only that she might show to the world more clearly the greatness of her diabolical power. Yet some believed that she would be taken to the *quemadero* and burned alive.

Now, coming one day, her jailer found that upon the wall of the chamber wherein she was confined she had drawn with a piece of charcoal a ship. And this ship was drawn so marvellously well and so exactly that, as he looked upon it, he fancied that he could see the ropes and the sails quivering, and the ship heaving gently, and that he could hear the faint swashing of the waves against it and the low moaning of a gentle wind. And he was amazed and awed.

And the Mulata asked of him: "Needs this ship anything that it be more perfect?"

And the jailer answered: "Of a truth it needs nothing to make it more perfect save that the wind that I hear should move it and that it should sail away."

"If only that small thing be needed," said to him the Mulata, "it shall be done; nor shall the ship depart alone!"

And, so speaking, by her magical arts she caused herself to float upward from the ground and so into the pictured ship upon the wall. Then sounded in his ears more clearly the moaning wind and the ripple of the water; and the waves about the ship rose and fell with a rhythmic cadence; and the ship swayed upon the billows, and bowed herself before the wind that bellied out her sails. And as the jailer gazed in awe and wonder, the ship, little by little, sailed away along the wall; and when it had come to the corner of the cell it still sailed on and on, and so at last disappeared; and all that was left to him was the memory of the great wonder that he had seen, and of the mocking smile of the Mulata as she bade him farewell while the ship sailed away.

And after that, of the Mulata of Córdoba nothing evermore was known or seen.

STORIES OF LAGOS.

Why Lagos should be selected as the scene of these stories—which, with others of the same sort concerning it, are current throughout Mexico—I never have been able to discover. Lagos is a personable little town, on the great northern highway at the point where roads branch east and west to San Luis Potosí and Guadalajara.

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That there is a certain natural simplicity about the townspeople is manifest in the inscription carved upon the fine stone bridge that spans the river here: *Este puente se hizo en Lagos:* "This bridge was made in Lagos"—as though stone bridges two hundred feet long were trifles that readily might be made in one place and used in another. The river is almost dry for six months in the year, and as the way by the bridge is a roundabout one it is used but little save in the time of the rains. The spectacle of the deserted great stone bridge rising upon massive arches above a rivulet but a few feet wide, and of the townsfolk using the smooth gravel bed of the dry water-course as a road along which laden donkeys are driven, has led malicious chroniclers to declare that the inscription upon the bridge reads: *Este puente se hizo en Lagos, y es para pasar por encima y no por de bajo:* "This bridge was made in Lagos, and is [for people] to pass over and not under." But this is a slander. However, this story, like the others which are told about Lagos, attributes to the inhabitants of the little town the same qualities which characterized the Gooroo Simple and his five devoted followers. Indeed, so much of the feeling of Hindostani folk-stories is there in these fables that I am inclined to regard them as of Indian origin—carried by the Moors into Spain, and thence by the Spaniards brought to Mexico: but why they have been fathered upon Lagos I do not know.

"Like the alcalde of Lagos:" *Como el alcalde de Lagos,* is an expression current throughout a large part of Mexico to denote any trying or ludicrous position that a man is placed in because both his hands are full. The story runs:

Once went an alcalde of Lagos to church. And in his right hand he carried his staff of office, and as he entered the church he lifted off and held in his left hand his hat. Then he sought to put the holy water upon his forehead: but this he could not do, for both his hands were full. Then in a while a bold resolve entered his heart—and he plunged his head into the font.

Before the *plaza* that is in the midst of the town of Lagos was set in order, as it now is, there was in the middle of it a deep and wide hole. And this hole caused the Town Council (*Ayuntamiento*) much concern, for they perceived that it was a dangerous place into which the unwary might fall in the dark and be killed or maimed. So a meeting of the Council was called, and it was decided that the hole should be filled. And to get earth to fill it a hole was dug beside it. And behold, when it was full there was a new hole as deep and as wide as that which was filled! Then in the same way did they set about filling the new hole: and again was the same result: only now the hole no longer was in the middle of the *plaza*, but over at the side of it in the street that goes out toward the north. And again they filled it: and so continued until at last the hole was far out in the northern suburb of the town. And there they suffered the hole to remain; for there it did no harm.

Once, upon a great festival, the Town Council of Lagos went to the parish church to hear the mass. And all the members of the Council were dressed in seemly state in black coats and tight black trousers and flowing cloaks, and each wore a wide-brimmed hat of black felt over which a feather gallantly curled. For their comfort a leather-covered bench was placed before the chancel rail. And when they came to sit, each man, in the order of his dignity, sat down upon the bench and placed beside him his hat. But when six of the twelve Councillors thus were seated the bench was full. Then a whispered conference was held, and it was decided that the bench must be stretched. So six of them took hold of one end, and the other six took hold of the other end, and they pulled hard. Then they came to sit again. And now the first Councillor put his hat beneath the bench; and the second did likewise, and so did they all. And they all in comfort sat down—by which they knew that they had sufficiently stretched the bench.

Being thus seated, the first Councillor crossed his right leg over his left leg; and so did the second Councillor, and so did they all. But when came the time in the mass when all must rise, not one of the Councillors could tell certainly which two of the twenty-four

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legs were his; for all were clad in tight black trousers and all were crossed. And each man looked at the many legs among which were his own, and sorrowfully wondered if he ever should know his own legs among so many and so be able to arise and walk. And while they thus pondered it fell out that the first Councillor was bitten by a flea fiercely in his rearward parts. And the first Councillor slapped at the flea, and that he might slap the better uncrossed his legs. Then the second Councillor knew which were his legs; and so did the third, and so did they all. And so they all uncrossed their legs, and with great thankfulness arose.

Once it happened that the people of Lagos were dissatisfied with the position of the parish church. Therefore a meeting of the Town Council was held, and it was decided that the church should be moved. And that it might be moved easily the Town Council ordered that upon the next feast day, when all of the men of the town should be gathered together at the church to hear the mass, all should unite in pushing it to the spot where they were agreed that it should be. So when the next feast-day came and the men were gathered together, all were ranged along the side of the church and the order to push was given. But as they began to push the oldest and wisest Councillor suddenly cried, Stop! And when they had stopped he explained that, unless some mark was set at the place where they wanted the church to be, they certainly would get it in the wrong place, and so have all their work to do again. And all perceived the wisdom of this advice. So the men took off their *zarapes* and made a pile of them at the spot where the church was to be; and then everyone returned to the other side of the church, and all pushed hard. And while they pushed, certain thieves laid hands upon the *zarapes* and stole them all away. And after they had pushed for awhile they went upon the other side of the church to see if yet it was moved to where they wanted it to be. And when they discovered that the mark which they had set was gone, they began to lament: crying that they had pushed the church so far that it had covered their *zarapes* and they never would see them again. And they never did!

EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

By William McKendree Bangs.

THE room was richly furnished. Its occupant was plainly a man of wealth and taste; but in his handsome bed he lay dying. Near him stood a tall and athletic young man, who was the more thoughtful-looking of the two, even now.

"Dick," said the dying man, "we have been good friends always?"

"Yes, father, I think so—unusually good friends."

"Well, Dick, they tell me I must abandon you."

"You take it calmly, sir."

"Yes, and yet I have enjoyed life. Perhaps that is the reason I can take it calmly. The world is not in my debt, and the commercial instinct will assert itself."

"Will you not fatigue yourself? Ought I to permit you to talk so much?"

"It can make little difference now. I want to talk. It pleases me. You have not enjoyed life, Dick?"

"I have tried."

"And failed? You are young; the future will be better."

"I hope so," Richard replied, dutifully, but his manner expressed rather determination than hope.

"Dick, I have only one regret: I wish I could watch your development. You puzzle me; you interest me."

"More than that, I hope, sir."

"Certainly; but I need not say I love you. That between us—— Pshaw! See here, my boy, you won't have a relative. And you haven't a friend."

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This was too true. The dissatisfaction he felt with himself and the world extended to his acquaintances. It had not seemed worth his while to make any man his friend, or to love any woman.

"You must be interested, or it will all prove a failure. You have a strong will; you have wit enough to know the good."

"Father, you must not blame me; it has not been my fault. I have tried."

"You might try love. Go to the war. Be patriotic. But why should I suggest these things? There is happiness and there is a road to it. I hope that you may not wait too long to find it."

Within a few days Mr. Graham died. Richard had been very fond of his indulgent father; but he had so long looked upon his death as something sure and soon to come, that the idea of it had become familiar to him, and at first it could hardly be said that he mourned at all. Besides, death seemed to him almost a blessing rather than an unmixed evil.

The civil war had begun, and New York was full of soldiers. With these Richard Graham mixed, determined, if he could, to share their enthusiasm. His failure annoyed him, angered him. It seemed to him that he was forced to fight for something which should have been his by right.

But there came a day when a favorite regiment, on its way to the front in response to a hasty call of the President, marched down Broadway through crowds that almost blocked its passage. The enthusiasm was great; it was infectious. Women fluttered their handkerchiefs and cried; men shouted and waved their hats in farewell. To his surprise Graham was strangely moved.

"This is worth while," he said to himself; "I will go. Right, maybe, should be striven for."

He sought a recruiting office, determined to be off at once; but the way being long he stopped to think.

"I must have no regret about this," he said, "I will go to the front and see."

Graham found little difficulty in procuring a pass which secured for him admission within the lines of the army encamped a little beyond the Potomac. He spent several days wandering among the tents, finding unusual interest in the men at their work and in the drilling which was going on incessantly.

It all seemed so novel to him that he was not surprised, as he might well have been, when one morning he was slapped familiarly on the back and greeted with:

"Hullo, Dick! What are you doing with those clothes on?"

Graham looked good-naturedly at the big handsome soldier who had spoken to him.

"Clothes must be worn and, surely, these are better than none, even if they are not blue," he said.

"What have you done with your uniform?"

"Uniform?" said Graham, in astonishment, "What uniform?"

It occurred to the soldier that he needed help and counsel in the dilemma which had been forced upon him, and he asked Graham, quietly, "Which way are you going?"

"Oh, any way. I'm looking about only."

The man's perplexity, which was now apparently greater than ever, amused Graham.

"Well, come with me," he said, after a little, and he led Graham toward a small cluster of tents. As they neared these the soldier with Graham, who had been looking closely at him, called out to a man who was sitting before one of the tents cleaning a musket, "Dick, look at this!"

The man thus spoken to stopped his work and looked as he was bidden. For a minute he hesitated, then he exclaimed, "Well, Ralph—well, I'll be ——."

Their words and actions puzzled Graham, but shortly he realized that the man by the tent bore a striking resemblance to himself.

"Dick," said Ralph Messenger, the soldier who had first spoken to Graham, "I had to bring him here. I thought you had lost your wits with your uniform."

"That's not altogether complimentary to me," said Graham.

The man by the tent laughed. "But," he said, "I hope you won't mind our rudeness. Let me introduce us. This is my friend, Mr. Messenger, a private only; and my name is Martin. Are we related, I wonder?"

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"I don't know; my name is Graham. We look enough alike."

"Alike!" broke in Messenger. "I have known Dick Martin always, and I can hardly tell you apart. Where do you come from?"

"New York; and you?"

"Connecticut," said Martin. "Ralph and I belong to the same regiment."

"Do you like it?" asked Graham of Messenger.

"Very much, and all the time."

"But I don't believe we shall all like it so much after our first battle," said Martin.

At this moment three ambulances newly arrived in camp were stopped before them. Within them, as they could see, were stretchers and bandages, and appliances of various sorts designed to relieve expected disaster. Martin was visibly affected.

"Have you enlisted?" he asked Graham as he recovered himself.

"No."

"Don't you mean to?"

"I came here almost determined to."

"Why," asked Martin, "why didn't you do so at home, and with your friends?"

"I wanted to see what it was like, and friends——"

"Join us," interrupted Messenger, "our company is short, I know."

This suggestion came upon Graham suddenly, and he was about to decline; but he reflected that he really had decided to enter the army, and, besides, he liked Messenger's looks. Martin interested him. He thought he would like to know more of the man who resembled him so strangely. He assented, and Messenger took him to the proper officers and the formalities were soon complied with or dispensed with.

"Don't write anything of this resemblance," Martin asked of Messenger. "The first furlough we can get," he added to Graham, "I will take you home with me if you will go, and perhaps we shall find it a good joke."

Neither Martin nor Messenger told any of their many acquaintances in the regiment of the wonderful likeness of the two men, and Martin took pains that they should not appear together. Both the old friends enjoyed the evident wonder and dissatisfaction with which their comrades regarded what they sometimes deemed Martin's distant and strange demeanor. Before the joke was discovered preparations for an advance were begun, and then the men were too busy to notice or to care for any resemblances.

At the close of a long summer day the weary men camped for the night on the edge of the field whereon on the next day many of them were to find death. Already a slight cannonading in the distance, and an occasional nearer rifle-shot told them of the neighborhood of the enemy. Early on the next day the fight began. Graham subsequently remembered little after the short march in the early morning. He did remember that he had a great lump in his throat, and that Death, whose coming he had thought he should welcome at any time, now seemed to him a very near and not at all desirable neighbor. Soon he felt that he had become a mere machine, with no time, no capacity for thought, and that his only duty was to load and fire his rifle as often as possible. He heard Messenger's merry laugh and his humorous outbursts early in the day, and later, with equal indifference, saw him fall dead by his side. He was indifferent, too, to the repeated "Who next?" of Martin, who seemed to foresee disaster.

Graham and Martin fought side by side through all the day, and when retreat was ordered, they were together as they sought safety in flight. The retreat soon became a rout. Men on horseback and on foot were entangled with army wagons, and with guns abandoned in the roads. Many of those who should have aided the horses to drag the guns to safety, cut them loose from their burdens, and mounting, galloped away, adding to the disorder and danger. Many climbed a fence which lined the road on one side, and crossed the fields and the little stream which flowed on quietly between them and safety; but the main body of the army remained in the road, pressing forward to the one bridge crossing the stream.

"Let us get out of this," said Martin, and he and Graham, jumping over the fence, ran across the field toward a little knoll out of the line of retreat and out of the line of the enemy's fire. Mid-

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way in the field there was a little clump of small trees. As they reached this Martin threw himself down on the ground at the edge of the little wood.

"These bushes will be a little shelter —I must stop to breathe."

"Can't you keep on till we make that hill yonder? We shall be safer there."

"I am almost breathless; but do you go on."

"I shall stay, of course," responded Graham, and he threw himself down upon the grass, glad too of any respite, however short.

"Graham," said Martin after a little, "you were very near to Ralph when he was shot?"

"He was at my side. I was between you."

"And he left no message?"

"There was no time."

"Poor Ralph! I wonder—!" He stopped as if unwilling to express his thought.

"Were you such old friends?"

"Yes," said Martin, and then for a while he was very quiet and silent. "We were always friends," he resumed. "His sister is at my mother's house now. We are to be married."

"I envy you."

"Envy me? Have you met her?" he asked, hurriedly.

"Certainly not. It is the condition I envy," and Graham smiled a little.

"It was absurd to ask," Martin responded, smiling too, but a little ashamed of his doubt and quick suspicion. "But you are so mysterious—and I am not worthy of her," he added with apparent irrelevance.

"Why am I mysterious?" asked Graham.

"Not you, maybe; but all—our resemblance, our meeting, our friendship."

"We are already friends?" Graham said questioningly. They shook hands; but to Graham the situation was hardly welcome. He was not sure that friendship could be so quickly formed; it was not easy to accept the faith that he could share friendship at all.

"This is theatrical," he said, almost fretfully. "Why are we so serious?"

"I do not know. That is strange, too. It is not like me. Poor Ralph!"

In a few minutes Martin continued:

"That may happen to one of us. If,—if it should to me won't you break it gently to them? Let me show you her picture, and my mother's."

This unrestrained confidence was irritating to Graham. He already liked Martin. He wanted, however, his judgment to approve his liking; he wanted to respect him.

"Look at these," Martin continued, and he took from his pocket a case containing the two pictures and a few letters he had saved from among the many he had received.

"The young woman is handsome; but your mother looks sad," said Graham, more interested than he wanted to seem to be.

"Yes, this was taken just before the regiment came away. She said nothing to hinder me. She had seen so little of me, too."

"So little?" repeated Graham.

"Yes. You know our college vacations were few, and then Ralph and I were abroad;—'being planed,' he called it. We were soon to go into business together. Then this came so soon. Poor mother! It must have been very hard upon her!"

Graham muttered to himself, "Why have I not home and happiness to look forward to?" He looked wistfully across the intervening field, but was brought quickly back to the present. On the road the men in retreat had dwindled in number to an insignificant lot of stragglers; but a small battery on an adjoining height occasionally fired a few shells down the road toward the enemy, and so this remnant was saved from annihilation. But now the battery was about to move on as the main body of the pursuers came closer.

"Hurry," said Graham. "We must get on at once."

"But promise me."

"All right," said Graham, quickly.

"Take these, this case. You will find the address there."

"I shall not need it," Graham said, declining impatiently with a gesture; "we must make that hill. That is the thing for us to think of."

The run across the field was hard, slow work to the weary men; but they reached the wooded base of the little

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hill in safety, and with difficulty began the climb to the top. The summit, too, was wooded, but before that could be reached there was a space to be crossed, perhaps a hundred feet in width, and almost bare even of grass. Graham felt that there might be danger for them there. The sun had gone down now, however, and he hoped that the uncertain light would lessen the danger if any there might be. They crossed the space carefully and were almost among the trees when they were seen by a few men within easy gunshot of them. There was always a doubt in Graham's mind whether they were shot by friends or enemies, but he saw Martin pitch heavily forward on his face, and was himself conscious of a sharp pain in his side as he too fell headlong.

When Graham recovered consciousness the moon had risen. A strong breeze had sprung up, grateful and cooling to the wounded man, but the waving tree-tops made strange fantastic shadows in the moonlight.

"Why, why do you laugh at me?" he asked as some shadow played over Martin's mouth. Then startled he put his hand carefully on Martin's breast, but could detect no movement. He remembered his promise; he wondered if he could fulfil it. "At least," he said to himself, "at least, I can try to keep it." It was not easy to keep even part of it. Never had buttonholes seemed to hold so well; but, at last, he succeeded in opening the dead man's blouse and the case Martin had shown him was carefully put away in his own inner pocket.

"Now," he thought languidly, "you ought to smile."

Then he lay still as if dead too.

Richard Graham opened his eyes upon a world altogether new to him it seemed—new and very pleasant. There was a sense of home and comfort he had grown unused to. The bed-clothes were white and clean, there were many little adornments about, suggestive of feminine care and love, and through the window the sunlight was streaming. Without, Richard could hear the cool rustling of neighboring trees and the birds singing merrily. The strange, sweet perfume of a day in early summer reached him, and the faint odor of growing flowers.

He knew that he was in the country; but almost before he could ask himself where or why, a little old man came into the room quietly. He was so small and he looked so odd, dressed all in black with disordered white hair, and large spectacles thrust back upon his forehead, that Richard would not have been surprised to see him jump nimbly on the foot-board of the bed, or cut some curious caper. But, alas! the time for fairies had passed for Richard!

"Ah, you are better," he said. "You must not talk. Ah, Richard—no more 'Dick,' you have been to the wars!—Richard, to think that you didn't know me till now—not know Dr. Culver. That is too good!" And he laughed heartily. "But, my boy, you do know me?" He looked anxiously at Richard. Then he continued, "Never mind, you will. You must not say a word. Let me talk. You remember just a little of the journey? Yes, of course, a little only. Now you must not ask questions. In a few days——"

The little doctor, for all his odd ways, was a kind and skilful physician, and his talk was continued, so without intermission, to keep from his patient any chance to ask questions. As a matter of fact Richard had no desire to ask anything. He was conscious only of a sense of comfort. To lie there was enough, and if the world would come to him it could take its time and way.

The next day the doctor called again. He looked at Richard carefully.

"You do me credit," he said. "It was not easy to save you. You think it wasn't worth while? That will be all right in a few days and we shall see. Now, don't say a word—not yet. I'm right. Keep a patient quiet, and you save him. They wanted to come up, of course. 'No,' I said. 'Get a professional nurse—no emotion, no worry.' They must wait till the cure is complete. Then I shall take you down to them myself. Everybody will be happy."

Richard wondered a little who "they" could be, and why he was being carefully tended; but now his characteristic

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indifference was reinforced by his weakness and his comfort.

Richard improved rapidly; but the doctor insisted that he must speak as little as possible.

"Success must not be jeopardized at the last minute. I must be the judge. I shall say when it will be safe."

Richard smiled and acquiesced.

Presently the day arrived when the doctor was willing that Richard should try his restored strength.

"Let me go down first. Then the nurse shall bring you to the porch. And then——!"

As Richard reached the lower hall, leaning on his nurse's arm, he heard the little doctor's voice:

"Ah, madam, it is fortunate your letters were good enough to be saved. Otherwise—I dare not think. Here he is, though a good deal changed, Mrs. Martin."

"Letters?"—"Mrs. Martin?"—Richard had scarcely time to repeat these words to himself when he was led out upon the porch. Seated in a large and easy chair was an old lady whose features were familiar to him. Standing by her side was a tall, light-haired, handsome girl who came to meet him.

"Oh, Richard—" she said, and then as some recollection overpowered her, she burst into tears. "Poor Ralph!—Forgive me!" she added, and hurried into the house.

The old lady stood up to meet Richard. She kissed him warmly.

"My son," she said, "it would have killed me had you died."

Richard was overwhelmed. He knew now why he had been so received and so cared for.

"But—" he began; but the face before him frightened him. Mrs. Martin herself came to his help.

"You are still very weak, I am afraid," she said.

"Yes," he assented.

"The nurse must take you to your room," the doctor said; "a little more quiet, madam, and you will see the triumph of my theory."

Meanwhile Richard was perplexed and puzzled. How to tell the truth now he did not know.

"Why did I care so little?" he asked himself. "My indifference will be my ruin. It has been. And this tall girl is Messenger's sister, and Martin's——"

She now rejoined them.

"Richard," she said, "you must forgive me. I meant to be so cheerful. I will be."

She leaned over him to kiss him.

"My God! No," he said, and rising, fell back almost fainting.

For a few days Richard was kept in bed by the doctor's orders. He was not very ill; indeed he hardly seemed to be ill at all, but he was certainly very weak. He was indeed very glad to have any explanation deferred. At first he thought an explanation inevitable. It did not occur to him that any other course was possible; indeed no thought of any other course came to him at all. But that old, kind, worn face would rise before him and he asked himself constantly, "How can I tell her?" He could find no answer.

Fortunately for his present peace of mind they were very kind to him; kind, that is, not only in an ordinary way, and attentive; but on the few occasions when the doctor permitted either of them to see him, very little was said of the past, and no reference was made to his relationship. To Mrs. Martin and to Helen there seemed no occasion for such reference. Richard was conscious of the omission. He feared that they suspected him, and the fear displeased him. However, he was grateful that Mrs. Martin did not call him "son."

Richard rapidly improved. The careful nursing and the considerate forelooking for his needs helped him; and the doctor's insistance upon quiet hastened his recovery. He was soon upon his feet; he was surprised to find himself almost cheerful. "Comfort is your great procrastinator," he thought. After a few days, but before he was permitted to leave his room, to his often repeated question, "How am I to tell her?" he added, "I cannot deceive them." When these words first formed themselves in his mind he was startled. It seemed to him that only doubtful truths could need assertion.

"Presently," he said aloud to himself, "presently I shall have to assure myself I am honest."

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He determined that he would tell them at once, in any way; but he recalled Mrs. Martin's words when she first saw him, and he was disturbed. In spite of himself his question returned to crush him.

Although Richard had grown very much stronger Dr. Culver was not satisfied with his condition. The doctor could not understand his apparent indifference and absent-mindedness. That he might be certain that Richard would secure the quiet he needed (perhaps he was not unwilling to have the aid of other influences) he told Mrs. Martin that as soon as could be Richard must be taken away. He chose the place upon the sea-shore, and he made the necessary arrangements for the removal of Richard and Mrs. Martin and Helen. He was almost good enough to arrange for his own going, but he felt sure that Richard would need no further attention.

Richard, when told of the doctor's plans, did not question their wisdom. He made no objection to any disposal that might be made of him. He thought only of his duty to Mrs. Martin, of what he must tell her. Minor matters, it seemed to him, would arrange themselves. Richard did not come downstairs again until the morning of the day upon which they were to go away.

"Good-morning," said Mrs. Martin to him; "you are quite strong enough for our journey?"

"Quite, I think," he answered; "indeed, the doctor is over-careful."

"But even yet he insists that you must not see anyone."

"What a believer in quiet he is!"

"He is very good. After a few days at the sea-shore you will be more yourself, I hope, Richard."

He felt that now he must tell her; that to delay longer would be to make the final disillusion cruel. He sat down and took her hand in his. He hesitated as he sought an opening. His little delay was fatal.

"You must forgive me," she said, gently stroking his hand; "I think so often that you might have died. I cannot help it. I could not have stood so great a loss—my only boy. We old people are very tender."

He was in despair. She tried to smile; but Richard saw that her eyes were dim with tears, and he felt that his chance had gone or had not yet come.

It may be that, had he tried, Richard would have found it easier to confess the truth while in this mood than in another, but at this moment Miss Messenger joined them.

Helen had never been able to understand Richard's refusal of her offered kiss when he first met her. The manifestation of feeling, too, with which he had declined had puzzled and a little offended her. Her pride was wounded, and she felt that some explanation was due her. She felt, too, that in the old days she would have asked for the explanation if there had been much delay in proffering it. Now she felt that there was some reserve in her feeling and attitude. She could not meet him with the same frankness and entire candor as before. This much she felt. Whether she loved him as much as ever she did not know, and, indeed, she had not asked herself. Introspection had not been one of her faults; she was not used to it, nor skilful in its practice.

"I think, Richard," said Mrs. Martin, "it will be well to ask some of your old friends to come to see you."

"Pray, do not," said Richard, earnestly.

The slight formality in Richard's manner amused Helen. She laughed a little, but she was not altogether sure that she quite liked the absence of the bluff heartiness which had always characterized Richard Martin as she thought; and yet this did not seem affectation.

"Pray, why not?" she asked, and her tone and manner displayed a little mockery. Richard looked appealingly at her.

"Yes, why not?" echoed Mrs. Martin.

"Oh, mother, I am hardly at home yet," said Richard.

The "mother" he had spoken almost unconsciously. He had fallen a great distance, it seemed to him.

"But, my dear son, this is your home," persisted Mrs. Martin, "I do not understand."

"Well, Mrs. Martin," Helen protested, "if it is his home, we should let him do as he pleases."

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"Of course we should and he shall; but you will let me say that I don't understand."

"I have come so far," said Richard.

"So far?" asked Mrs. Martin, now astonished.

"Graves are all about us; but one's own is a long way off," Richard said.

"Richard has grown thoughtful; he reflects. What shall we do with him?" Helen asked.

"I shall have to wait until after our return, of course," Mrs. Martin said. "Then I shall try again."

Their journey to the sea was made safely and without trouble. Richard had made up his mind that the chance he wanted would not come to him on the journey and he tried to enjoy himself for that little space of time as best he might.

After their arrival Richard sought carefully the opportunity he wanted, but it did not come. In the meantime he grew steadily stronger and he was not often reminded that he had been so badly wounded.

In his way Richard had always been fond of the sea; but now he found unexpected and almost endless pleasure as he sat with Miss Messenger, watching the play of wind and sun upon the restless waters of the bay. Sometimes they sailed across to the great sand-bank beyond which stretched the ocean. Then Helen found it difficult to awaken him from the day-dreams into which he fell. She might justly have complained of his inattention, but she did not. It surprised her, but it pleased her too to see him thoughtful.

When left alone, he wondered what the means of the household were. Nothing had happened to indicate to him whether they were rich or poor; but it was plain that if they were poor the poverty could not be very great or very pressing. Miss Messenger's relations to the household puzzled him a little too. He knew that she was an old friend, and was supposed to be engaged to him.

"But that," he said to himself, "must not be"—"Yet," he almost dared to add.

One day when they were alone together, Mrs. Martin said to him, "Richard, you will soon be quite strong again."

"Very soon, I think," he answered.

"We must go home soon, and then—then—. You will forgive me if I ask too much? I fear so you will want to go away to begin the business you arranged with Ralph. Helen will make it as easy for you as he would have done. You ought to know this. But I hope you won't go. Let us be content with the little we have. I cannot live long—do not go. Let these few years be happy ones."

Richard was strangely moved. He formed a resolution suddenly. At any cost he would be done with uncertainty.

"One thing I ought to have told you," he said almost curtly, "I am rich."

Mrs. Martin was astonished; a protest seemed hovering on her lips.

"You look startled," Richard continued quickly.

"But how—why have you not told me before?"

"You must forgive me. Besides, I have not received the money yet."

"But I do not understand."

"Let me explain: A Mr. Graham I knew in the army was killed. He left me his money."

"Then," she said, a sudden joy in her voice, "then you will stay at home."

"I must go to New York to see about it," he said, as Mrs. Martin left him.

Richard sat in a brown study. He thought somewhat sadly: "I have killed my best friend. I am a new man now truly enough. I must bring Graham to life in New York, and then be done with him—I must take his life and money, too."

His mood changed. He spoke savagely to himself now: "I was a victim; now I am an actor in the swindle—the chief swindler."

Presently Helen came out to him. She spoke to him with a little constraint in her manner which had grown upon her recently.

"I must congratulate you, I am told."

"Thank you," he said, wearily. He had felt too much; his emotions had tired him. His manner did not encourage her. She was tempted to leave him; but she turned suddenly.

"Richard," she said, "there is some mystery. We cannot——"

"It is mysterious. I will explain

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after I have arranged it all. Does my sudden wealth frighten you?"

"No, no, no. But—you must not make it hard for me. It is not easy for me to seek an explanation. Won't you help me? You owe me some consideration."

"I will try to help you. Tell me how."

"You are so changed—you are so different."

"Yes?" he said, encouragingly as she paused.

"That is it," she said, "you are so changed."

Richard waited for her to continue, but she did not.

"And does Mrs. Martin find me changed?" he asked after a while.

"Your mother loves you more than ever."

"But changed?"

"I do not know. Maybe so; but if changed, improved. She asks no questions. She speaks of your goodness and your patience—and those were not your chiefest virtues."

"Then I had greater. What was my greatest?"

"Your frankness, I think."

"And of that you find no trace?"

Richard knew that the girl would seek an understanding, and that irritated him a little; but he admired her, and though now determined to avoid the truth, he would spare her all he could. He had decided upon his course hastily. Had he considered more he might have decided differently. Only now he thought of the long-to-be-continued deceit before him.

"Is it wise to seek an explanation?" he asked after a while.

"I do not know. I must."

"But truth is sometimes cruel."

"Yes; but yet it must be known, and better so, I think," she said.

"What truth had better be known now? You find me changed? I am changed. Is the truth all told then?"

"Richard, you must not laugh at me. This is not fair. Why are you so different?"

"Can I tell you? Time always will work wonders. Why, are you not changed?"

"But, Richard——" she said.

"Wait," he interrupted; but she continued, unheeding him, "Richard, you know that I am strong. You have seen me cry once. You know that I can bear anything. If you have anything to tell, tell me."

"Good! but what? You must now help me," he answered.

Helen could frame no question. Why there should be a contest between them she did not know; but she felt that there was one. She felt too that it was an unequal one.

"Richard," said Helen as they rose, "Richard, there is one thing more——" She hesitated a little, but went on quickly. "Why did you decline to kiss me?"

"Why? Surely you need not ask. I ought not to take advantage of a promise made to a different man."

"It is so dark. I cannot see, but that is not sincere. Are you making fun of me?"

"No," Richard protested earnestly, "I could not do that."

"It is too serious a matter for both of us."

"Yes," he assented. "Listen! I will not hold you to any promise. I will not have your love because you promised a boy to love him always. I know myself better. Your love I shall win for myself."

His earnestness was unexpected. It frightened her a little; but she persisted:

"Have you ceased to love me?"

Richard was strongly tempted.

"I—I— You forget," he said, "that avowal should come late in love-making. But we ought to go in. Shall we?"

"Yes," she said simply. She knew that her attempt to arrive at an understanding had been a failure. This knowledge, forced upon her, that he would no longer surrender his will to hers, humiliated as well as irritated her a little. She tried hard to think that this Richard was inferior to the one she had known from childhood, but she could not. Her anger was not serious enough to blind utterly her judgment. It is probable that, had she married her youthful lover, and if no storms had come to test him, she would have continued to believe that he was what he seemed to her to be; it is possible that

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she would have continued to believe her love for him the greatest she could feel.

Richard delayed his departure for several days. He spent his time outdoors tramping over all the country within easy reach, when not sailing or by the sea. Helen was almost always with him. The change in their relations was so great that she could not help being conscious of it; but the knowledge of it no longer humiliated her as it had at first. She remembered that, in the past, she had always selected their walks as a matter of course. Now, although if she expressed a preference it was followed, she felt that his will ruled them in small matters, as she knew it would in those of greater consequence. She could not forget that he had almost promised to win her; but this promise caused her little embarrassment, and would not have caused her any had she been sure that he would want to keep it. Willing to be wooed, she was certain enough that she could not be won against her will.

The days they spent together were very pleasant to both. Their talk ran on books frequently, sometimes on pictures. On all sorts of topics Richard talked well. His views on literature and literary men were quaintly and forcibly expressed. His evident intimate knowledge of books astonished Helen.

"Why have you hidden such a light?" she asked. "I never knew that you were so studious. I did not know that you read books at all; and pictures—! You must have made good use of the time you were abroad."

Richard had forgotten himself and he had talked simply and well of matters which interested him. To be so reminded exasperated him, but apparently it chilled him. Helen observed any change in him quickly, and now she asked him frankly how she had offended him.

"Not at all," he answered. "But—can a self-conscious man talk well? Probably not. If you can make me think I am brilliant, I must cease to be."

Richard disliked his own insincerity, and he saw that it had renewed her wonder. He knew that sooner or later she would become suspicious, perhaps notwithstanding her wish not to. He felt that some hint would surely give her suspicions direction and character. Then——But Richard would not think of "then." He had burned his ships; he blindly hoped that when it should be necessary he could launch another.

"I wonder," he said to her once, "what it is that women love in men. But, after all, I think I know."

She was in arms at once, but as she looked at him she was convinced that there was no covert wooing here.

"Do you?" she said; "I must confess I do not."

"Think—what quality in a man would make you love him?"

"It is not fair to make it personal. But I think that when I love I shall not know his qualities."

"Can you love blindly? I thought you stronger. And yet so the strongest must love."

To this Helen did not reply. She was now a little afraid that she had been mistaken, and that the reasons which led him to the discussion were not all on the surface.

"I fancy that a man wins a woman because he will," he continued as he looked closely at her.

"Yet," she said, not quite willing to forego all protest, "all married men have not strong wills."

"Of course, circumstance is a god; and women have even fallen in love. Could you?"

"I do not know; I think not," she answered as she laughed a little.

A few days later they left the seashore, Mrs. Martin and Helen to go home, Richard to go to New York.

"So you are going fortune-hunting," Helen said to him. "You ought to take us with you; won't you need identification?"

"Don't let us anticipate difficulties. If they come we shall see what can be done."

"I hope you will find your fortune worth the hunting."

Had she known its value she would have been overwhelmed.

Arrived at home Mrs. Martin missed him sadly. Her loss seemed greater to her than when her son had gone to the war.

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Helen missed him too, missed him much more than she wanted to. She found it difficult to read or to sew; and even the little duties she had assumed in the household were now distasteful to her. Mrs. Martin smiled as she looked at her. She was pleased, but she said nothing.

A great restlessness seemed to possess Helen. She took frequent long and lonely walks. "There is no use, I cannot run away from it"—she at last said to herself, blushing so that she hid her face in her hands. Then she added, "I will not yield to this, and—and besides he may not ask me to yield."

As the time for Richard's return came near, Helen was strongly tempted to go away. To stay seemed an abandonment in some measure of the reserve she thought proper in young women; but to go seemed almost like a flight, and Helen would not yield to her fears when she could help it. However, a new phase was given the problem. The day before Richard's expected return was a very rainy one, and Helen read the New York paper more thoroughly than usual. This paragraph met her eye:

A RESURRECTION.

A Soldier reported dead, alive.

Mr. Richard Graham, whose name was in the list of the killed in one of the early battles of the war, yesterday called upon Messrs. Tarbox & Co., the well-known bankers, in reference to securities and money of his in their possession. He had no difficulty in establishing his identity; and, indeed, no proof was needed, as both the Messrs. Tarbox knew Mr. Graham well, as they had his father before him. Notwithstanding the many questions which were asked him, Mr. Graham was very reticent, and was plainly unwilling to talk about himself. Enough was drawn from him, however, to make it appear that the error in the report was partly due to the striking resemblance born by Mr. Graham to a fellow-private in the Connecticut regiment in which he enlisted. The other man was killed, and Graham himself badly wounded. The elder Mr. Tarbox, who was seen subsequently, could not explain why the young man had joined a Connecticut regiment. It seems to be the consensus of opinion in the office that strange and original actions were rather to be expected of Mr. Graham.

It was as plain to her as though he had confessed everything. Before she had had time to recover from her first astonishment, Mrs. Martin entered, and Helen hurried to meet her with the news; but she paused, crushed the paper behind her, and quickly left the room. Mrs. Martin thought she knew the motive for all of Helen's present actions, and was not greatly surprised at the sudden movement. Helen, alone in her own room, found the question "How am I to tell her?" as difficult of solution as Richard had so long before.

"He must tell her," she said to herself, and over and over again, "I cannot, I cannot."

On the next day Richard returned. Mrs. Martin's joy was unmistakable, and her manifestation of it unrestrained. Helen did not greet him as he had hoped she might.

"Is everything all right?" asked Mrs. Martin, adding, "You may tell us the details to-night, if you will."

"Very well," he said, "and until then—?"

"You may take a long walk with Helen, if she will go. But—I had almost forgotten—Dr. Culver's son has come home bringing a new horse with him—very fast the doctor tells me. That will be pleasant for you."

"Why for me?"

"He will want to take you so far and so often."

"In the meantime then I must walk all I can."

"But he may come this afternoon," Mrs. Martin said, adding, as she saw disappointment, as she thought, in both their faces, "but do not wait. If he does come I will be the martyr."

"Will it be martyrdom?" Richard asked.

"No," she said, "I am afraid I shall enjoy it, and we won't consider him."

Richard smiled and turning to Helen asked, "Will a walk be pleasant this warm afternoon?"

"Yes," Helen said, "and I would like, I think, to climb the hill by the road."

For several minutes they walked rapidly and in silence. Suddenly Helen stopped and turned to him.

"You must tell her," she said abruptly.

Richard was not startled. He had foreseen discovery; and he had long be-

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lieved that happiness would again escape him. He did not pretend to misunderstand her.

"Why?" he asked, quietly.

"'Why?'" she echoed. "Can you ask? Do you not see that you must?"

"I want to know what you see."

"You must tell her," she repeated vehemently, "you must. You have stolen a place. You have taken a love which does not belong to you."

"And have I earned a hate which should not belong to me? 'Stolen'? I am guilty, if you like. What shall I do?"

His manner was so quiet that she was calmed in spite of herself. In spite of herself she was no longer indignant.

They had reached the summit of the hill. At its foot the road ran smooth and yellow in the direction they had come; to the left it turned suddenly, and running along the side of the hill made there a quick descent.

"You must tell her," Helen persisted. That he must and that he would, she had no doubt.

Richard wondered whether he could ever gain her respect. That would be something, and that might be possible. Of her love he hardly dared to think; but, spurred by sudden hope, he said,

"And then?"

"You must tell her," she said simply. She would not add that any reward might come.

Helen had seated herself and was idly plucking the wayside autumn flowers, sometimes glancing at his face. He was standing by her side. Suddenly he started; but he was not frightened. He looked pleased; at least he smiled. Without warning he took Helen in his arms and kissed her twice. Then he ran recklessly down the steep slope, and Helen saw on the level road below a horse running wildly. In the wagon behind him sat a woman alone, holding tightly with outstretched hands to the seat. It was Mrs. Martin, Helen knew. Richard reached the road in time; he even had time as he cleared the fence to wave his hand to Helen. It seemed to her a farewell. As he tried to catch the bridle of the passing horse she thought that he must miss it; but the horse soon stopped, Richard holding firmly to him. Helen hurried to them; but Mrs. Martin had already reached the ground. The horse had been stopped where the road made its sharp turn around the hill. The wagon, swung out of the road, was half overturned. Down the further hillside was a roughly piled heap of stones.

"See," said Richard, "another foot and it would have been too late."

His voice was so low that it was not easy for Helen to hear. She went closer to him.

"I have saved her life?" he said, questioningly. "You must tell me," he went on eagerly as she hesitated.

"Yes," she said.

"There is no doubt?" he insisted.

"None."

"Then," he said faintly, "the place is mine by right."

Reeling, he fell heavily in the road and Helen, kneeling by his side, saw with horror a small red spot beneath his coat grow larger and larger.

"My dear child," said Dr. Culver, "it is sometimes so. We cannot help it. Quiet has brought your man around. He seems altogether well. Some overexertion, some sudden emotion—and the old wound breaks out. 'Can we hope?' Certainly, although he is very weak. The mind has so much to do with recovery in some cases, and he will insist upon making his will! Pshaw! If we can make him forget that, and hope, everything will be in our favor; indeed, there is no doubt about it at all, not a bit. And he has everything to hope for, has he not?"

"I will try to make him think so," Helen said.

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AN ANIMATED CONVERSATION.

By Henry James.

IT took place, accidentally, after dinner at an hotel in London, and I can pretend to transcribe it only as the story was told me by one of the interlocutors, who was not a professional reporter. The general sense of it—but general sense was possibly just what it lacked. At any rate, by what I gather, it was a friendly, lively exchange of ideas (on a subject or two in which, at this moment, we all appear to be infinitely interested) among several persons who evidently considered that they were not destitute of matter. The reader will judge if they were justified in this impression. The occasion was perhaps less remarkable than my informant deemed it; still, the reunion of half a dozen people with ideas at a lodging-house in Sackville Street, on a foggy November night, cannot be accounted a perfectly trivial fact. The apartment was the brilliant Belinda's, and the day before she had asked Camilla and Oswald to dine with her. After this she had invited Clifford and Darcy to meet them. Lastly, that afternoon, encountering Belwood in a shop in Piccadilly, she had begged him to join the party. The "ideas" were not produced in striking abundance, as I surmise, till the company had passed back into the little sitting-room and cigarettes, after the coffee, had been permitted by the ladies, and in the case of one of them (the reader must guess which), perhaps even more actively countenanced. The train was fired by a casual question from the artless Camilla; she asked Darcy if he could recommend her a nice book to read on the journey to Paris. Then, immediately, the colloquy took a turn which, little dramatic though it may appear, I can best present in the scenic form.

Darcy. My dear lady, what do you mean by a nice book? That's so vague.

Belinda. You could tell her definitely enough, if she asked for a n—— for one that's not nice.

Darcy. How do you mean—I could tell her?

Belinda. There are so many; and in this cosmopolitan age they are in every one's hands.

Camilla. Really, Belinda, they are not in mine.

Oswald. My wife, though she lives in Paris, doesn't read French books; she reads nothing but Tauchnitz.

Belinda. She has to be like that, to make up for you—with your French pictures.

Camilla. He doesn't paint the kind you mean; he paints only landscapes.

Belinda. That's the kind I mean.

Oswald. You may call me French if you like, but don't call me cosmopolitan. I'm sick of that word.

Belwood. You may call *me* so—I like it.

Belinda. Oh, you, of course—you're an analyst.

Clifford. Bless me, how you're abusing us!

Belinda. Ah, not you—you certainly are not one.

Darcy (*to Clifford*). You don't get off the better. But it's as you take it.

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Clifford. Analysis be hanged!

Darcy. Yes, that's one way. Only you make me ashamed of my question to Camilla: it's so refined.

Camilla. What then do you call a book when you like it? I mean a nice, pretty, pleasant, interesting book; rather long, so it isn't over quickly.

Oswald. It never is with you, my dear. You read a page a day.

Belwood. I should like to write something for Camilla.

Belinda. To make her read faster?

Camilla. I shouldn't understand it.

Belinda. Precisely—you'd skip. But Darcy never likes anything—he's a critic.

Darcy. Only of books—not of people, as you are.

Belinda. Oh, I like people.

Belwood. They give it back!

Belinda. I mean I like them even when I don't—it's all life.

Darcy (*smiling*). That's the way I dislike books.

Belwood. Ah, yes, life—life!

Clifford. Oh, bother life! Of course you mean a novel, Camilla.

Belinda. What else can a woman mean? The book, to-day, is the novel.

Oswald. And the woman is the public. I'm glad I don't write. It's bad enough to paint.

Belwood. I protest against that.

Belinda. Against what?

Belwood. Against everything. The woman being the public, to begin with.

Belinda. It's very ungrateful of you. Where would you be without them?

Darcy. Belwood is right, in this sense; that though they are very welcome as readers it is fatal to write for them.

Belwood. Who writes for them? One writes for one's self.

Belinda. They write for themselves.

Darcy. And for each other.

Oswald. I didn't know women did anything for each other.

Darcy. It shows how little you read; for if they are as you say, the great consumers to-day, they are still more the great producers. No one seems to notice it—but no one notices anything. Literature is simply undergoing a transformation—it's becoming feminine. That's a portentous fact.

Oswald. It's very dreadful.

Belinda. Take care—we shall paint yet.

Oswald. I've no doubt you will—it will be fine!

Belwood. It will contribute in its degree to the great evolution which as yet is only working vaguely and dumbly in the depths of things, but which is even now discernible by partial, imperfect signs, to the intelligent, and which will certainly become the huge "issue" of the future, belittling and swallowing up all our paltry present strife, our armaments and wars, our international hatreds, and even our international utopias, our political muddles and looming socialisms. It will make these things seem, in retrospect, a bed of roses.

Belinda. And pray what is it?

Belwood. The essential, latent antagonism of the sexes—the armed opposed array of men and women, founded on irreconcilable interests. Hitherto we have judged these interests reconcilable, and even practically identical. But all that is changing, because women are changing, and their necessary hostility to men—or that of men to them, I don't care how you put it—is rising, by an inexorable logic, to the surface. It is deeper—ah, far deeper, than our need of each other, deep as we have always held that to be; and some day it will break out on a scale that will make us all turn pale.

Belinda. The Armageddon of the future, *quoi!*

Camilla. I turn pale already!

Belinda. I don't—I blush for his folly.

Darcy. Excuse the timidity of my imagination; but it seems to me that we *must* be united.

Belwood. That's where it is, as they say. We shall be united by hate.

Belinda. The Kilkenny cats, *quoi!*

Oswald. Well, *we* shall have the best of it—we can thrash them.

Belwood. I am not so sure; for if it's a question of the power of the parties to hurt each other, that of the sex to which these ladies belong is immense.

Camilla. Why, Belwood, I wouldn't hurt you for the world!

Belinda. I would, but I don't want to wait a thousand years.

Belwood. I'm sorry, but you'll have

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to. Meanwhile we shall be comfortable enough, with such women as Camilla.

Belinda. Thank you—for her.

Belwood. And as it won't be for a thousand years I may say that Darcy's account of the actual transformation of literature is based on rather a partial, local view. It isn't at all true of France.

Darcy. Oh, France! France is sometimes tiresome; she contradicts all one's generalizations.

Belinda. Dame, she contradicts her own!

Belwood. They're so clever, the French; they've arranged everything, in their system, so much more comfortably than we. They haven't to bother about women's work; that sort of thing doesn't exist for them, and they are not flooded with the old maids' novels which (a cynic or a purist would say) make English literature ridiculous.

Darcy. No, they have no Miss Austen.

Belinda. And what do you do with George Sand?

Belwood. Do you call her an old maid?

Belinda. She was a woman; we are speaking of that.

Belwood. Not a bit—she was only a motherly man.

Clifford. For heaven's sake, and with all respect to Belwood, don't let us be cosmopolitan. Our prejudices are our responsibilities, and I hate to see a fine, big, healthy one dying of neglect, when it might grow up to support a family.

Belwood. Ah, they don't support families now; it's as much as they can do to scrape along for themselves.

Clifford. If you weren't a pessimist I should nearly become one. Our literature is good enough for *us,* and I don't at all complain of the ladies. They write jolly good novels sometimes, and I don't see why they shouldn't.

Oswald. It's true they play lawn-tennis.

Belwood. So they do, and that's more difficult. I'm perfectly willing to be English.

Belinda. Or American.

Belwood. Take care—that's cosmopolitan.

Belinda. For you, yes, but not for me.

Belwood. Yes, see what a muddle—with Clifford's simplifications. That's another thing the French have been clever enough to keep out of: the great silly schism of language, of usage, of literature. They have none of those clumsy questions — American-English and English-American. French is French and that's the end of it.

Clifford. And English is English.

Belinda. And American's American.

Belwood. Perhaps; but that's not the end of it, it's the beginning. And the beginning of such a weariness!

Darcy. A weariness only if our frivolity makes it so. It is true our frivolity is capable of anything.

Clifford. Oh, I like our frivolity!

Darcy. So it would seem, if you fail to perceive that our insistence on international differences is stupid.

Clifford. I'm not bound to perceive anything so metaphysical. The American papers are awfully funny. Why shouldn't one say so? I don't insist—I never insisted on anything in my life.

Oswald. We are awfully different, say what you will.

Darcy. Rubbish—rubbish—rubbish!

Oswald. Go to Paris and you'll see.

Clifford. Oh, don't go to Paris again!

Darcy. What has Paris to do with it?

Belwood. We must be large—we must be rich.

Oswald. All the American painters are there. Go and see what they are doing, what they hold painting to be; and then come and look at the English idea.

Belinda. Do you call it an idea?

Darcy. You ought to be fined, and I think I shall propose the establishment of a system of fines, for the common benefit of the two peoples and the discouragement of aggravation.

Belinda. Dear friend, can't one breathe? Who does more for the two peoples than I, and for the practical solution of their little squabbles? Their squabbles are purely theoretic, and the solution is real, being simply that of personal intercourse. While we talk, and however we talk, association is cunningly, insidiously doing its indestructible work. It works while we're asleep—more than we can undo while we're awake. It is wiser than we—it has a deeper passion. And what could be a better proof of what I say than the

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present occasion? All our intercourse is a perpetual conference, and this is one of its sittings. They're informal, casual, humorous, but none the less useful, because they are full of an irrepressible give-and-take. What other nations are continually meeting to talk over the reasons why they shouldn't meet? What others are so sociably separate and so inextricably alien? We talk each other to sleep; it's becoming insipid—that's the only drawback. Am I not always coming and going, so that I have lost all sense of where I "belong?" And aren't we, in this room, such a mixture that we scarcely, ourselves, know who is who and what is what? Clifford utters an inarticulate and ambiguous sound, but I rejoice in the confusion, for it makes for civilization.

Belwood. All honor to Belinda, mistress of hospitality and of irony!

Clifford. Your party is jolly, but I didn't know it was so improving. At any rate, don't let us be insipid.

Belinda. We shall not, while you are here—even though you *have* no general ideas.

Belwood. Belinda has an extraordinary number, for a woman.

Belinda. Perhaps I am only a motherly man.

Oswald. Sisterly, rather. Talk of the *fraternité* of the French! But I feel rather out of it, in Paris.

Belinda. You're not in Paris—you're just here.

Camilla. But we are going to-morrow, and no one has yet told me a book for the train.

Clifford. Get "The Rival Bridesmaids;" it's a tremendous lark. And I am large, I am rich, as Belwood says, in recommending it, because it's about New York—one of your "society-novels," full of "snap!" And by a woman, I guess; though it strikes me that with American novels you can't be very sure.

Camilla. The women write like men?

Clifford. Or the men write like women.

Camilla. Then I expect (if you like that better) that it's horrid, one of those American productions which have no existence *là-bas* and are devoured in England.

Clifford. I see—the confusion commended by Belinda. It's very dense.

Camilla. Besides, whoever it was that said a book is as a matter of course a novel, it wasn't I.

Belwood. As no one seems prepared to father that terrible proposition I will just remark, in relation to the matter we are talking about——

Oswald. Lord, which? We are talking of so many!

Belwood. You will understand when I say that an acuteness of national sentiment on the part of my nation and yours (as against each other, of course, I mean) is more and more an artificial thing—a matter of perverted effort and mistaken duty. It is kept up by the newspapers, which must make a noise at any price, and whose huge, clumsy machinery (it exists only for that) is essentially blundering. They are incapable of the notation of private delicacies, in spite of the droll assumption of so many sheets that private life is their domain; and they keep striking the wrong hour with a complacency which misleads the vulgar. Unfortunately the vulgar are many. All the more reason why the children of light should see clear.

Darcy. Ah, those things are an education which I think even the French might envy us.

Oswald. What things?

Darcy. The recriminations, the little digs, whatever you choose to call them, between America and England.

Oswald. I thought you just said they were rubbish.

Darcy. It's the perception that they are rubbish that constitutes the education.

Oswald. I see—you're educated. I'm afraid I'm not.

Clifford. And I too perceive how much I have to learn.

Belinda. You are both naughty little boys who won't go to school.

Darcy. An education of the intelligence, of the temper, of the manners.

Clifford. Do you think your manners to us show so much training?

Oswald (*to Clifford*). They are perhaps on the whole as finished as yours to us.

Belinda. A fine, a fine to each of you.

Darcy. Quite right, and Belinda shall impose them. I don't say we are all

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formed—the formation will have to be so large: I see it as majestic, as magnificent. But we are forming. The opportunity is grand, there has never been anything like it in the world.

Oswald. I'm not sure I follow you.

Darcy. Why, the opportunity for two great peoples to accept, or rather to cultivate, with talent a common destiny, to tackle the world together, to unite in the arts of peace—by which I mean, of course, in the arts of life. It will make life larger and the arts finer, for each of them. It will be an immense and complicated problem, of course—to see it through; but that's why I speak of it as an object of envy to other nations, in its discipline, its suggestiveness, the way it may *nous faire voir du pays.* Their problems, in comparison, strike me as small and vulgar. It's not true that there is nothing new under the sun; the *donnée* of the drama that England and America may act out together is absolutely new. Essentially new is the position in which they stand toward each other. It rests with all of us to make it newer still.

Clifford. I hope there will be a scene in the comedy for international copyright.

Darcy. A-ah!

Belinda. O-oh!

Belwood. Ay-ee!

Darcy. That will come—very soon: to a positive certainty.

Clifford. What do you call very soon? You seem to be talking for the ages.

Belwood. It's time—yes, it's time now. I can understand that hitherto——

Clifford. I can't!

Darcy. I'm not sure whether I can or not. I'm trying what I can do. But it's all in the day's work—we are learning.

Clifford. Learning at our expense. That's very nice. I observe that Oswald is silent; as an example of good manners he ought to defend the case.

Belinda. He is thinking of what he can say, and so am I.

Camilla. Let me assist my husband. How did Clifford come by "The Rival Bridesmaids?" Wasn't it a pirated copy?

Clifford. Do you call that assisting him? I don't know whether it was or not, and at all events it needn't have been. Very likely the author lives in England.

Camilla. In England?

Clifford. Round the corner, *quoi,* as Belinda says.

Oswald. We have had to have cheap books, we were hard-working, grinding, bread-earning readers.

Clifford. Bravo! at last! You might have had them as cheap as you liked. What you mean is you wanted them for nothing. Ah, yes, you're so poor!

Belwood. Well, it has made you, your half-century of books for nothing, a magnificent public for us now. We appreciate that.

Belinda. Magnanimous Belwood! Thank you, for that.

Darcy. The better day is so surely coming that I was simply taking it for granted.

Clifford. Wait till it comes and then we'll start fair.

Belinda. Yes, we really can't talk till it does.

Darcy. On the contrary, talking will help it to come.

Belinda. If it doesn't come, and very soon — to-morrow, next week — our mouths will be shut forever.

Darcy. Ah, don't be horrible!

Clifford. Yes, you won't like that.

Oswald. You will; so it's perhaps your interest.

Darcy. I don't mean our shut mouths —I mean the reason for them.

Belinda (*to Oswald*). You remind me that you and Clifford are fined. But I think it must only be a farthing for Clifford.

Clifford. I won't pay even that. I speak but the truth, and under the circumstances I think I am very civil.

Oswald. Don't give up your grievance —it will be worth everything to you.

Belinda. You are fined five dollars!

Darcy. If copyright doesn't come, I'll ——(*hesitating*).

Clifford (*waiting*). What will you do?

Darcy. I'll get me to a nunnery.

Clifford. Much good will that do!

Darcy. My nunnery shall be in the United States, and I shall found there a library of English novels in the original three volumes.

Belinda. I shall do very differently. I

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shall come out of my cell, like Peter the Hermit; I shall cry aloud for a crusade.

Clifford. Your comparison doesn't hold, for you are yourself an infidel.

Belinda. A fig for that! I shall fight under the cross.

Belwood. There's a great army over there now.

Clifford. I hope they'll win!

Belwood. If they don't, you Americans must make a great literature, such as we shall read with delight, pour it out on us unconditionally, and pay us back that way.

Clifford. I shall not object to that arrangement if we *do* read with delight.

Belwood. Ah, that will depend partly also on us.

Darcy. Delicate Belwood! If what we do becomes great, you will probably understand it—at least I hope so! But I like the way you talk about great literatures. Does it strike you that they are breaking out, about the world, that way?

Clifford. Send us over some good novels for nothing, and it will be all right.

Belwood. I admit, our preoccupations, everywhere—those of the race in general—don't seem to make for literature.

Clifford. Then we English shall never be repaid.

Oswald. Are the works you give to America then so literary?

Clifford. We give everything—we have given all the great people.

Oswald. Ah, the great people—if you mean those of the past—were not yours to give. They were ours too, you pay no more for them than we.

Clifford. It depends upon what you mean by the past.

Darcy. I don't think it's particularly in our interest to go into the chronology of the matter. We pirated Byron—we pirated Scott. Nor does it profit to differ about which were the great ones. They were all great enough for us to take, and we took them. We take them to-day, however the superior may estimate them; and we should take them still, even if the superior were to make more reservations. It has been our misfortune (in the long run, I mean) that years and years ago, when the taking began, it was really, intelligently viewed, inevitable. We were poor then, and we were hungry and lonely and far away, and we had to have something to read. We helped ourselves to the literature that was nearest, which was all the more attractive that it had about it, in its native form, such a fine glamour of expense, of the guinea volume and the wide margin. It was aristocratic, and a civilization can't make itself without that. If it isn't the bricks it's the mortar. The first thing a society does after it has left the aristocratic out is to put it in again: of course I use the word in a loose way. We couldn't pay a fancy price for that element, and we only paid what we could. The booksellers made money, and the public only asked if there wasn't more—it asked no other questions. You can treat books as a luxury, and authors with delicacy, only if you've already got a lot: you can't *start* on that basis.

Clifford. But I thought your claim is precisely that you had a lot—all our old writers.

Darcy. The old writers, yes. But the old writers, uncontemporary and more or less archaic, were a little grim. We were so new ourselves, and our very newness was in itself sufficiently grim. The English books of the day (their charm was that they were of the day) were our society—we had very little other. We were happy to pay the servant for opening the door—the bookseller for republishing; but I daresay that even if we had thought of it we should have had a certain hesitation in feeing the visitors. A money-question, when they were so polite! It was too kind of them to come.

Clifford. I don't quite recognize the picture of your national humility, at any stage of your existence. Even if you had thought of it, you say? It didn't depend upon that. We began to remind you long ago—ever so long ago.

Darcy. Yes, you were fairly prompt. But our curse, in the disguise of a blessing, was that meanwhile we had begun to regard your company as a matter of course. Certainly, that should have been but a detail, when reflection and responsibility had come. At what particular period was it to have been expected of our conscience to awake?

Clifford. If it was last year, it's enough.

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Darcy. Oh, it was long ago—very long ago, as you say. I assign an early date. But you can't put your finger on the place.

Clifford. On your conscience?

Darcy. On the period. Our conscience—to speak of that—has the defect of not being homogeneous. It's very big.

Clifford. You mean it's elastic?

Darcy. On the contrary, it's rigid, in places; it's numb; it's not animated to the extremities. A conscience is a natural organ, but if it's to be of any use in the complications of life it must also be a cultivated one. Ours is cultivated, highly cultivated, in spots; but there are large crude patches.

Clifford. I see—an occasional oasis in the desert.

Darcy. No—blooming farms in the prairie. The prairie is rich; but it's not all settled; there are promising barbarous tracts. Therefore the different parts of the organ to which I have likened it don't, just as yet, all act together. But when they do——

Clifford. When they do we shall all be dead of starvation.

Belinda. I'll divide my own pittance with you first.

Camilla. I'm glad we live in Paris. In Paris they don't mind.

Darcy. They mind something else.

Oswald (*bracing himself*). He means the invidious duty the American Government has levied on foreign works of art. In intention it's prohibitive—they won't admit free any but American productions.

Belwood. That's a fine sort of thing for the culture of a people.

Clifford. It keeps out monarchical pictures.

Belinda (*to Oswald*). Why did you tell—before two Englishmen.

Camilla. I never even heard of it—in Paris.

Belwood. Ah, there they are too polite to reproach you with it.

Oswald. It doesn't keep out anything, for in fact the duty, though high, isn't at all prohibitive. If it were effective it would be effective almost altogether against the French, whose pictures are not monarchical, but as republican as our own, so that Clifford's taunt is wasted. The people over there who buy foreign works of art are very rich, and they buy them just the same, duty and all.

Darcy. Doesn't what you say indicate that the tax restricts that ennobling pleasure to the very rich? Without it amateurs of moderate fortune might pick up some bits.

Oswald. Good pictures are very rarely cheap. When they are dear only the rich can buy them. In the few cases where they *are* cheap, the tax doesn't make them dear.

Belinda. Bravo—I'm reassured.

Darcy. It doesn't invalidate the fact that French artists have spoken of the matter to me with passion and scorn, and that I have hung my head and had nothing to say.

Belinda. Oh, Darcy—how *can* you? Wait till they go!

Clifford. Hadn't we better go now?

Belinda. Dear me, no—not on that note. Wait till we work round.

Clifford. What can you work round to?

Camilla. Why, to the novel. I *insist* on being told a good one.

Oswald. The foreigners were frightened at first, but things have turned out much better than they feared.

Belinda. We are working round.

Oswald. Otherwise do you think I could bear to stay in Paris.

Darcy. That makes me wince, as I have the face to stay in London.

Oswald. Oh, English pictures!——

Darcy. I am not thinking of English pictures; though I might, for some of them are charming.

Belwood. What will you have? It's all protection.

Darcy. We protect the industry and demolish the art.

Oswald. I thought you said you were not thinking of the art.

Darcy. Dear Oswald, there's more than one. The art of letters.

Oswald. Where do you find it to-day, the art of letters? It seems to me to be the industry, all round and everywhere.

Clifford (*to Belwood*). They squabble among themselves—that may be good for us.

Darcy. Don't say squabble, say dis-

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cuss. Of course we discuss; but from the moment we do so *vous en êtes*, indefeasibly. There is no such thing as "themselves," on either side; it's all *our*selves. The fact of discussion welds us together, and we have properties in common that we can't get rid of.

Oswald. My dear Darcy, you are fantastic.

Clifford. You *do* squabble, you do!

Darcy. Call it so, then: don't you see how you're in it?

Belwood. I see very well—I feel it all.

Clifford. I don't then—hanged if I'm in it!

Camilla. Now *they* are squabbling!

Belwood. Our conversation certainly supports Belinda's contention that we are in indissoluble contact. Our interchange of remarks, just now, about copyright was a signal proof of union.

Clifford. It was humiliating for these dear Americans—if you call that union.

Belwood. Clifford, I'm ashamed of you.

Camilla. They *are* squabbling—they are!

Belinda. Yes, but *we* don't gain by it. I *am* humiliated, and Darcy was pulled up short.

Clifford. You're in a false position, *quoi!* You see how intolerable that is. You feel it in everything.

Belinda. Yes, it's a loss of freedom—the greatest form of suffering. A chill has descended upon me, and I'm not sure I can shake it off. I don't want this delightful party to break up, yet I feel as if *we*—I mean we four—had nothing more to say.

Oswald. We have all in fact chattered enough.

Camilla. Oh, be cheerful and talk about the novel.

Clifford. Innocent Camilla! as if the novel to-day were cheerful.

Belinda. I see Darcy has more assurance.

Belwood. You mean he has more ideas.

Darcy. It is because dear Belwood is here. If I were alone with Clifford I daresay I should be rather low. But I *have* more to say, inconsequent, and perhaps even indecent, as that may be. I have it at heart to say, that the things that divide us appear to me, when they are enumerated by the people who profess to be acutely conscious of them, ineffably small.

Clifford. Small for you!

Belinda. Clifford, if you are impertinent I shall rise from my ashes. Darcy is so charming.

Oswald. He's so ingenious.

Belwood. Continue to be charming, Darcy. That's the spell!

Darcy. I'm not ingenious at all; I'm only a God-fearing plain man, saying things as they strike him.

Camilla. You *are* charming!

Darcy. Well, it doesn't prevent me from having noticed the other day, in a magazine, in a recriminatory, a retaliatory (I don't know what to call it), article, a phrase to the effect that the author, an American, *would* frankly confess, and take his stand on it, that he liked rocking-chairs, Winchester rifles, and iced-water. He seemed a very bristling gentleman, and they apparently were his ultimatum. It made me reflect on these symbols of our separateness, and I wanted to put the article into the fire, before a Frenchman or a German should see it.

Clifford. Iced-water, rocking-chairs, and copyright.

Darcy. Well, add copyright, after all.

Belinda. Darcy *is* irrepressible.

Darcy. It wouldn't make the spectacle sensibly less puerile, or I may say less grotesque, for a Frenchman or a German. *They* are not quarrelling about copyright—or even about rocking-chairs.

Clifford. Or even about fisheries, or even about the public manners engendered by presidential elections.

Oswald (*to Darcy*). Don't you know your country-people well enough to know just how much they care, by which I mean how little, for what a Frenchman or a German may think of them?

Clifford. And don't you know mine?

Oswald. Or an Englishman?

Clifford. Or an American?

Darcy. Oh, every country cares, much more in practice than in theory. The form of national susceptibility differs with different peoples, but the substance is very much the same.

Belwood. I am appalled, when I look at the principal nations of the globe, at the vivacity of their mutual hatreds, as revealed by the bright light of the latter

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end of the nineteenth century. We are very proud of that light, but that's what it principally shows us. Look at the European family—it's a perfect menagerie of pet aversions. And some countries resemble certain fat old ladies—they have so many pets. It is certainly worse than it used to be: of old we didn't exchange compliments every day.

Darcy. It is only worse in this sense, that we see more of each other now, we touch each other infinitely more.

Belwood. Our acrimonies are a pleasant result of that.

Darcy. They are not a final one. We must get used to each other. It's a rough process, if you like, but there are worse discomforts. Our modern intimacy is a very new thing, it has brought us face to face, and in this way the question comes up for each party, of whether it likes, whether it can live with, the other. The question is practical, it's social now; before it was academic and official. Newspapers, telegraphs, trains, fast steamers, all the electricities and publicities that are playing over us like a perpetual thunder-storm, have made us live in a common medium, which is far from being a non-conductor. The world has become a big hotel, the Grand Hotel of the Nations, and we meet—I mean the nations meet—on the stairs and at the *table d'hôte*. You know the faces at the *table d'hôte*, one is never enthusiastic about them; they give on one's nerves. All the same, their wearers fall into conversation and often find each other quite nice. We are in the first stage, looking at each other, glaring at each other if you will, while the *entrée* goes round. We play the piano, we smoke, we chatter in our rooms, and the sound and the fumes go through. But we won't pull down the house, because by to-morrow we shall have found our big polyglot inn, with its German waiters, rather amusing.

Belinda. Call them Jews as well as Germans. The landlord is German too.

Oswald. What a horrible picture! I don't accept it, for America and England; I think those parties have each a very good house of their own.

Darcy. From the moment you resent, on our behalf, the vulgarity of the idea of hotel-life, see what a superior situation, apart, in our duality, and distinguished, you by that very fact conceive for us. Belwood's image is, to my sense, graceful enough, even though it may halt a little. The fisheries, and all the rest, are simply the piano in the next room. It may be played at the wrong hour, but that isn't a *casus belli;* we can thump on the wall, we can rattle the door, we can arrange. And for that matter, surely it is not to be desired that *all* questions between us should cease. There must be enough to be amusing, *que diable!* As Belinda said, it's already becoming insipid.

Clifford. Perhaps we had better keep the copyright matter open, for the fun of it. It's remarkable fun for *us.*

Oswald. It's fun for you that our tongues are tied, as Belinda and Darcy declare.

Clifford. Are they indeed? I haven't perceived it.

Belinda. Every one, on our side, I admit, has not Darcy's delicacy.

Darcy. Nor Belinda's.

Oswald. Yet I think of innumerable things we *don't* say—that we might.

Clifford. You mean that you yourself might. If you think of them, pray say them.

Oswald. Oh, no, my tongue is tied.

Clifford. Come, I'll let you off.

Oswald. It's very good of you, but there are others who wouldn't.

Clifford. How would others know? Would your remarks have such a reverberation?

Belinda. I won't let him off, and please remember that this is my house.

Clifford. It's doubtless a great escape for me.

Oswald. You are all escaping all the while, under cover of your grievance. There would be a great deal to be said for the policy of your not letting it go. The advantage of it may be greater than the injury. If we pay you we can criticise you.

Clifford. Why, on the contrary it's *that* that will be an advantage for us. Fancy, immense!

Oswald. Oh, you won't like it.

Clifford. Will it be droller than it is already? We shall delight in it.

Belwood. Oh, there are many things to say.

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Darcy. Detached Belwood!

Belwood. Attached, on the contrary. Attached to everything we have in common.

Darcy. Delightful Belwood!

Belwood. Delightful Darcy!

Belinda (*to Clifford*). That's the way you and Oswald should be.

Clifford. It makes me rather sick, and I think, from the expression of Oswald's face, that it has the same effect upon him.

Oswald. I hate a fool's paradise; it's the thing in the world I most pray to be kept out of.

Darcy. There is no question of paradise—that's the last thing. Your folly, as well as your ecstasy is, on the contrary, in your rigid national consciousness; it's the extravagance of a perpetual spasm. What I go in for is a great reality, and our making it comprehensive and fruitful. Of course we shall never do anything without imagination—by remaining dull and dense and literal.

Oswald. Attrappe!

Clifford. What does Oswald mean? I don't understand French.

Oswald. I have heard you speak it to-night.

Clifford. Then I don't understand your pronunciation.

Oswald. It's not that of Stratford-at-Bow. The difference between your ideas about yourselves and the way your performances strike the rest of the world, is one of the points that might be touched upon if it were not, as I am advised, absolutely impossible. The emanation of talent and intelligence from your conversation, your journals, your books——

Clifford. I give you up our conversation, and even our journals. As for our books, they are clever enough for you to steal.

Belinda. See what an immense advantage Clifford has!

Oswald. I acknowledge it in advance.

Camilla. I like their books better than ours. I love a good English novel.

Oswald. If you were not so *naïve*, you wouldn't dare to say so in Paris. Darcy was talking about what a German, what a Frenchman thinks. *Parlons-en*, of what a Frenchman thinks!

Belinda. I thought you didn't care.

Belwood. He means thinks of *us*.

Darcy. An intelligent foreigner might easily think it is open to us to have the biggest international life in the world.

Oswald. Darcy has formed the foolish habit of living in England, and it has settled upon him so that he has become quite provincialized. I believe he really supposes that that's the centre of ideas.

Clifford. Oh, hang ideas!

Oswald. Thank you, Clifford. He has lost all sense of proportion and perspective, of the way things strike people on the continent—on the continents—in the clear air of the world. He has forfeited his birthright.

Darcy. On the contrary, I have taken it up, and my eye for perspective has grown so that I see an immensity where you seem to me to see a dusky little *cul-de-sac*.

Clifford. Is Paris the centre of ideas?

Belinda. I thought it was Berlin.

Camilla. Oh, dear, must we go and live in Berlin?

Darcy. Why will no one have the courage to say, frankly, that it's New York?

Belwood. Wouldn't it be Boston, rather?

Oswald. I am not obliged to say where it is, and I am not at all sure that there is such a place. But I know very well where it's not. There are places where there are more ideas—places where there are fewer—and places where there are none at all. In Paris there are many, in constant circulation; you meet them in periodicals, in books, and in the conversation of the people. The people are not afraid of them—they quite like them.

Belinda. Some of them are charming, and one must congratulate the people who like them on their taste.

Oswald. They are not all for women, and, *mon Dieu*, you must take one with another. You must have all sorts, to have many, and you must have many to have a few good ones.

Clifford. You express yourself like a preliminary remark in a French *étude*.

Belinda. Clifford, I shall have to double that farthing!

Belwood. If the book, at present, is the novel, the French book is the French

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novel. And if the ideas are in the book, we must go to the French novel for our ideas.

Clifford. Another preliminary remark —does any one follow?

Darcy. We must go everywhere for them, and we may form altogether, you and we—that is, our common mind may form—the biggest net in the world for catching them.

Oswald. I should like to analyze that queer mixture—our common mind—and refer the different ingredients to their respective contributors. However, it doesn't strike me as true of France, and it is not of France that one would mean it, that the book is the novel. Across the Channel, there are other living forms. Criticism, for instance, is alive: I notice that in what is written about the art I endeavor to practise. Journalism is alive.

Belwood. And isn't the novel alive?

Oswald. Oh, yes, there are ideas in it —there are ideas about it.

Darcy. In England, too, there are ideas about it; there seems to be nothing else just now.

Oswald. I haven't come across one.

Belwood. You might pass it without noticing it—they are not so salient.

Belinda. But I thought we agreed that it was in England that it is *the* form?

Oswald. We didn't agree; but that would be my impression. In England, however, even *the* form!——

Belwood. I see what you mean. Even *the* form doesn't carry you very far. That's a pretty picture of our literature.

Oswald. I should like Darcy to think so.

Darcy. My dear fellow, Darcy thinks a great many things, whereas you appear to him to be able to think but one or two.

Belinda. Do wait till Belwood and Clifford go.

Belwood. We must, or at least I must, in fact, be going.

Clifford. So must I, though there is a question I should have liked still to ask Darcy.

Camilla. Oh, I'm so disappointed—I hoped we should have talked about novels. There seemed a moment when we were near it.

Belinda. We must do that yet—we must all meet again.

Camilla. But, my dear, Oswald and I are going to Paris.

Belinda. That needn't prevent; the rest of us will go over and see you. We'll talk of novels in your salon.

Camilla. That will be lovely—but will Clifford and Belwood come?

Clifford. Oh, I go to Paris sometimes; but not for *the* form. Nor even for *the* substance.

Oswald. What do you go for?

Clifford. Oh, just for *the* lark.

Belwood (*to Camilla*). I shall go to see *you.*

Camilla. You're the nicest Englishman I ever saw. And, in spite of my husband, I delight in your novels.

Oswald. I said nothing against Belwood's. And, in general, they are proper enough for women—especially for little girls like you.

Clifford (*to Camilla*). Have you read "Mrs. Jenks, of Philadelphia?"

Camilla. Of Philadelphia? *Jamais de la vie!*

Darcy (*to Oswald*). You think me so benighted to have a fancy for London; but is it your idea that one ought to live in Paris?

Belwood. Paris is very well, but why should you people give yourself away at such a rate to the French? Much they thank you for it. They don't even know that you do it.

Oswald. Darcy is a man of letters, and it's in Paris that letters flourish.

Belinda. Why does Darcy write?

Belwood. He writes, but before he writes he observes. Why should he observe in a French medium?

Oswald. For the same reason that I do. *C'est plus clair.*

Darcy. Oswald has no feeling of race.

Belwood. On the contrary, he feels it as a Frenchman. But why should you Americans keep pottering over French life and observing that? They themselves do nothing else, and surely they suffice to the task. Stick to *our* race—saturate yourself with that.

Oswald. Do you mean the English?

Darcy. I know what he means.

Oswald. You are mighty mysterious, if you do.

Darcy. I am of Camilla's opinion—I think Belwood's the nicest Englishman I ever saw.

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Belinda. I am amused at the way it seems not to occur to any of us that the proper place to observe our own people is in our own country.

Darcy. Oh, London's the place; it swarms with our own people.

Oswald. Do you mean with English people? You have mixed things up so that it's hard to know what you do mean.

Darcy. I mean with English people and with Americans—I mean with all. Enough is as good as a feast, and there are more Americans there than even the most rapacious observer can tackle.

Belinda. This hotel is full of them.

Darcy. You have only to stand quiet and every type passes by. And over here they have a relief—it's magnificent!

Belinda. They have a relief, but sometimes I have none. You must remember, however, that life isn't all observation. It's also action; it's also sympathy.

Darcy. To observe for a purpose is action. But there are more even than one can sympathize with; I am willing to put it that way.

Oswald. Rubbish—rubbish—rubbish!

Belinda. You're rough, Oswald.

Oswald. He used the same words a while ago.

Darcy. And then there are all the English too, thrown in. Think what that makes of London—think of the collection, the compendium. And Oswald talks of Paris!

Oswald. The Americans go to Paris in hordes—they are famous for it.

Darcy. They used to be, but it's not so now. They flock to London.

Oswald. Only the stupid ones.

Darcy. Those are so many, then, that they are typical; they must be watched.

Belinda. Go away, you two Englishmen; we are washing our dirty linen.

Belwood. I go. But we have washed ours before you.

Clifford. I also take leave, but I *should* like to put in my question to Darcy first.

Belinda. He's so exalted—he doesn't hear you.

Oswald. He sophisticates scandalously, in the interest of a fantastic theory. I might even say in that of a personal preference.

Darcy. Oh, don't speak of my personal preferences—you'll never get to the bottom of them!

Oswald (*to Camilla*). *Ain't* he mysterious?

Belinda. I have an idea he hasn't any personal preferences. Those are primitive things.

Camilla. Well, *we* have them—over there in the Avenue Marceau. So we can't cast the first stone. I *am* rather ashamed, before these gentlemen. We're a bad lot, we four.

Clifford. Yes, you're a bad lot. That's why I prefer Mrs. Jenks. Can't *any* of you stand it, over there?

Belinda. I am going home next year, to remain forever.

Belwood. Then Clifford and I will come over—so it will amount to the same thing.

Darcy. Those are details, and whatever we do, or don't do, it will amount to the same thing. For we are weaving our work together, and it goes on forever, and it's all one mighty loom. And we are all the shuttles—Belinda and Camilla, Belwood, Clifford, Oswald, and Darcy—directed by the master hand. We fly to and fro, in our complicated, predestined activity, and it matters very little where we are at a particular moment. We are all of us here, there, and everywhere, wherever the threads are crossed. And the tissue grows and grows, and we weave into it all our lights and our darkness, all our quarrels and reconciliations, all our stupidities and our strivings, all the friction of our intercourse and all the elements of our fate. The tangle may seem great at times, but it is all an immeasurable pattern, a spreading, many-colored figure. And the figure, when it is finished ,will be a magnificent harmony.

Oswald. He *is* exalted!

Camilla. C'est très-joli.

Belinda. If I'm only an unconscious, irresponsible shuttle, and it doesn't matter where I am, I think I won't, after all, go home.

Darcy. I don't care where you go. The world is ours!

Clifford. Yes, our common mind is to swallow it up. But what about our common language?

Belinda. This is Clifford's great question.

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Darcy. How do you mean, what about it?

Clifford. Do you expect Belwood and me to learn American?

Belwood. It *is* a great question.

Darcy. Yes, if you like.

Clifford. Will it be obligatory?

Darcy. Oh, no, quite optional.

Oswald. What do you mean by American?

Clifford. I mean your language. (*To Darcy.*) You consider that you will continue to understand ours?

Belinda. The upper classes, yes.

Camilla. My dear, there will be no upper classes, when we are all drudging little bobbins.

Belinda. Oh, yes, there'll be the bobbins for silk, and the bobbins for wool.

Camilla. And I suppose the silk will be English.

Oswald (*to Clifford*). What do you mean by my language?

Clifford. I mean American.

Oswald. Haven't we a right to have a language of our own?

Darcy. It was inevitable.

Clifford (*to Oswald*). I don't understand you.

Belinda. Already?

Clifford. I mean that Oswald seems at once to resent the imputation that you have a national tongue and to wish to insist on the fact that you have it. His position is not clear.

Darcy. That is partly because our tongue itself is not clear, as yet. We must hope that it will be clearer. Oswald needn't resent anything, for the evolution was inevitable. A body of English people crossed the Atlantic and sat down in a new climate on a new soil, amid new circumstances. It was a new heaven and a new earth. They invented new institutions, they encountered different needs. They developed a particular physique, as people do in a particular medium, and they began to speak in a new voice. They went in for democracy, and that alone would affect—it *has* affected—the tone immensely. *C'est bien le moins,* as the French say, that that tone should have had its range and that the language they brought over with them should have become different to express different things. A language is a very sensitive organism. It must be convenient; it varies, it responds, it accommodates itself.

Clifford. Ours, on your side of the water, has certainly been very accommodating.

Darcy. It has vibrated into different shades.

Clifford. Do you call them shades?

Belinda. I like that idea of our voice being new; do you mean it creaks? I listen to Darcy with a certain surprise, however, for I am bound to say I have heard him criticise the American idiom.

Darcy. You have heard me criticise it as neglected, as unstudied: you have never heard me criticise it as American. The fault I find with it is that it's irresponsible—it isn't American enough.

Clifford. C'est trop fort!

Darcy. It's the candid truth. I repeat, its divergence was inevitable. But it has grown up roughly, and we haven't had time to cultivate it. That is all I complain of, and it's awkward for us, for surely the language of such a country ought to be magnificent. That is one of the reasons why I say that it won't be obligatory upon you English to learn it. We haven't quite learned it ourselves. When we shall at last have mastered it, we'll talk the matter over with you. We'll agree upon our signs.

Camilla. Do you mean we must study it in books?

Darcy. I don't care how—or from the lips of the pretty ladies.

Belinda. I must bravely concede that, often the lips of the pretty ladies——

Darcy (*interrupting*). At any rate, it's always American.

Camilla. But American improved—that's simply English.

Clifford. Your husband will tell you it's simply French.

Darcy. If it's simply English, that perhaps is what was to be demonstrated. Extremes meet!

Belwood. You have the drawback (and I think it a great disadvantage) that you come so late, that you have not fallen on a language-making age. The people who first started our vocabularies were very *naïfs.*

Darcy. Oh, *we* are very *naïfs.*

Belwood. When I listen to Darcy, I find it hard to believe it.

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Oswald. Don't listen to him.

Belwood. The first words must have been rather vulgar.

Belinda. Or perhaps pathetic.

Belwood. New signs are crude, and you, in this matter, are in the crude, the vulgar stage.

Darcy. That no doubt is our misfortune.

Belinda. That's what I mean by the pathos.

Darcy. But we have always the resource of English. We have lots of opportunity to practise it.

Clifford. As a foreign tongue, yes.

Darcy. To speak it as the Russians speak French.

Belwood. Oh, you'll grow very fond of it.

Clifford. The Russians are giving up French.

Darcy. Yes, but *they've* got the language of Tolstoi.

Clifford (*groaning*). Oh, heavens, Tolstoi!

Darcy. Our great writers have written in English. That's what I mean by American having been neglected.

Clifford. If you mean *ours*, of course.

Darcy. I mean—yours—ours—yes.

Oswald. It isn't a harmony. It's a labyrinth.

Clifford. It plays an odd part in Darcy's harmony, this duality of tongues.

Darcy. It plays the part of amusement. What could be more useful?

Clifford. Ah, then, we may laugh at you?

Darcy. It will make against tameness.

Oswald. Camilla, come away!

Clifford. Especially if you get angry.

Belinda. No, you and Belwood go first. We Americans must stay to pray.

Camilla (*to Clifford*). Well, mind you come to Paris.

Clifford. Will your husband receive me?

Oswald. Oh, in Paris I'm all right.

Belinda. I'll bring every one.

Clifford (*to Camilla*). Try "Mrs. Gibbs, of Nebraska"—the *pendant* to "Mrs. Jenks."

Oswald. That's another one *you* stole.

Belwood. Ah, the French and Germans!

Belinda (*pushing him out with Clifford*). Go, go. (*To the others.*) And now we must pray.

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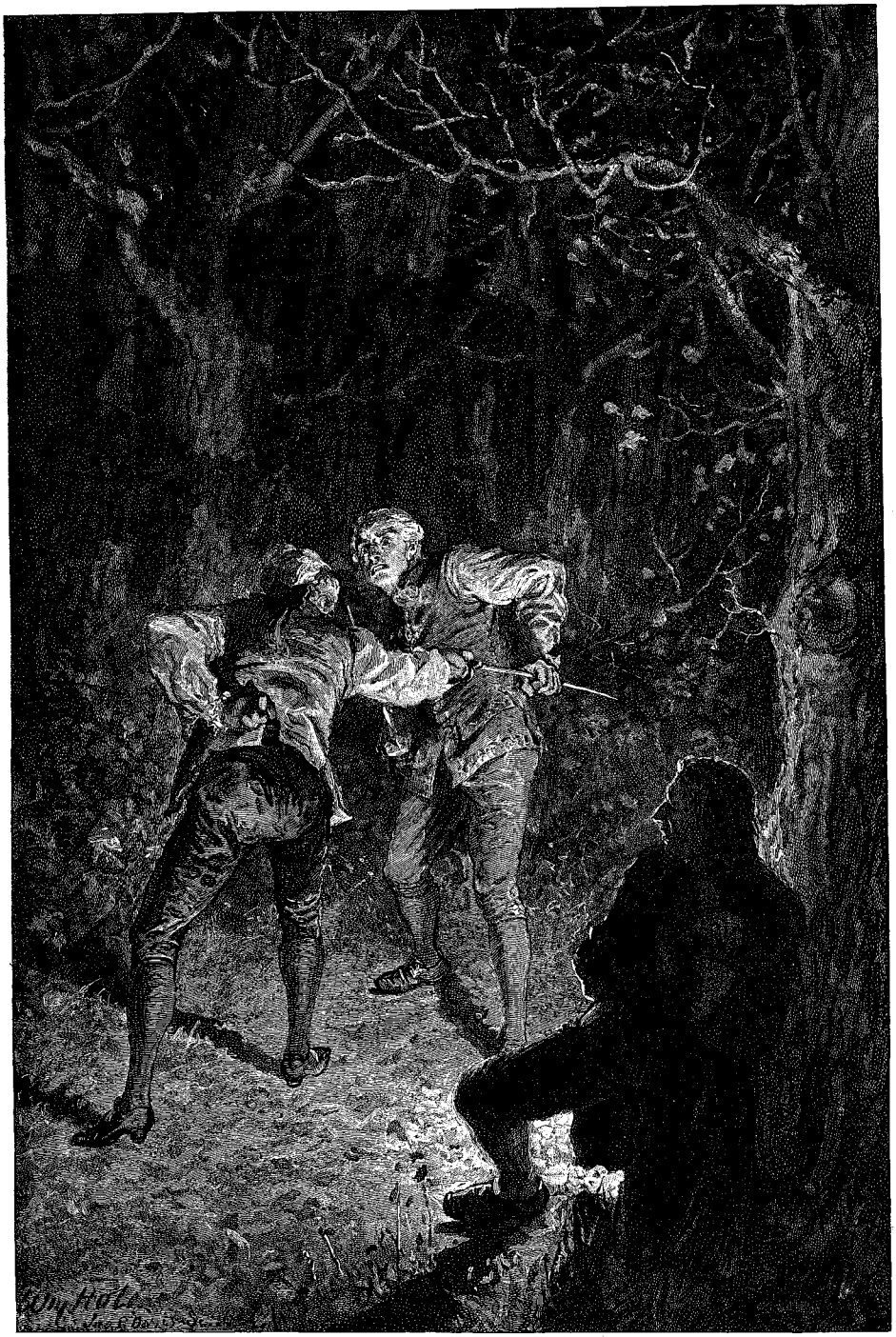

"Beyond doubt he now recognized himself for lost, and had some taste of the cold agony of fear, or he had never attempted the foul stroke."

—*The Master of Ballantrae*, page 415.

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